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THE
ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH
POPULAR BALLADS

EDITED BY
FRANCIS JAMES CHILD



IN FIVE VOLUMES
VOLUME III
PART I

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ADVERTISEMENT TO PART V

NUMBERS 114-155

REV. PROFESSOR SKEAT has done me the great service of collating Wynken de Worde's text of *The Gest of Robin Hood*, the manuscript of *Robin Hood and the Monk* and of *Robin Hood and the Potter*, and all the *Robin Hood* broadsides in the Pepys collection. Mr MACMATH has collated the fragments of the earlier copy of *The Gest* which are preserved in the Advocates' Library, and, as always, has been most ready to respond to every call for aid. I would also gratefully acknowledge assistance received from Mr W. ALDIS WRIGHT, of Trinity College, Cambridge; the Rev. EDMUND VENABLES, Precentor of Lincoln; Dr FURNIVALL; and, in America, from Mr W. W. NEWELL, Miss PERINE and Mrs DULANY.

F. J. C.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

ADVERTISEMENT TO PART VI

NUMBERS 156-188

MR MACMATH has helped me in many ways in the preparation of this Sixth Part, and, as before, has been prodigal of time and pains. I am under particular obligations to Mr ROBERT BRUCE ARMSTRONG, of Edinburgh, for his communications concerning the ballad-folk of the Scottish border, and to Dr WILHELM WOLLNER, of the University of Leipsic, and Mr GEORGE LYMAN KITTEDGE, my colleague in Harvard College, for contributions (indicated by the initials of their names) which will be found in the Additions and Corrections. Dr WOLLNER will continue his services. Mr JOHN KARŁOWICZ, of Warsaw, purposes to review in 'Wisła' all the English ballads which have Polish affinities, and Professor ALEXANDER VESSELOFSKY has allowed me to hope for his assistance; so that there is a gratifying prospect that the points of contact between the English and the Slavic popular ballads will in the end be amply brought out. Thanks are due and are proffered, for favors of various kinds, to Lieutenant-Colonel LUMSDEN, of London, Lieutenant-Colonel PRIDEAUX, of Calcutta, Professor SKEAT, Miss ISABEL FLORENCE HAPGOOD, Professor VINOGRADOV, of Moscow, Professor GEORGE STEPHENS, Mr AXEL OLRİK, of Copenhagen (to whom the completion of SVEND GRUNDTVIG's great work has been entrusted), Mr JAMES BARCLAY MURDOCH, of Glasgow, Dr F. J. FURNIVALL, Professor C. R. LANMAN, Mr P. Z. ROUND, and Mr W. W. NEWELL.

F. J. C.

JULY 1889

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JOHNIE COCK

- A. Percy Papers, Miss Fisher's MS., No 5, 1780.
- B. 'Johnny Cock,' Pieces of Ancient Poetry from Unpublished Manuscripts and Scarce Books, Bristol, 1814, [John Fry], p. 53.
- C. 'Johnny Cock,' Pieces of Ancient Poetry, etc., p. 51.
- D. 'Johnie of Cockerslee,' Kinloch's annotated copy of his Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 38 *bis*.
- E. 'Johnie o Cocklesmuir,' Kinloch MSS, VII, 29; Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 36.
- F. 'Johnie of Breadislee,' Scott's Minstrelsy, I, 59, 1802.
- G. 'Johnnie Brad,' Harris MS., fol. 25.
- H. 'Johnnie o Cocklesmuir,' Buchan's MSS, I, 82; Dixon, Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads, p. 77, Percy Society, vol. xvii.
- I. 'Johnie of Braidisbank,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 23.
- J. Chambers, Scottish Ballads, p. 181.
- K. Finlay's Scottish Ballads, I, xxxi: one stanza.
- L. Harris MS., fol. 25 b: one stanza.
- M. Froude, Thomas Carlyle, II, 335, New York, 1882, supplemented by Mrs Aitken: one stanza.

THE first notice in print of this precious specimen of the unspoiled traditional ballad is in Ritson's *Scottish Song*, 1794, I, xxxvi, note 25: the Rev. Mr Boyd, the translator of Dante, had a faint recollection of three ballads, one of which was called 'Johnny Cox.' Before this, 1780, a lady of Carlisle had sent a copy to Doctor Percy, A. Scott, 1802, was the first to publish the ballad, selecting "the stanzas of greatest merit" from several copies which were in his hands. John Fry gave two valuable fragments, C, B (which he did not separate), in his *Pieces of Ancient Poetry*, 1814, from a manuscript "appearing to be the text-book of some illiterate drummer." * I have been able to add only three versions to those which were already before the world, A, D, G; and of these D is in part the same as E, previously printed by Kinloch.

* This manuscript, which Fry bought in Glasgow in 1810, contained several other ballads, "but written so corruptly as to be of little or no authority." It did not occur to Fry that the illiteracy of the drummer gave his ballads the best of authority. I have done what I could to recover

Pinkerton, *Select Scottish Ballads*, II, xxxix, 1783, has preserved a stanza, which he assigns to a supposititious ballad of 'Bertram the Archer:' †

'My trusty bow of the tough yew,
That I in London bought,
And silken strings, if ye prove true,
That my true-love has wrought.'

This stanza agrees with J 6, and with A 18, H 19 in part, and is very likely to belong here; but it might be a movable passage, or commonplace.

All the versions are in accord as to the primary points of the story. A gallant young fellow, who pays no regard to the game-laws, goes out, despite his mother's entreaties, to ding the dun deer down. He kills a deer, and feasts himself and his dogs so freely on it that

the manuscript, but in vain, though I had the kindest assistance in Bristol from the Rev. J. Percivall, Mr Francis Fry, and Mr J. F. Nicholls.

† See Motherwell's apt remarks, *Minstrelsy*, p. 1.

they all fall asleep. An old palmer, a silly auld, stane-auld carl, observes him, and carries word to seven foresters [fifteen B, three (?) C]. They beset Johnie and wound him; he kills all but one, and leaves that one, badly hurt, to carry tidings of the rest. Johnie sends a bird to his mother to bid her fetch him away, F 19, 20, cf. B 13; a bird warns his mother that Johnie tarries long, H 21 (one of Buchan's parrots). The *boy* in A 20, 21 is evidently a corruption of *bird*. Information is given the mother in a different way in L. B-G must be adjudged to be incomplete; I-M are mere fragments. H has a false and silly conclusion, 22-24, in imitation of Robin Hood and of Adam Bell. Mrs Harris had heard another version besides G (of which she gives only one stanza, L), in which "Johnie is slain and thrown owre a milk-white steed; news is sent to Johnie's mother, who flies to her son." It is the one forester who is not quite killed that is thrown over his steed to carry tidings home, F 18, G 11. D 19, E 17, and Mrs Harris's second version are, as to this point, evidently corrupted.

The hero's name is Johnny Cock, B 2, C 1; Johny Cox, Rev. Mr Boyd; John o Cockis (Johny Cockis?), H 17; Johny o Cockley's Well, A 14; o Cockerslee, D 14; of Cockielaw, in one of the versions used by Scott for F; o Cocklesmuir, E 13, H 15. Again, Johnie Brad, G 1, L; Johnie o Breadislee, F 14; Braidislee, J 2.

The hunting-ground, or the place where Johnie is discovered, is up in Braidhouplee, down in Bradyslee, A 6, high up in Bradyslee, low down in Bradyslee, A 12; Braidscaur Hill, D 6, Braidisbanks, D 12, I 1; Bride's Braidmuir, H 2, 5; Broadspear Hill, E 2, 5; Durrisdeer only in F 4. The seven foresters are of Pickeram Side, A 3, 19; of Hislinton, F 9. B 1¹ reads, Fifteen foresters in the braid alow; which seems to require emendation, per-

haps simply to Braid alow, perhaps to Braidislee.

With regard to the localities in A, Percy notes that Pickeram Side is in Northumbria, and that there is a Cockley Tower in Erringside, near Brady's Cragg, and a Brady's Cragg near Chollerford Bridge. There is a Cockley, *alias* Cocklaw, in Erringside, near Chollerton, in the south division of Tynedale Ward, parish of St John Lee. The Erring is a small stream which enters the Tyne between Chollerton and Chollerford. Again, Cocklaw Walls appears in the map of the Ordnance Survey, a little to the north and east of Cockley in Erringside, and Cocklaw Walls may represent the Cockley's Well of the ballad. (Percy notes that Cockley's Well is said to be near Bewcastle, Cumberland.) I have not found Brady's Cragg or Pickeram Side in the Ordnance Survey maps, nor indeed any of the compounds of Braidy or Braid anywhere.

There is a Braid a little to the south of Edinburgh, Braid Hills and Braid Burn; and Motherwell, Minstrely, p. 17, says that there is tradition for this region having been the hunting-ground.

Scott's copy, F, lays the scene in Dumfriesshire, and there is other tradition to the same effect.*

Percy was struck with the occurrence of the wolf in A 17, found also in B 10, C 5. He considered, no doubt, that the mention of the wolf was a token of the high antiquity of the ballad. "Wolues that wryyeth men, women and children" are spoken of in Piers Plowman, C, Passus, X, v. 226, Skeat, 1886, I, 240, and the C text is assigned to about 1393. Holinshed (1577), I, 378, says that though the island is void of wolves south of the Tweed, yet the Scots cannot boast the like, since they have grievous wolves.

F is translated by Schubart, p. 187; Wolff,

* "It is sometimes said that this outlaw possessed the old Castle of Morton in Dumfriesshire, now ruinous. . . . The mention of Durisdeer, a neighboring parish, adds weight to the tradition." *Minstrely of the Scottish Border*, 1833, III, 114 f. Mr W. Bennet, writing in 1826 in *The Dumfries Monthly Magazine*, III, 250, of which he was editor, speaks of a field a little to the southwest of Lochmaben as still show-

ing the trace of a circular tower, which was "called Cockiesfield, from one John Cock, or O'Cock, who had there his residence, and who during his lifetime was one of the most renowned freebooters in Annandale." Mr Macmath, who pointed out the passage to me, observes that in Thomson's map of Dumfriesshire, 1828, the name is given "Cocketfield," and that there is also a Cocket Hill.

Halle der Völker, I, 41, Hausschatz, p. 224; Doenniges, p. 10; Gerhard, p. 51; R. von Bismarck, Deutsches Museum, 1858, I, 897; Cesare Cantù, Documenti alla Storia Universale, V, 806; in Le Magasin Pittoresque, 1838,

p. 127 b; by Loève-Weimars, p. 296. Grundtvig, p. 269, No 41, translates a compound of F, I, E (Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 36), and B; Knortz, Schottische Balladen, No 18, a mixture of F and others.

A

Communicated to Percy by Miss Fisher, of Carlisle, 1780, No 5 of MS.

1 JOHNY he has risen up i the morn,
Calls for water to wash his hands;
But little knew he that his bloody hounds
Were bound in iron bands. bands
Were bound in iron bands

2 Johny's mother has gotten word o that,
And care-bed she has taen:
'O Johny, for my benison,
I beg you 'l stay at hame;
For the wine so red, and the well baken bread,
My Johny shall want nane.

3 'There are seven forsters at Pickram Side,
At Pickram where they dwell,
And for a drop of thy heart's bluid
They wad ride the fords of hell.'

4 Johny he's gotten word of that,
And he's turnd wondrous keen;
He's put off the red scarlett,
And he's put on the Lincoln green.

5 With a sheaf of arrows by his side,
And a bent bow in his hand,
He's mounted on a prancing steed,
And he has ridden fast oer the strand.

6 He's up i Braidhouplee, and down i Bradyslee,
And under a buss o broom,
And there he found a good dun deer,
Feeding in a buss of ling.

7 Johny shot, and the dun deer lap,
And she lap wondrous wide,
Until they came to the wan water,
And he stemd her of her pride.

8 He 'as taen out the little pen-knife,
'Twas full three quarters long,
And he has taen out of that dun deer
The liver bot and the tongue.

9 They eat of the flesh, and they drank of the
blood,
And the blood it was so sweet,
Which caused Johny and his bloody hounds
To fall in a deep sleep.

10 By then came an old palmer,
And an ill death may he die!
For he's away to Pickram Side,
As fast as he can drie.

11 'What news, what news?' says the Seven
Forsters,
'What news have ye brought to me?'
'I have noe news,' the palmer said,
'But what I saw with my eye.'

12 'High up i Bradyslee, low down i Bradisslee,
And under a buss of scroggs,
O there I spied a well-wight man,
Sleeping among his dogs.

13 'His coat it was of light Lincoln,
And his breeches of the same,
His shoes of the American leather,
And gold buckles tying them.'

14 Up bespake the Seven Forsters,
Up bespake they ane and a':
O that is Johny o Cockleys Well,
And near him we will draw.

15 O the first y stroke that they gae him,
They struck him off by the knee;
Then up bespake his sister's son:
'O the next 'l gar him die!'

16 'O some they count ye well-wight men,
But I do count ye nane;
For you might well ha wakend me,
And askd gin I wad be taen.

17 'The wildest wolf in aw this wood
Wad not ha done so by me;
She'd ha wet her foot ith wan water,
And sprinkled it oer my brae,
And if that wad not ha wakend me,
She wad ha gone and let me be.

18 'O bows of yew, if ye be true,
In London, where ye were bought,
Fingers five, get up belive,
Manhuid shall fail me nought.'

19 He has killd the Seven Forsters,
He has killd them all but ane,
And that wan scarce to Pickeram Side,
To carry the bode-words hame.

20 'Is there never a boy in a' this wood
That will tell what I can say;
That will go to Cockleys Well,
Tell my mither to fetch me away?'

21 There was a boy into that wood,
That carried the tidings away,
And many ae was the well-wight man
At the fetching o Johny away.

B

Pieces of Ancient Poetry from Unpublished Manuscripts
and Scarce Books, Bristol, 1814, p. 53.

1 FIFTEEN foresters in the Braid alow,
And they are wondrous fell;
To get a drop of Johnny's heart-bluid,
They would sink a' their souls to hell.

2 Johnny Cock has gotten word of this,
And he is wondrous keen;
He[s] custan off the red scarlet,
And on the Linkum green.

3 And he is ridden oer muir and muss,
And over mountains high,
Till he came to yon wan water,
And there Johnny Cock did lie.

4 They have ridden oer muir and muss,
And over mountains high,
Till they met wi' an old palmer,
Was walking along the way.

5 'What news, what news, old palmer?
What news have you to me?'
'Yonder is one of the proudest wed sons
That ever my eyes did see.'

* * * * *

6 He's taen out a horn from his side,
And he blew both loud and shrill,
Till a' the fifteen foresters
Heard Johnny Cock blaw his horn.

7 They have sworn a bluidy oath,
And they swore all in one,
That there was not a man among them a'
Would blaw such a blast as yon.

8 And they have ridden oer muir and muss,
And over mountains high,
Till they came to yon wan water,
Where Johnny Cock did lie.

9 They have shotten little Johnny Cock,
A little above the ee:
.
.
.
'For doing the like to me.

10 'There's not a wolf in a' the wood
Woud 'ha' done the like to me;
'She'd ha' dipped her foot in coll water,
And strinkled above my ee,
And if I would not have waked for that,
'She'd ha' gane and let me be.

11 'But fingers five, come here, [come here],
And faint heart fail me nought,
And silver strings, value me sma things,
Till I get a' this vengeance rowght!'

12 He ha[s] shot a' the fifteen foresters,
Left never a one but one,
And he broke the ribs a that ane's side,
And let him take tiding home.

13 '... a bird in a' the wood
Could sing as I could say,
It would go in to my mother's bower,
And bid her kiss me, and take me away.'

C

Pieces of Ancient Poetry from Unpublished Manuscripts
and Scarce Books, Bristol, 1814, p. 51.

- 1 JOHNNY COCK, in a May morning,
Sought water to wash his hands,
And he is awa to louse his dogs,
That's tied wi iron bans.
That's tied wi iron bans
 - 2 His coat it is of the light Lincum green,
And his breiks are of the same;
His shoes are of the American leather,
Silver buckles tying them.
 - 3 'He' hunted up, and so did 'he' down,
Till 'he' came to yon bush of scrogs,
And then to yon wan water,
Where he slept among his dogs.
 - * * * * *
 - 4 Johnny Cock out-shot a' the foresters,
And out-shot a the three;
-

D

Kinloch's annotated copy of his Ancient Scottish Ballads,
p. 38 bis : a West-Country version.

- 1 UP Johnie raise in a May morning,
Calld for water to wash his hands,
And he has calld for his gude gray hunds,
That lay bund in iron bands. bands
That lay bund in iron bands
- 2 'Ye'll busk, ye'll busk my noble dogs,
Ye'll busk and mak them boun,
For I'm going to the Braidscaur hill,
To ding the dun deer down.'
- 3 Whan Johnie's mither gat word o that,
On the very bed she lay,
Says, Johnie, for my malison,
I pray ye at hame to stay.
- 4 Your meat sall be of the very, very best,
Your drink sall be the same,
And ye will win your mither's benison,
Gin ye wad stay at hame.
- 5 But Johnie has cast aff the black velvet,
And put on the Lincoln twine,

Out shot a' the foresters,
Wounded Johnny about the bree.

- 5 'Woe be to you, foresters,
And an ill death may you die!
For there would not a wolf in a' the wood
Have done the like to me.
- 6 'For 't would ha' put its foot in the coll water
And ha strinkled it on my bree,
And gin that would not have done,
Would have gane and lett me be.
- 7 'I often took to my mother
The dandoo and the roe,
But now I'll take to my mother
Much sorrow and much woe.
- 8 'I often took to my mother
The dandoo and the hare,
But now I'll take to my mother
Much sorrow and much care.'
-
- And he is on to gude greenwud,
As fast as he could gang.
- 6 His mither's counsel he wad na tak,
He's aff, and left the toun,
He's aff unto the Braidscaur hill,
To ding the dun deer down.
- 7 Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west,
And he lookit aneath the sun,
And there he spied the dun deer sleeping,
Aneath a buss o whun.
- 8 Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he's scaithed him in the side,
And atween the water and the wud
He laid the dun deer's pride.
- 9 They ate sae meikle o the venison,
And drank sae meikle o the blude,
That Johnie and his twa gray hunds
Fell asleep in yonder wud.
- 10 By there cam a silly auld man,
And a silly auld man was he,
And he's aff to the proud foresters,
As fast as he could dree.

- 11 'What news, what news, my silly auld man?
What news? come tell to me:'
'I heard na news, I speird na news
But what my een did see.
- 12 'As I cam in by Braidisbauks,
And doun amang the whuns,
The bonniest youngster eer I saw
Lay sleepin amang his hunds.
- 13 'His cheeks war like the roses red,
His neck was like the snaw;
His sark was o the holland fine,
And his jerkin lac'd fu braw.'
- 14 Up bespak the first forester,
The first forester of a':
O this is Johnie o Cockerslee;
Come draw, lads, we maun draw.
- 15 Up bespak the niest forester,
The niest forester of a':
An this be Johnie o Cockerslee,
To him we winna draw.
- 16 The first shot that they did shoot,
They woundit him on the bree;
Up bespak the uncle's son,
'The niest will gar him die.'
- 17 The second shot that eer they shot,
It scaithd him near the heart;
'I only wauken,' Johnie cried,
'Whan first I find the smart.
- 18 'Stand stout, stand stout, my noble dogs,
Stand stout, and dinna flee;
Stand fast, stand fast, my gude gray hunds,
And we will gar them die.'
- 19 He has killed six o the prond foresters,
And wounded the seventh sair:
He laid his leg out owre his steed,
Says, I will kill na mair.
- 20 'Oh wae befa thee, silly auld man,
An ill death may thee dee!
Upon thy head be a' this blude,
For mine, I ween, is free.'

E

Kinloch's MSS, VII, 29: from recitation in the North Country.

- 1 JOHNIE rose up in a May morning,
Calld for water to wash his hands,
And he has calld for his gud gray hunds,
That lay bund in iron bands. bands
That lay bund in iron bands
- 2 'Ye'll busk, ye'll busk my noble dogs,
Ye'll busk and mak them boun,
For I'm gaing to the Broadspear hill,
To ding the dun deer doun.'
- 3 Whan Johnie's mither heard o this,
She til her son has gane:
'Ye'll win your mither's benison,
Gin ye wad stay at hame.
- 4 'Your meat sall be o the very, very best,
And your drink o the finest wine;
And ye will win your mither's benison,
Gin ye wad stay at hame.'
- 5 His mither's counsel he wad na tak,
Nor wad he stay at hame;
But he's on to the Broadspear hill,
To ding the dun deer doun.
- 6 Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west,
And a little below the sun,
And there he spied the dun deer lying sleeping,
Aneath a buss o brume.
- 7 Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he has woundit him in the side,
And atween the water and the wud
He laid the dun deer's pride.
- 8 They ate sae meikle o the venison,
And drank sae meikle o the blude,
That Johnie and his twa gray hunds
Fell asleep in yonder wud.
- 9 By there cam a silly auld man,
A silly auld man was he,
And he's aff to the proud foresters,
To tell what he did see.

- 10 'What news, what news, my silly auld man,
What news? come tell to me :'
'Na news, na news,' said the silly auld man,
'But what mine een did see.
- 11 'As I cam in by yon greenwud,
And doun amang the scrogs,
The bonniest youth that ere I saw
Lay sleeping atween twa dogs.
- 12 'The sark that he had on his back
Was o the holland sma,
And the coat that he had on his back
Was laced wi gowd fu braw.'
- 13 Up bespak the first forester,
The first forester ava :
'An this be Johnie o Cocklesmuir,
It's time we war awa.'
- 14 Up bespak the niest forester,
The niest forester ava :
'An this be Johnie o Cocklesmuir,
To him we winna draw.'
- 15 The first shot that they did shoot,
They wouidit him on the thie ;
Up bespak the uncle's son,
The niest will gar him die.
- 16 'Stand stout, stand stout, my noble dogs,
Stand stout, and dinna flee ;
Stand fast, stand fast, my gude gray hunds,
And we will mak them dee.'
- 17 He has killed six o the proud foresters,
And he has wouidit the seventh sair ;
He laid his leg out oure his steed,
Says, I will kill na mair.

F

Scott's Minstrelsy, I, 59, 1802 ; made up from several different copies. Nithsdale.

- 1 JOHNIE rose up in a May morning,
Called for water to wash his hands :
'Gar loose to me the gude graie dogs,
That are bound wi iron bands.'
- 2 When Johnie's mother gat word o that,
Her hands for dule she wrang :
'O Johnie, for my bennison,
To the grenewood dinna gang !
- 3 'Eneugh ye hae o the gude wheat-bread,
And eneugh o the blude-red wine,
And therefore for nae vennison, Johnie,
I pray ye, stir frae hame.'
- 4 But Johnie's buskt up his gude bend bow,
His arrows, ane by ane,
And he has gane to Durrisdeer,
To hunt the dun deer doun.
- 5 As he came down by Merriemass,
And in by the bentie line,
There has he espied a deer lying,
Aneath a bush of ling.
- 6 Johnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he wounded her on the side,
- But atween the water and the brae,
His hounds they laid her pride.
- 7 And Johnie has bryttled the deer sae weel
That he's had out her liver and lungs,
And wi these he has feasted his bludey hounds
As if they had been erl's sons.
- 8 They eat sae much o the vennison,
And drank sae much o the blude,
That Johnie and a' his bludey hounds
Fell asleep as they had been dead.
- 9 And by there came a silly auld carle,
An ill death mote he die !
For he's awa to Hislinton,
Where the Seven Foresters did lie.
- 10 'What news, what news, ye gray-headed carle?
What news bring ye to me ?'
'I bring nae news,' said the gray-headed
carle,
'Save what these eyes did see.
- 11 'As I came down by Merriemass,
And down amang the scrogs,
The bonniest childe that ever I saw
Lay sleeping amang his dogs.
- 12 'The shirt that was upon his back
Was o the holland fine ;

The doublet which was over that
Was o the Lincome twine.

- 13 'The buttons that were on his sleeve
Were o the gowd sae gude;
The gude graie hounds he lay amang,
Their mouths were dyed wi blude.'

- 14 Then out and spak the first forester,
The heid man ower them a':
If this be Johnie o Breadislee,
Nae nearer will we draw.

- 15 But up and spak the sixth forester,
His sister's son was he:
If this be Johnie o Breadislee,
We soon shall gar him die.

- 16 The first flight of arrows the foresters shot,
They wounded him on the knee;
And out and spak the seventh forester,
The next will gar him die.

- 17 Johnie's set his back against an aik,
His fute against a stane,
And he has slain the Seven Foresters,
He has slain them a' but ane.

- 18 He has broke three ribs in that ane's side,
But and his collar bane;
He's laid him twa-fald ower his steed,
Bade him carry the tidings hame.

- 19 'O is there na a bonnie bird
Can sing as I can say,

Could flee away to my mother's bower,
And tell to fetch Johnie away?'

- 20 The starling flew to his mother's window-
stane,
It whistled and it sang,
And aye the ower-word o the tune
Was, Johnie tarries lang!

- 21 They made a rod o the hazel-bush,
Another o the slae-thorn tree,
And mony, mony were the men
At fetching our Johnie.

- 22 Then out and spake his auld mother,
And fast her teirs did fa;
Ye wad nae be warnd, my son Johnie,
Frae the hunting to bide awa.

- 23 'Aft hae I brought to Breadislee
The less gear and the mair,
But I neer brought to Breadislee
What grieved my heart sae sair.

- 24 'But wae betide that silly auld carle,
An ill death shall he die;
For the highest tree on Merriemass
Shall be his morning's fee.'

- 25 Now Johnie's gude bend bow is broke,
And his gude graie dogs are slain,
And his bodie lies dead in Durrissdeer,
And his hunting it is done.

G

Harris MS., fol. 25 : from Mrs Harris's recitation.

- 1 JOHNNIE BRAD, on a May mornin,
Called for water to wash his hands,
An there he spied his twa blude-hounds,
Waur bound in iron bands. bands
Waur bound in iron bands

- 2 Johnnie's taen his gude bent bow,
Bot an his arrows kene,
An strippit himsel o the scarlet red,
An put on the licht Lincoln green.

- 3 Up it spak Johnnie's mither,
An' a wae, wae woman was she:

I beg you bide at hame, Johnnie,
I pray be ruled by me.

- 4 Baken bread ye sall nae lack,
An wine you sall lack nane;
Oh Johnnie, for my benison,
I beg you bide at hame!

- 5 He has made a solemn aith,
Atween the sun an the mune,
That he wald gae to the gude green wood,
The dun deer to ding doon.

- 6 He luiket east, he luiket wast,
An in below the sun,
An there he spied the dun deer,
Aneath a bush o brume.

7 The firsten shot that Johnnie shot,
He wounded her in the side;
The nexten shot that Johnnie shot,
I wat he laid her pride.

8 He's eaten o the venison,
An drunken o the blude,
Until he fell as sound asleep
As though he had been dead.

9 Bye there cam a silly auld man,
And a silly auld man was he,
An he's on to the Seven Foresters,
As fast as he can flee.

10 'As I cam in by yonder haugh,
An in among the scroggs,
The bonniest boy that ere I saw
Lay sleepin atween his dogs.'

* * * * *

11 The firsten shot that Johnnie shot,
He shot them a' but ane,
An he flang him owre a milk-white steed,
Bade him bear tidings hame.

H

Buchan's MSS, I, 82; Dixon, *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, p. 77, Percy Society, vol. xvii.

1 JOHNNIE raise up in a May morning,
Calld for water to wash his hands,
And he's commant his bluidy dogs
To be loosd frae their iron bands. bands
To be loosd frae their iron bands

2 'Win up, win up, my bluidy dogs,
Win up, and be unbound,
And we will on to Bride's Braidmuir,
And ding the dun deer down.'

3 When his mother got word o that,
Then she took bed and lay;
Says, Johnnie, my son, for my blessing,
Ye'll stay at hame this day.

4 There's baken bread and brown ale
Shall be at your command;
Ye'll win your mither's blythe blessing,
To the Bride's Braidmuir nae gang.

5 Mony are my friends, mither,
Though thousands were my foe;
Betide me life, betide me death,
To the Bride's Braidmuir I'll go.

6 The sark that was on Johnnie's back
Was o the cambric fine;
The belt that was around his middle
Wi pearlins it did shine.

7 The coat that was upon his back
Was o the linsey brown;
And he's awa to the Bride's Braidmuir,
To ding the dun deer down.

8 Johnnie lookd east, Johnnie lookd west,
And turnd him round and round,
And there he saw the king's dun deer,
Was cowing the bush o brune.

9 Johnnie shot, and the dun deer lap,
He wounded her in the side;
Between him and yon burnie-bank,
Johnnie he laid her pride.

10 He ate sae muckle o the venison,
He drank sae muckle bleed,
Till he lay down between his hounds,
And slept as he'd been dead.

11 But by there came a stane-auld man,
An ill death mat he dee!
For he is on to the Seven Foresters,
As fast as gang could he.

12 'What news, what news, ye stane-auld man?
What news hae ye brought you wi?'
'Nae news, nae news, ye seven foresters,
But what your eyes will see.

13 'As I gaed i yon rough thick hedge,
Amang yon bramly scroggs,
The fairest youth that eer I saw
Lay sleeping between his dogs.

- 14 'The sark that was upon his back
Was o the cambric fine;
The belt that was around his middle
Wi pearlins it did shine.'
- 15 Then out it speaks the first forester:
Whether this be true or no,
O if it's Johnnie o Cocklesmuir,
Nae forder need we go.
- 16 Out it spake the second forester,
A fierce fellow was he:
Betide me life, betide me death,
This youth we'll go and see.
- 17 As they gaed in yon rough thick hedge,
And down yon forest gay,
They came to that very same place
Where John o Cockis he lay.
- 18 The first an shot they shot at him,
They wounded him in the thigh;
Out spake the first forester's son:
By the next shot he maun die.
- 19 'O stand ye true, my trusty bow,
And stout steel never fail!

Avenge me now on all my foes,
Who have my life i bail.'

- 20 Then Johnnie killd six foresters,
And wounded the seventh sair;
Then drew a stroke at the stane-auld man,
That words he neer spake mair.
- 21 His mother's parrot in window sat,
She whistled and she sang,
And aye the owerturn o the note,
'Young Johnnie's biding lang.'
- 22 When this reached the king's own ears,
It grievd him wondrous sair;
Says, I'd rather they'd hurt my subjects all
Than Johnnie o Cocklesmuir.
- 23 'But where are all my wall-wight men,
That I pay meat and fee,
Will gang the morn to Johnnie's castle,
See how the cause may be.'
- 24 Then he's calld Johnnie up to court,
Treated him handsomelie,
And now to hunt in the Bride's Braidmuir,
For life has license free.

I

Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 23.

- 1 JOHNIE rose up in a May morning,
Called for water to wash his hands, hands
And he is awa to Braidisbanks, 4
To ding the dun deer down. down
To ding the dun deer down
- 2 Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west,
And it's lang before the sun,
And there he did spy the dun deer lie,
Beneath a bush of brume.
- 3 Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he's woundit her in the side;
Out then spake his sister's son,
'And the neist will lay her pride.'

* * * * *

- 4 They've eaten sae meikle o the gude venison,
And they've drunken sae muckle o the
blude,
That they've fallen into as sound a sleep
As gif that they were dead.

* * * * *

- 5 'It's doun, and it's doun, and it's doun, doun,
And it's doun among the scrogs,
And there ye'll espy twa bonnie boys lie,
Asleep among their dogs.'

* * * * *

- 6 They waukened Johnie out o his sleep,
And he's drawn to him his coat:
'My fingers five, save me alive,
And a stout heart fail me not!'

* * * * *

J

Chambers's Scottish Ballads, p. 181, stanzas 13, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 26: from the recitation of a lady resident at Peebles.

- 1 His coat was o the scarlet red,
His vest was o the same;
His stockings were o the worset lace,
And buckles tied to the same.
- 2 Out then spoke one, out then spoke two,
Out then spoke two or three;
Out spoke the master forester,
'It's Johnie o Braidislee.
- 3 'If this be true, thou silly auld man,
Which you tell unto me,
Five hundred pounds of yearly rent
It shall not pay your fee.'

* * * * *

- 4 'O wae be to you seven foresters!
I wonder ye dinna think shame,
You being seven sturdy men,
And I but a man my lane.
- 5 'Now fail me not, my ten fingers,
That are both long and small!
Now fail me not, my noble heart!
For in thee I trust for all.
- 6 'Now fail me not, my good bend bow,
That was in London coft!
Now fail me not, my golden string,
Which my true lover wrocht!'

* * * * *

- 7 He has tossed him up, he has tossed him down,
He has broken his collar-bone;
He has tied him to his bridle reins,
Bade him carry the tidings home.

K

Finlay's Scottish Ballads, I, xxxi.

- 'THERE 's no a bird in a' this foreste
Will do as meikle for me
As dip its wing in the wan water
An straik it on my ee-bree.'

L

Harris MS., fol. 25 b.

- BUT aye at ilka ae mile's end
She fand a cat o clay,
An written upon the back o it
'Tak your son Johnnie Brod away.'

M

Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle, II, 171, 1881, Froude's Life of Carlyle, II, 416, 1882, completed by a communication of Mr Macmath: as sung by Carlyle's mother.

- 'O BUSK ye, O busk ye, my three bluidy
hounds,
O busk, and go with me, me,
For there 's seven foresters in yon forest,
And them I want to see.' see
And them I want to see

- A. 'The Seven Forsters at Pickeram Side' is a
title supplied by Percy.
6². I wun is added by Percy, at the end.
7⁸, 17⁸. one water.
15¹. Oh. 19⁴. bord words, or bood words.
B follows C in Fry without a break. Words dis-
tinguished by '' in B, C are emendations or

- additions of Fry. 4, 5 come between 12 and
13.
1¹. braid alow. 10¹. the word. 10⁶. would have.
11². hearted. 13⁴. bows.
C. 4⁸. Out-shot.
D. "There is a West-Country version of this bal-
lad, under the title of Johnie of Cockerslee,

differing very little from the present. The variations in the reading I have marked at their respective places." *Kinloch*. Assuming that *Kinloch* has given all the variations (which include six entire stanzas), the West-Country version is reproduced by combining these readings with so much of the other copy, *Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 38, as did not vary. 15^s. *Kinloch* neglected to alter Cocklesmuir here.

E. 6^s. lying is struck through, probably to improve the metre. *Kinloch* made two slight changes in printing.

H. 5¹. Mony ane. (?) 9¹. Johnnie lap: probably an error of the copyist.

9², 18². wound: cf. 20².

21⁴. bidding.

Dixon has changed stane-auld to silly-auld in 11¹, 12¹, 20³; Cockis to Cockl's in 17⁴; and has Scotticised the spelling.

I. *Motherwell* notes a stanza as wanting after 3, some stanzas as wanting after 4, 5.

J. "The version of the ballad here given is partly copied from those printed in the Border Minstrelsy and in the publications of Messrs *Kinloch* and *Motherwell*, and is partly taken from the recitation of a lady resident at Peebles and from a manuscript copy sub-

mitted to me by Mr *Kinloch*. The twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, twenty-first, twenty-second, twenty-third, twenty-sixth, and twenty-seventh stanzas are here printed for the first time." *Chambers*. The 14th stanza had been printed by *Scott*, F 12; the 23d, repeated here (6), by *Pinkerton*; the 27th is D 20. The first half of the 12th is D 13^{1, 2}, and the remainder *Chambers's* own: compare his 11 and F 11, from which it seems to have been made.

L. "I have heard another version, where Johnnie is slain and thrown 'owre a milk-white steed.' News is sent to Johnnie's mother, who flies to her son; But aye at ilka ae mile's end, etc."

M. "While she [*Carlyle's* mother] was at Craigenputtock, I made her train me to two song-tunes; and we often sang them together, and tried them often again in coming down into Annandale." The last half of the stanza is cited. *Letter of T. Carlyle*, May 18, 1834, in *Froude's Life*, 1795-1835, II, 335.

"Mrs Aitken, sister of T. Carlyle, sent me [January 15, 1884] the first two lines to complete the stanza of this Johny Cock, but can call up no more of the ballad." *Letter of Mr Macmath*.

115

ROBYN AND GANDELEYN

Sloane MS., 2593, fol. 14 b, British Museum.

PRINTED by Ritson, *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 48, and by Thomas Wright, *Songs and Carols* (selected from the Sloane MS.), No X, London, 1836, and again in his edition of the whole MS. for the Warton Club, 1856, p. 42. The manuscript is put at about 1450.

Wright remarks on the similarity of the name Gandelyn to Gamelyn in the tale as-

signed to the Cook in some manuscripts of the *Canterbury Tales*, and on the resemblance of the tale of Gamelyn to Robin Hood story. But he could hardly have wished to give the impression that Robin in this ballad is Robin Hood. This he no more is than John in the ballad which precedes is Little John; though Gandelyn is as true to his master as Little

John is, and is pronounced to be by the king, in 'Robin Hood and the Monk.' Ritson gave the ballad the title of 'Robin Lyth,' looking on the 'lyth' of the burden as the hero's surname; derived perhaps from the village of Lythe, two or three miles to the north of Whitby. A cave on the north side of the promontory of Flamborough, called Robin Lyth's Hole (popularly regarded as the stronghold of a pirate), may have been, Ritson thinks, one of the skulking-places of the Robin

who fell by the shaft of Wrennok. "Robin Hood," he adds, "had several such in those and other parts; and, indeed, it is not very improbable that our hero had been formerly in the suite of that gallant robber, and, on his master's death, had set up for himself." Thought is free.

Translated by Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, page 44, No. 6.

-
- 1 I HERDE a carpyng of a clerk,
Al at ȝone wodes ende,
Of gode Robyn and Gandeleyn;
Was *per* non oper pyng.
Robynn lyth in grene wode bowndyn
 - 2 Stronge theuys wern po chylderin non,
But bowmen gode and hende;
He wentyn to wode to getyn hem fleych,
If God wold it hem sende.
 - 3 Al day wentyn po chylderin too,
And fleych fowndyn he non,
Til it were a-geyn euyng;
ȝe chylderin wold gon hom.
 - 4 Half an honderid of fat falyf der
He comyn a-ȝon,
And alle he wern fayr and fat i-now,
But markyd was *per* non:
'Be dere God,' seyde gode Robyn,
'Here of we xul haue on.'
 - 5 Robyn bent his joly bowe,
ȝe in he set a flo;
ȝe fattest der of alle
ȝe herte he clef a to.
 - 6 He hadde not ȝe der i-flawe,
Ne half out of ȝe hyde,
There cam a schrewde arwe out of ȝe west,
ȝat felde Robertes pryde.
 - 7 Gandeleyn lokyd hym est and west,
Be euery syde:
'Hoo hat myn mayster slayin?
Ho hat don ȝis dede?
Xal I neuer out of grene wode go
Til I se [his] sydis blede.'
 - 8 Gandeleyn lokyd hym est and lokyd west,
And sowt vnder ȝe sunne;
He saw a lytil boy
He clepyng Wrennok of Donne.
 - 9 A good bowe in his hond,
A brod arwe *per* ine,
And fowre and twenti goode arwys,
Trusyd in a prumme:
'Be war ȝe, war ȝe, Gandeleyn,
Her-of ȝu xalt han summe.
 - 10 'Be war ȝe, war ȝe, Gandeleyn,
Her of ȝu gyst plente:'
'Euer on for an oper,' seyde Gandeleyn;
'Mysaunter haue he xal fle.
 - 11 'Qwer-at xal our marke be?'
Seyde Gandeleyn:
'Eueryche at operis herte,'
Seyde Wrennok ageyn.
 - 12 'Ho xal ȝeue ȝe ferste schote?'
Seyde Gandeleyn:
'And I xul ȝeue ȝe on be-forn,'
Seyde Wrennok ageyn.
 - 13 Wrennok schette a ful good schote,
And he schet not to hye;
ȝrow ȝe sanchopis of his bryk;
It towchyd neyper thye.
 - 14 'Now hast ȝu ȝouyn me on be-forn,'
Al ȝus to Wrennok seyde he,
'And ȝrow ȝe myȝt of our lady
A bettere I xal ȝeue ȝe.'
 - 15 Gandeleyn bent his goode bowe,
And set *per* in a flo;

He schet prow his grene certyl,
His herte he clef on too.

16 'Now xalt þu neuer ʒelpe, Wrennok,
At ale ne at wyn,
þat þu hast slawe goode Robyn,
And his knawe Gandeleyyn.

17 'Now xalt þu neuer ʒelpe, Wrennok,
At wyn ne at ale,
þat þu hast slawe goode Robyn,
And Gandeleyyn his knawe.'

Robyn lyȝth in grene wode bowndyn

Written continuously, without division of stanzas or verses. The burden, put after 1, stands at the head of the ballad.

And for & always. 1⁴. gyngc.

4⁸. I now. 4⁸. Robyn wanting. 5¹. went.
7⁸. Ti I. 9⁸. & xx. 10². hir. 12⁸. ʒewe. 12⁴. seyð.
14⁸. þ^u myȝt. 17⁴. Gandelyyn: knawe.
Last line: bowndyn.

116

ADAM BELL, CLIM OF THE CLOUGH, AND WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLEY

a. Two fragments, stanzas 113⁴–128², 161²–170, of an edition by John Byddell, London, 1536: Library of the University of Cambridge.*

b. A fragment, stanzas 53²–111⁸, by a printer not identified: formerly in the possession of J. Payne Collier.†

c. 'Adambel, Clym of the cloughe, and Wyllyam of cloudele,' William Copeland, London [1548–68]: British Museum, C. 21, c. 64.‡

d. 'Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of Cloudele,' James Roberts, London, 1605: Bodleian Library, C. 39, Art. Selden.

e. Another edition with the same title-page: Bodleian Library, Malone, 299.

f. 'Adam Bell, Clime of the Cloug[he], and William off Cloudelee,' Percy MS., p. 390: British Museum. Hales and Furnivall, III, 76.

'ADAM BELL' is licensed to John Kynge in the Stationers' Registers, 19 July, 1557–9 July, 1558: Arber, I, 79. Again, among copies which were Sampson Awedeley's, to John Charlewood, 15 January, 1582; and, among copies which were John Charlwoode's, to James Robertes, 31 May, 1594: Arber, II, 405, 651. Seven reprints of the seventeenth

century, later than d, are noted in Mr W. C. Hazlitt's Handbook, p. 35.

The larger part of a has been reprinted by Mr F. S. Ellis, in his catalogue of the library of Mr Henry Huth, I, 128 f, 1880. § b was used by Mr W. C. Hazlitt for his edition of the ballad in *Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England*, II, 131. || c was reprinted

* Colophon: [P]rynted at London, in Fletestrete, at [the] sijgne of the Sonne, by me Iohn [By]ddell. In the yere of our lord god m.cccc.xxxvj. The seconde daye of June. Iohn Byddell.

Eight lines wanting: 120^{3,4}; 121; 168^{3,4}. Mutilated at the beginning: 169; 170. Mutilated at the end: 164¹; 165²; 167¹.

† Eleven lines wanting: 60^{2,3,4}; 67⁴; 68^{4,2}; 100⁸; 104⁴;

105^{1,2}; 110⁴. Mutilated at the beginning: 61–64¹; 64²–67²; 75⁴–83¹; 90^{4,5,6}; 96⁴; 105³–110³; 111^{1,2}. Mutilated at the end: 60¹; 101³; 102³; 103¹; 104^{2,3}. Elsewhere: 97^{2,3}; 104¹.

‡ Colophon. Imprinted at London, in Lothburys, by Wyllyam Copeland.

§ "Two leaves, discovered in the pasteboard or fly-leaves of a book received from abroad."

|| b was kindly copied for me by Mr J. P. Collier in 1857.

by Percy in his *Reliques*, 1765, I, 129, with corrections from f; and by Ritson, *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1791, p. 5, with the necessary emendations of Copland's somewhat faulty text. d is followed by a Second Part, described by Ritson, in temperate terms, as "a very inferior and servile production." It is here given (with much reluctance) in an Appendix.

Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly, outlawed for breach of the game-laws, swear brotherhood, and betake themselves to Inglewood, a forest adjacent to Carlisle. William is a wedded man, and one day tells his brethren that he means to go to Carlisle to see his wife and children. Adam would not advise this, lest he should be taken by the justice. William goes to Carlisle, nevertheless, knocks at his window, and is admitted by Alice, his wife, who tells him with a sigh that the place has been beset for him a half year and more: While they make good cheer, an old woman, whom William had kept seven years for charity, slips out, and informs the justice that William is come to town.* The justice and the sheriff come presently with a great rout to take William. Man and wife defend the house till it is set on fire. William lets his wife and children down with sheets, and shoots on till his bowstring is burnt, then runs into the thick of his foes with sword and buckler, but is felled by doors and windows thrown on him, and so taken. The sheriff orders the gates of Carlisle to be shut close, and sets up a gallows to hang William. A boy, friendly to the family, gets out at a crevice in the wall, and carries word to Adam and Clim, who instantly set out for the rescue.

Adam and Clim find the gates shut so fast that there is no chance of getting in without a stratagem. Adam has a fair written letter in his pocket: they will make the porter think that they have the king's seal. They beat on the gate till the porter comes, and demand to

be let in as messengers from the king to the justice. The porter demurs, but they browbeat him with the king's seal; he opens the gate; they wring his neck and take his keys. First bending their bows and looking to the strings, they make for the market-place, where they find Cloudesly lying in a cart, on the point to be hanged. William sees them, and takes hope. Adam makes the sheriff his mark, Clim the justice; both fall, deadly wounded; the citizens fly; the outlaws loose Cloudesly's ropes. William wrings an axe from the hand of an officer, and smites on every side; Adam and Clim shoot till their arrows are gone, then draw their swords. Horns are blown, and the bells rung backwards; the mayor of Carlisle comes with a large force, and the fight is hotter than ever. But all for naught, for the outlaws get to the gates, and are soon in Inglewood, under their trysty-tree.

Alice had come to Inglewood to make known to Adam and Clim what had befallen her husband, but naturally had not found them, since they were already gone to William's rescue. A woman is heard weeping, and Cloudesly, taking a turn to see what this may mean, comes upon his wife and three boys. Very sad she is, but the sight of her husband makes all well. Three harts are killed for supper, and William gives Alice the best for standing so boldly by him. The outlaws determine to go to the king to get a charter of peace. William takes his eldest son with him, leaving Alice and the two younger at a nunnery. The three brethren make their way to the king's presence, without leave of porter or announcement by usher, kneel down and hold up their hands, and ask grace for having slain the king's deer. The king inquires their names, and when he hears who they are says they shall all be hanged, and orders them into arrest. Adam Bell once more asks grace, since they have come to the king of their free will, or else that they may go, with such weapons as they have, when they

Mr Collier described his fragment as "a scrap which once formed the fly-leaf of a book." Hazlitt says that the type is clearly older than Copland's, and very like Wynkyn de Worde's.

* This old woman gives the title 'Auld Matrons' to a ballad in Buchan's larger collection, II, 238, in which kitchen-tradition has made over some of the incidents in the First Fit of Adam Bell.

will ask no grace in a hundred years. The king replies again that all three shall be hanged. Hereupon the queen reminds the king that when she was wedded he had promised to grant the first boon she should ask; she had hitherto asked nothing, but now begs the three yeomen's lives. The king must needs consent.

Immediately thereafter comes information that the outlaws had slain the justice and the sheriff, the mayor of Carlisle, all the constables and catchpolls, the sergeants of the law, forty foresters, and many more. This makes the king so sad that he can eat no more; but he wishes to see these fellows shoot that have wrought all this woe. The king's archers and the queen's go to the butts with the three yeomen, and the outlaws hit everything that is set up. Cloudesly holds the butts too wide for a good archer, and the three set up two hazel rods, twenty score paces apart; he is a good archer, says Cloudesly, that cleaves one of these. The king says no man can do it; but Cloudesly cleaves the wand. The king declares him the best archer he ever saw. William says he will do a greater mastery: he will lay an apple on his son's head (a boy of seven), and split it in two at six score paces. The king bids him make haste so to do: if he fail, he shall be hanged; and if he touch the boy, the outlaws shall be hanged, all three. Cloudesly ties the child to a stake, turning its face from him, sets an apple on its head, and, begging the people to remain quiet, cleaves the apple in two. The king gives Cloudesly eighteen pence a day as his bowman, and makes him chief rider over the North Country. The queen adds twelve pence, makes him a gentleman of cloth and fee and his two brothers yeomen of her chamber, gives the boy a place in her wine-cellar, and appoints Alice her chief gentlewoman and governess of her nursery. The yeomen express their thanks, go to Rome [to some bishop, in the later copy] to be absolved of their sins, live the rest of their lives with the king, and die good men, all three.

The rescue of Robin Hood by Little John and Much in No 117, sts 61-82, has a general

resemblance to the rescue of Cloudesly by Adam and Clim in this ballad, st. 52 ff. The rescue of Will Stutly has also some slight similarity: cf. No 141, sts 26-33, and 70, 79-81, of 'Adam Bell.'

The shooting of an apple from a boy's head, sts 151-62, is, as is well known, a trait in several German and Norse traditions, and these particular feats, as well as everything resembling them, have been a subject of eager discussion in connection with the apocryphal history of William Tell.

The Icelandic saga of Dietrich of Bern, compiled, according to the prologue, from Low German tales and ballads, narrates that young Egil, a brother of Weland the Smith, came to Nidung's court with the fame of being the best bowman in the world. Nidung, to prove his skill, required Egil [on pain of death] to shoot an apple from the head of his son, a child of three years, only one trial being permitted. Egil split the apple in the middle. Though allowed but one chance, Egil had provided himself with three arrows. When asked why, he answered the king that the two others were meant for him, if he had hit the boy with the first. Saga *Þiðriks Konungs af Bern*, ed. Unger, c. 75, p. 90 f; *Peringskiöld*, *Wilkina Saga*, c. 27, p. 63 f; *Raszmann*, *Die Deutsche Heldensage*, II, 247 f; the Swedish *rifacimento*, *Sagan om Didrik af Bern*, ed. *Hyltén-Cavallius*, c. 73, p. 54. The Icelandic saga was composed about 1250.

Saxo, writing about 1200, relates nearly the same incidents of Toko, a man in the service of King Harold Bluetooth († c. 985). Toko, while drinking with comrades, had bragged that he was good enough bowman to hit the smallest apple on top of a stick at the first shot. This boast was carried to the king, who exacted a fulfilment of it on pain of death; but the apple was to be set on the head of Toko's son. The father exhorted the boy to stand perfectly still, and, to make this easier, turned the child's face from the direction of the shot; then, laying out three arrows from his quiver, executed the required feat. When the king asked why he had taken three arrows, Toko replied, To wreak the miss of the first with

the points of the others. Saxo Grammaticus, *Gesta Danorum*, Book x, ed. Holder, p. 329 f.

The White Book of Obwalden, written about 1470, informs us that Tell, a good archer, having refused to bow to Gesler's hat, was ordered by the landvogt to shoot an apple from the head of one of his children. Unable to resist, Tell laid-by a second arrow, shot the apple from the child's head, and being asked why he had reserved the other arrow, replied that if the first had missed he would have shot Gesler or one of his men with the second.*

This story is introduced into a piece of verse on the origin of the Swiss confederacy, of nearly the same date as the prose document. In this the landvogt says to Tell that if he does not hit with the first shot, it will cost him his life; the distance is one hundred and twenty paces, as in the English ballad, and Tell says simply that he would have shot the landvogt if he had hit his son.† (Tell uses a cross-bow, not the long-bow, as the English.)

Henning Wulf, a considerable person in Holstein, who had headed an unsuccessful outbreak against Christian the First of Denmark, was captured and brought before the king. The king, knowing Henning to be an incomparable archer, ordered him to shoot an apple from the head of his only son, a child: if he succeeded, he was to go free. The exploit was happily accomplished. But Henning had put a second arrow into his mouth, and the king asked the object. The second arrow was for the king, had the boy been hit. Henning Wulf was outlawed. The story, which

is put at 1472, is the subject of a painting preserved in a church.‡

The Norwegian king, Haraldr Harðráðr († 1066), who has a grudge against Hemingr, son of Aslákr, undertakes to put him to proof in shooting, swimming, and snow-shoe sliding. They go to a wood, and both execute extraordinary feats with bow and lance; but Hemingr is much superior to the king. The king orders Hemingr to shoot a nut from his brother Björn's head, on pain of death for missing. Hemingr would rather die than venture such a shot; but his brother offers himself freely, and undertakes to stand still. Then let the king stand by Björn, says Hemingr, and see whether I hit. But the king prefers to stand by Hemingr, and appoints somebody else to the other position. Hemingr crosses himself, calls God to witness that the king is responsible, throws his lance, and strikes the nut from his brother's head, doing him no harm. Hemings Þáttr, *Flateyjarbók*, III, 405 f (1370-80); Müller, *Sagabibliothek*, III, 356 ff. This story was probably derived from an old song, and is preserved in Norwegian and Färöe ballads: 'Harald kongin og Hemingen unge,' Landstad, *Norske Folkeviser*, No 15, A, B, pp. 177-188; 'Geyti Áslaksson,' *Hammershaimb, Færöiske Kvæder*, No 17, A-C, II, 149-163. In Norwegian A, 5-10, the shot is exacted under pain of imprisonment. Hemingen insists that the king shall take a place near his brother [son], whom he exhorts to stand erect and bold; one half of the nut falls, the other is left on the head; the king asks what was to have been done with a second arrow which Hemingen had secreted, and is answered as in the previous cases.§ The first and last

* Vischer, *Die Sage von der Befreiung der Waldstädte*, pp 33, 36 f; Rochholz, *Germania*, XIII, 56 f. "Wa er das nit hette gethan, so hette er selbs müssen darumb sterben:" Russ's *Chronicle*, 1482, Vischer, p. 50.

† Liliencron, *Die historischen Volkslieder der Deutschen*, II, 109, No 147; Böhme, p. 47, No 10; Vischer, p. 46; Rochholz, *Tell u. Gessler*, p. 180; Tobler, p. 3. This or a like song was known to Russ, 1482. Tschudi, about a hundred years later, c. 1570, says that the child was five or six, not more than six, years old: Vischer, p. 122. There is another, but later and even worse, "song" about William Tell and the confederacy: Böhme, No 11, p. 49; Wunderhorn, 1808, II, 129; etc.

‡ Müllenhoff, *Sagen*, u. s. w., *der Herzogthümer Schleswig*
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Holstein u. Lauenburg, p. 57, No 66. The story is localized at another place in Holstein, with the change of apple to pear: Lütolf, *Germania*, VIII, 213.

§ Torfæus, in his history of Norway, III, 371, speaks of a ballad about Heming sung in his time, c. 1700, which would seem to have been the same as this, only somewhat fuller. Landstad, p. 187.

These ballads represent the king as regarding himself as quite unapproachable in athletic exercises. The little boy of ballads, smáðrengin, kongins lítill svein, Norwegian B, Färöe A, or, in a Färöe variation (*Hammershaimb*, p. 161), Harald's queen, intimates knowledge of an equal or superior. Harald answers, in true ballad style, in Färöe A 6, If he is not my better, you shall burn for it. In Norwe-

of these incidents are wanting in B (19-22). In the Färöe ballad, A, 53-62, the king tells Geyti (whom he also calls Hemingur) that he must shoot a nut from his brother's head. Geyti asks the king to go to the wood with him to see the result, invokes God and St Olav, hits the nut without touching his brother. It is not till the next day that the king asks Geyti why he had *two* arrows with him in the wood.

The same story, pleasingly varied for the occasion, is found in the saga of the Norwegian king Ólafr Tryggvason († 1000). The king hears that Eindriði, a handsome, rich, and amiable young man, is unconverted. Eindriði is a good swimmer, bowman, and dirk-thrower. Ólafr, a proficient in all such exercises, proposes to try masteries with him in the feats which he has repute for, on the terms that if Eindriði is beaten he shall be baptized, but if victor shall hold such faith as he will. The first trial is in swimming, and in this Ólafr shows unequivocal superiority. The next day they shoot at a target, and the advantage, after two essays, is rather with Eindriði. The king compliments Eindriði; but the issue between them is not yet decided. This fine young fellow's salvation is at stake, and expedients which one might otherwise scruple at are justifiable. Ólafr knows that Eindriði tenderly loves a pretty child, four or five years old, his sister's son. This boy shall be our target, says the king. A chessman (the king-piece) on his head shall be the mark, to be shot off without hurting the boy. Eindriði must needs submit, but means to have revenge if the child comes to harm. The king orders a cloth to be passed round the boy's head, each end of which is to be held firmly by a man, so as to prevent any stirring when the whiz of the arrow is heard. Ólafr signs both himself and the point of his arrow with the cross, and shoots; the arrow takes off

the chessman, passing between it and the head, grazing the crown and drawing some little blood. The king bids Eindriði take his turn; but Eindriði's mother and sister beg him with tears to desist, and he, though ready to take the risk, yields to their entreaties, and leaves the victory with Ólafr. On the third day there is a match at a game with dirks. For a time no one can say which does the better; but in the end Ólafr performs feats so marvellous as in Eindriði's conviction to demonstrate the assistance of a deity: wherefore he consents to be baptized. *Saga Ólafs Tryggvasonar*, *Fornmanna Sögur*, II, 259-74, c. 235; *Flateyjarbók*, I, 456-64, cc. 359-64.

Punker, a warlock of Rorbach (a town not far from Heidelberg), had obtained from the devil, as the regular recompense for his having thrice pierced the crucifix, the power of making three unerring shots daily, and had so been able to pick off in detail all but one of the garrison of a besieged town. To put his skill to proof, a certain nobleman ordered him to shoot a piece of money from his own son's head. Punker wished to be excused, for he feared that the devil might play him false; but being induced to make the trial, knocked the coin from the boy's cap, doing him no damage. Before shooting, he had stuck another arrow into his collar, and asked why, replied that if the devil had betrayed him, and he had killed the child, he would have sent the other bolt through the body of the person who had obliged him to undertake the performance. *Malleus Maleficarum*, Pars II, Quæstio I, c. xvi.* The date of the transaction is put at about 1420.

The last three forms of this tradition have the unimportant variations of brother and brother, or uncle and nephew, for father and son, and of nut, chessman, or coin for apple.

The story is German-Scandinavian, and not remarkably extended.† The seven versions

gian B, Färöe A, the king immediately sets out to find his rival. Cf. *Charlemagne and King Arthur*, I, 275, 279, and the beginning of 'King Estmere,' II, 51, and *Landstad*, p. 177, note 1.

* The Witches' Hammer was composed in 1486, and Punker is there recorded to have exercised his devil's craft sixty years before. Elsewhere Punker [Pumper] is said to have

been torn to pieces by oppressed peasants in 1420. The name is spelled Punker in the edition of 1620, pp 248 f, and Pucher in the edition followed by Grimm. See *Rochholz in Germania*, XIII, 48-51.

† The Tell story, complete, *Apfelschuss*, *Felsensprung* und *Tyrannenmord*, is said to occur among the Finns and the Lapps: E. Pabst, cited by Pfannenschmid, *Germania*,

agree in two points: the shot is compulsory; the archer meditates revenge in case he harms the person on whose head the mark is placed.* These features are wanting in the English ballad. William of Cloudesly offers of his own free motion to shoot an apple from his son's head, and this after the king had declared him the best archer he had ever seen, for splitting a hazel-rod at twenty score paces; so that the act was done purely for glory. To be sure, the king threatens him with death if he does not achieve what he has undertaken, as death is also threatened in four of the seven German-Scandinavian stories for refusal to try the shot or for missing; but the threats in sts 154 f of the English ballad are a revival of the vow in sts 119 f. Justice has been balked by the unconditional boon granted the queen; aggravating and exasperating circumstances have come to light since this unadvised grace was conceded, and a hope is presented for a pretext under which the king may still hang the outlaws, all three. The shooting of the apple from the boy's head, isolated from any particular connection, is perhaps all of the German-Scandinavian story that was known to the English ballad-maker, and all minor resemblances may well be fortuitous.†

If the shooting of an apple by somebody from somebody's head is to be regarded as the kernel of the story, its area may then be considerably extended.

Castrén heard the following story among the Finns in Russian Karelia. Robbers had carried a man off over a lake. The son of the

captive, a boy of twelve, followed along the other side of the lake, threatening to shoot them if they did not let his father go. These threats, for a time, only procured worse treatment for the prisoner; but at last the boy was told that his father should be released if he could shoot an arrow across the water and split an apple laid on his father's head. This the boy did, and his father was liberated. Castrén's *Reiseerinnerungen aus den Jahren 1838-44*, ed. Schiefner, p. 89 f.

A Persian poet introduces into a work composed about 1175 this anecdote.‡ A distinguished king was very fond of a beautiful slave, so much so that he was never easy unless he was in some way engaged with him. When the king amused himself with shooting, this slave would tremble with fear, for the king would make his mark of an apple placed on his favorite's head, split the apple, and in so doing make the slave sick with alarm.

J. Grimm had seen a manuscript of travels in Turkey, in the Cassel library, with a picture of an archer aiming at an apple on a child's head. *Deutsche Mythologie*, I, 317, note, ed. 1875.

With regard to the Persian story, Benfey observes that it must be admitted as possible that the shooting of an apple from the head of a beloved person may have been pitched upon in various localities, independently, as the mark of supreme skill in archery, but that this is not likely, and that the history of tradition requires us rather to presume that the conception was original in one instance

IX; 5. Particulars, which are very desirable, are not given. This would not add much to the range of the story.

* In the prose Hemings Þátrr, the intent to take vengeance appears from Hemingr's wish that the king should stand close to the mark; in the ballads he reserves an arrow. In the Ólafs Saga, Eindriði openly announces his purpose; in all but this version (treating the prose Hemings Þátrr and the ballads as one), the archer provides himself with two arrows, or three.

† Such as the penalty for missing, as above said; or Tell's shooting at a hundred and twenty paces, and bearing Cloudesly's name, William. If the coincidence as to the distance should be held to be very important, I, for one, should have no objection to admitting that this part of the ballad may be derived from the Tell story.

J. Grimm remarked in 1813, *Gedanken über Mythos, Epos und Geschichte* (Kleinere Schriften, IV, 77), that the simi-

larity of the names Tell, Bell, Velent, Bellerophon (see a little further on, p. 21), could hardly fail to strike even a superficial observer, and also pointed to the identity of Tell's and Cloudesly's Christian name. In his *Deutsche Mythologie*, I, 317, ed. 1875, it is simply said that the surname Bell, as well as Cloudesly's Christian name, is suggestive of William Tell.

‡ The poet is Mohammed ben Ibrahim, 1119-c. 1230, and he bore the honorary title of Furid Uddin (Pearl of Religion), and the sobriquet of Attâr, perfumer. The title of the poem is *The Language of Birds*. Garcin de Tassy, *La Poésie Philosophique et Religieuse chez les Persans, Extrait de la Revue Contemporaine*, t. xxiv, pp. 4, 35. "Nur den Apfel treffen wir hier. . . Es bleibt also weiter nichts übrig als anzunehmen dass die persische Sage . . . in die grauesten Urzeiten des arischen Alterthums hinaufreichen muss." (Pfannenschmid, in *Germania*, X, 26 f.) A rapid inference.

only, and borrowed in the remainder; in which case the borrowing would be by the West from the East, and not the other way. We can come to no decision, however, he adds, until the source of the Persian story, or some older form of it, shall have been discovered. (Göttinger Gelehrte Anzeigen, 1861, p. 680.) The cautiousness of the imperial scholar is worthy of all imitation. The Persian saga, as it is sometimes called, is, in the perhaps mutilated form in which we have it, an inconsistent and inept anecdote; the German-Scandinavian saga is a complete and rational story. In this story it is fundamental that the archer executes a successful shot under circumstances highly agitating to the nerves; he risks the life of a beloved object, and in the majority of versions his own life is at stake besides. That the act must be done under compulsion is the simplest corollary. If the archer is cool enough to volunteer the shot, then the chief difficulty in making it is removed. This is a fault in the English ballad, where the father is unconcerned, and all the feeling is shown by the spectators. Cloudesley had already split a hazel-rod at twenty score paces; what was it for him to hit an apple at six score? *

But we are still far from covering the range of stories which have been treated as having some significant relation to that of Egil. Any shot at an apple, any shot at an object on a child's person (provided the case be not a fact and recent), has been thought worth quoting, as a probable sprout from the same root. For examples: In an Esthonian popular tale, one Sharpeye hits an apple which a man a long way off is holding by his mouth. In a Serbian poem, the hero, Milosch, sends an arrow through a ring, and hits a golden apple on the point of a lance. Bellerophon's sons, Hippolochus and Isandrus, disputing which should

be king of the Lycians, it was proposed that the question should be settled by seeing which could shoot through a ring placed on the breast of a child lying on his back. Laodamia, sister of the competitors, offered her son Sarpedon for the trial, and the uncles, to show their appreciation of such handsome behavior, resigned their claims in favor of Sarpedon. The shot, we may understand, did not come off. †

With regard to all this series of stories, and others which have been advanced as allied, more will be required to make out a substantial relationship than their having in common a shot at some object in contiguity with a living human body, be the object an apple, or whatever else. The idea of thus enhancing the merit or interest of a shot is not so ingenious that one instance must be held to be original, and all others derivative. The archer Alcon, according to Servius, ‡ was wont to shoot through rings placed on men's heads. Sir John Malcolm (Kaye's Life, II, 400) was told that at Mocha, when the dates were ripe, a stone, standing up some three inches, would be put on the head of a child, at which two or three of the best marksmen would fire, with ball, at thirty-one yards distance. A case was reported, about fifty years ago, of a man in Pennsylvania shooting a very small apple from the head of another man. § A linen-weaver was judicially punished at Spire, some thirty years ago, for shooting a sheet of paper from his son's hand, and afterwards a potato ("also einen Erdapfel," Rochholz!) from the boy's head. || The keel-boat men of the Mississippi, in their playfulness, would cut the pipe out of a companion's hat-band at a long distance. "If they quarreled among themselves, and then made friends, their test that they bore no malice was to shoot some small object from each other's heads," such as

* Eindrifi also had accomplished a harder shot before he tried the chessman. But Hemingr, having done what was thought a masterly thing in cleaving a nut, is compelled to knock the same nut, shooting at the same distance, from his brother's head.

† Das Inland, No 39, p. 630, cited by Rochholz, Tell und Gessler, p. 40 f. Gerhard's Wila, I, 147 f, cited by Rochholz, p. 39 f. Enstathius to Iliad, xii, 101, first cited by

Grimm, Deutsche Mythologie (who says, "Es stimmt auch theilweise," p. 317, ed. 1875); by others later.

‡ To Virgil, Ecl. v, 11, cited by Ideler, Die Sage von dem Schuss des Tell, p. 59, note 3.

§ Hisely, Recherches Critiques sur l'Histoire de Guillaume Tell, p. 590.

|| Pfannenschmid, in Germania, X, 25; Rochholz, Tell und Gessler, p. 41 f.

an apple. Such feats have of late been common on the American stage.

Whatever may be thought of the linen-weaver at Spire, it will scarcely be maintained that the Mississippi keel-boat men shot at apples in imitation of William Tell. As to the selection of an apple, it seems enough to say that an apple makes a convenient mark, is familiar to temperate climates, and at hand at almost any part of the year.* But the chief point of all to be borne in mind is, that whether the Mississippi boatmen took their cue, directly or indirectly, from William Tell, they do not become mythical personages by virtue of their repeating his shot. None the more does William of Cloudesley. A story long current in Europe, a mythical story if you please, could certainly be taken up by an English ballad-maker without prejudice to the substantial and simply romantic character of his hero.†

The late Mr Joseph Hunter unhesitatingly declared Adam Bell "a genuine personage of history," and considered that he had had "the good fortune to recover from a very authentic source of information some particulars of this hero of our popular minstrelsy which show distinctly the time at which he lived."

"King Henry the Fourth, by letters enrolled in the Exchequer, in Trinity Term, in the seventh year of his reign [1406], and bearing date the 14th day of April, granted to one Adam Bell an annuity of 4*l.* 10*s.* issuing out of the fee-farm of Clipston, in the forest of Sherwood, together with the profits and advantages of the vesture and herbage

of the garden called the Halgarth, in which the manor-house of Clipston is situated.

"Now, as Sherwood is noted for its connection with archery, and may be regarded also as the *patria* of much of the ballad poetry of England, and the name of Adam Bell is a peculiar one, this might be almost of itself sufficient to show that the ballad had a foundation in veritable history. But we further find that this Adam Bell violated his allegiance by adhering to the Scots, the king's enemies; whereupon this grant was virtually resumed, and the sheriff of Nottinghamshire accounted for the rents which would have been his. In the third year of King Henry the Fifth [1416], the account was rendered by Thomas Hercy, and in the fourth year by Simon Leak. The mention of his adhesion to the Scots leads us to the Scottish border, and will not leave a doubt in the mind of the most sceptical that we have here one of the persons, some of whose deeds (with some poetical license, perhaps) are come down to us in the words of one of our popular ballads." (New Illustrations of the Life, Studies, and Writings of Shakespeare, I, 245 f, 1845.)

Mr Hunter's points are, that an Adam Bell had a grant from the proceeds of a farm in the forest of Sherwood, that Adam Bell is a peculiar name, and that his Adam Bell adhered to the king's enemies. To be sure, Adam Bell's retreat in the ballad is not Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire, but Englishwood, or Inglewood, in Cumberland (an old hunting-ground of King Arthur's, according to several romances), a forest sixteen miles in length,

* T. B. Thorpe, *Reminiscences of the Mississippi*, in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, XII, 30. A story is there related of a famous Mike Fink's striking an apple from a man's head by shooting between it and the skull, like the Scandinavian marksmen. In Captain Mayne Reid's *Scalp Hunters*, or *Romantic Adventures in Northern Mexico*, ch. 22, we are told of an Indian's shooting a prairie-gourd from the head of his sister, which may or may not be an invention. The title of the chapter is *A Feat à la Tell*, and this may perhaps be the only foundation for an assertion that the Tell story had been found in Mexico; at least, inquiries have not brought to light any other.

† For the interpretation which has been put upon the Tell story, see, among many, Pfannenschnid, in *Germania*, X, 1-40; Rochholz, *Tell und Gessler*, in *Sage und Geschichte*.

The mildew of myth spreads, of course, from William to his comrades. J. Grimm, in his *Gedanken über Mythos*, etc., 1813, interprets Clim, Cloudesley, and Clough all in the sense of nail, sharp point, arrow; and as Bell is *βέλος*, Tell is *telum*, Toko *τόξον*, and Egil is *igel*, hedgehog, and therefore the spine of the hedgehog, and therefore dart, the names are all one as to meaning. But Grimm appears to have been less confident about these etymologies in later days. Sir G. W. Cox, on the other hand, says that Cloudesley's name marks him as an inhabitant of Cloundland. (Meanwhile, every likelihood favors the derivation of Cloudesley from *clúd*, rock, and *leáh*, lea, and the interpretation of Clim as Clem and of Clough as ravine.) Cloudesley and his mates are all the more mythical because they are three, and because, as it is asserted, Robin Hood is mythical, with whom they are, one and all, assumed to be identical.

reaching from Carlisle to Penrith.* But it would be captious to insist upon this. Robin Hood has no connection in extant ballads with the Cumberland forest, but Wyntoun's Scottish Chronicle, c. 1420, makes him to have frequented Inglewood as well as Barnsdale.† The historical Adam Bell was granted an annuity, and forfeited it for adhering to the king's enemies, the Scots; the Adam Bell of the ballad was outlawed for breaking the game-laws, and in consequence came into conflict with the king's officers, but never adhered to the king's enemies, first or last, received the king's pardon, was made yeoman of the queen's chamber, dwelt with the king, and died a good man. Neither is there anything peculiar in the name Adam Bell. Bell was as well known a name on the borders‡ as Armstrong or Graham. There is record of an Adam Armstrong and an Adam Graham; there is a Yorkshire Adam Bell mentioned in the Parliamentary Writs (II, 508, 8 and 17 Edward II,) a hundred years before Hun-

ter's annuitant; a contemporary Adam Bell, of Dunbar, is named in the Exchequer Rolls of Scotland under the years 1414, 1420 (IV, 198, 325); and the name occurs repeatedly at a later date in the Registers of the Great Seal of Scotland.

The placability of the king in this ballad is repeated in the Gest of Robin Hood, and is also exhibited in the Tale of Gamelyn, where Gamelyn is made justice of all the free forest, as William is here made chief rider over all the North Country. The king, besides, forgives all Gamelyn's eight young men, and puts them in good office. The king of the outlaws, in the tale, had previously made his peace without any difficulty. Vv 888-94, 687-89.

Translated, after Percy's Reliques, by Bodmer, II, 78; by Fouqué, Büsching, Erzählungen, n. s. w., des Mittelalters, I, 1; the third Fit, by Knortz, Lieder und Romanzen Altenglands, No 70.

- c. 1 MERY it was in grene forest,
Amonge the leues grene,
Where that men walke both east and west,
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene,
- 2 To ryse the dere out of theyr denne;
Suche sightes as hath ofte bene sene,
As by th[r]e yemen of the north countrey,
By them it is as I meane.
- 3 The one of them hight Adam Bel,
The other Clym of the Clough,
The thyrd was William of Cloudesly,
An archer good ynough.
- 4 They were outlawed for venyson,
These thre yemen euerichone;

They swore them brethen vpon a day,
To Eglysshe-wood for to gone.

- 5 Now lith and lysten, gentylmen,
And that of myrthes loueth to here:
Two of them were single men,
The third had a wedded fere.
- 6 Wyllyam was the wedded man,
Muche more then was hys care:
He sayde to hys brethen vpon a day,
To Carelel he would fare,
- 7 For to speke with fayre Else hys wife,
And with hys chyldren thre:
'By my trouth,' sayde Adam Bel,
'Not by the counsell of me.

* Camden, Britannia, II, 175, ed. 1772. King Edward the First, when hunting in this forest, is said to have killed two hundred bucks in one day. For Arthur's hunting there, see Robson, Three Early English Metrical Romances, p. 26, LV⁷, p. 59, V¹; Madden's Syr Gawayne, p. 298, v. 16; this book, I, 294, st. 9, etc.

† Cronykil of Scotland, Book vii, v. 3523 f, ed. Laing, II, 263.

‡ John Bell robbed the Chamberlain's men of cattle, 1337: Exchequer Rolls of Scotland, II, 437. The Bells are included with the Grahams, Armstrongs, and others, among the bad and more vagrant of the great surnames of the border, by the Lord Warden of the Marches of England, 1593 (Rymer's Foedera, XVI, 183, ed. 1727, cited by Bishop Percy), and had no better estimation in Scotland.

- 8 'For if ye go to Caerlel, brother,
And from thys wylde wode wende,
If the justice mai you take,
Your lyfe were at an ende.'
- 9 'If that I come not to morowe, brother,
By pryme to you agayne,
Truste not els but that I am take,
Or else that I am slayne.'
- 10 He toke hys leaue of hys brethen two,
And to Carlel he is gone;
There he knocked at hys owne wyndowe,
Shortlye and anone.
- 11 'Wher be you, fayre Alyce, my wyfe,
And my chyldren three?
Lyghtly let in thyne husbände,
Wyllyam of Cloudesle.'
- 12 'Alas!' then sayde fayre Alyce,
And syghed wonderous sore,
'Thys place hath ben besette for you
Thys halfe yere and more.'
- 13 'Now am I here,' sayde Cloudesle,
'I woulde that I in were;
Now feche vs meate and drynke ynoughe,
And let vs make good chere.'
- 14 She feched him meat and drynke plenty,
Lyke a true wedded wyfe,
And pleased hym with that she had,
Whome she loued as her lyfe.
- 15 There lay an old wyfe in that place,
A lytle besyde the fyre,
Whych Wyllyam had found, of cherytye,
More then seuen yere.
- 16 Up she rose, and walked full styll,
Euel mote she spede therefoore!
For she had not set no fote on ground
In seuen yere before.
- 17 She went vnto the justice hall,
As fast as she could hye:
'Thys nyght is come vn to thys town
Wyllyam of Cloudesle.'
- 18 Thereof the iustice was full fayne,
And so was the shirife also:
- 'Thou shalt not trauaile hether, dame, for
nought;
Thy meed thou shalt haue or thou go.'
- 19 They gaue to her a ryght good goun, e
Of scarlat it was, as I heard say[n]e;
She toke the gyft, and home she wente,
And couched her doune agayne.
- 20 They rysed the towne of mery Carlel,
In all the hast that they can,
And came thronging to Wyllyames house,
As fast [as] they might gone.
- 21 Theyr they besette that good yeman,
Round about on euery syde;
Wyllyam hearde great noyse of folkes,
That heytherward they hyed.
- 22 Alyce opened a shot-wyndow,
And loked all about;
She was ware of the justice and the shrife bothe,
Wyth a full great route.
- 23 'Alas! treason,' cryed Alyce,
'Euer wo may thou be!
Go into my chambre, my husband,' she sayd,
'Swete Wyllyam of Cloudesle.'
- 24 He toke hys sweard and hys bucler,
Hys bow and hy[s] chyldren thre,
And wente into hys strongest chamber,
Where he thought surest to be.
- 25 Fayre Alice folowed him as a louer true,
With a pollaxe in her hande:
'He shalbe deade that here cometh in
Thys dore, whyle I may stand.'
- 26 Cloudesle bent a wel good bowe,
That was of trusty tre,
He smot the justise on the brest,
That hys arrowe brest in thre.
- 27 'God's curse on his hartt,' saide William,
'Thys day thy cote dyd on;
If it had ben no better then myne,
It had gone nere thy bone.'
- 28 'Yelde the, Cloudesle,' sayd the justise,
'And thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro:'
'Gods curse on hys hart,' sayde fair Al[i]ce,
'That my husband councelleth so.'

- 29 'Set fyre on the house,' saide the sherife,
 'Syth it wyll no better be,
 And brenne we therin William,' he saide,
 'Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.'
- 30 They fyred the house in many a place,
 The fyre flew vpon hye;
 'Alas!' than cryed fayr Alice,
 'I se we shall here dy.'
- 31 William openyd hys backe wyndow,
 That was in hys chambre on hye,
 And wyth shetes let hys wyfe downe,
 And hys chyldren thre.
- 32 'Haue here my treasure,' sayde William,
 'My wyfe and my chyldren thre;
 For Christes loue do them no harme,
 But wreke you all on me.'
- 33 Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,
 Tyll hys arrowes were all go,
 And the fyre so fast vpon hym fell,
 That hys bo[w]stryng brent in two.
- 34 The spercles brent and fell hym on,
 Good Wyllyam of Cloudesle;
 But than was he a wofull man, and sayde,
 This is a cowardes death to me.
- 35 'Leuer I had,' sayde Wyllyam,
 'With my sworde in the route to renne,
 Then here among myne ennemyes wode
 Thus cruelly to bren.'
- 36 He toke hys sweard and hys buckler,
 And among them all he ran;
 Where the people were most in prece,
 He smot downe many a man.
- 37 There myght no man stand hys stroke,
 So fersly on them he ran;
 Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,
 And so toke that good yeman.
- 38 There they hym bounde both hand and fote,
 And in depe dongeon hym cast;
 'Now, Cloudesle,' sayde the hye justice,
 'Thou shalt be hange in hast.'
- 39 'One vow shal I make,' sayde the sherife,
 'A payre of new galowes shall I for the
 make,
 And al the gates of Caerlel shalbe shutte,
 There shall no man come in therat.
- 40 'Then shall not helpe Clim of the Cloughe,
 Nor yet Adam Bell,
 Though they came with a thousand mo,
 Nor all the deuels in hell.'
- 41 Early in the mornynge the justice vprose,
 To the gates fast gan he gon,
 And commaunded to be shut full cloce
 Lightile euerychone.
- 42 Then went he to the market-place,
 As fast as he coulede hye;
 A payre of new gallous there dyd he vp set,
 Besyde the pyllore.
- 43 A lytle boy stod them amonge,
 And asked what meaned that gallow-tre;
 They sayde, To hange a good yeaman,
 Called Wyllyam of Cloudesle.
- 44 That lytle boye was the towne swyne-heard,
 And kept fayre Alyce swyne;
 Full oft he had sene Cloudesle in the wodde,
 And geuen hym there to dyne.
- 45 He went out of a creues in the wall,
 And lightly to the woode dyd gone;
 There met he with these wyght yonge men,
 Shortly and anone.
- 46 'Alas!' then sayde that lytle boye,
 'Ye tary here all to longe;
 Cloudesle is taken and dampned to death,
 All readye for to honge.'
- 47 'Alas!' then sayde good Adam Bell,
 'That euer we see thys daye!
 He myght her with vs haue dwelled,
 So ofte as we dyd him praye.
- 48 'He myght haue taryed in grene foreste,
 Under the shadowes sheene,
 And haue kepte both hym and vs in reaste,
 Out of trouble and teene.'
- 49 Adam bent a ryght good bow,
 A great hart sone had he slayne;
 'Take that, chylde,' he sayde, 'to thy dynner,
 And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.'

- 50 'Now go we hence,' sayd these wight yong men,
 'Tary we no lenger here;
 We shall hym borowe, by Gods grace,
 Though we bye it full dere.'
- 51 To Caerlel went these good yemen,
 In a mery mornynge of Maye:
 Her is a fyt of Cloudesli,
 And another is for to saye.
- 52 And when they came to mery Caerlell,
 In a fayre mornynge-tyde,
 They founde the gates shut them vntyll,
 Round about on euery syde.
- 53 'Alas!' than sayd good Adam Bell,
 'That euer we were made men!
 b. These gates be shyte so wonderly well,
 That we may not come here in.'
- 54 Than spake Clymme of the Cloughe:
 With a wyle we wyll vs in brynge;
 Let vs say we be messengers,
 Streight comen from oure kynge.
- 55 Adam sayd, I haue a lettre wryten wele,
 Now let vs wysely werke;
 We wyll say we haue the kynges seale,
 I holde the porter no clerke.
- 56 Than Adam Bell bete on the gate,
 With strokes greate and stronge;
 The porter herde suche a noyse therate,
 And to the gate faste he thronge.
- 57 'Who is there now,' sayd the porter,
 'That maketh all this knockynge?
 'We be two messengers,' sayd Clymme of the
 Clo[ughe],
 'Be comen streight frome oure kynge.'
- 58 'We haue a lettre,' sayd Adam Bell,
 'To the iustyce we must it brynge;
 Let vs in, oure message to do,
 That we were agayne to our kynge.'
- 59 'Here cometh no man in,' sayd the porter,
 'By hym that dyed on a tre,
 Tyll a false thefe be hanged,
 Called Wyllyam of Clowdysle.'
- 60 Than spake that good [yeman Clym of the
 Cloughe,
 And swore by Mary fre,
 If that we stande long wythout,
 Lyke a thefe hanged shalt thou be.]
- 61 [Lo here] we haue got the kynges seale;
 [What! I] ordane, arte thou wode?
 [The p]orter had wende it had been so,
 [And I] yghtly dyd of his hode.
- 62 'Welco]me be my lordes seale,' sayd he,
 '[For] that shall ye come in.'
 [He] opened the gate ryght shortly,
 [An] euyll openynge for hym!
- 63 '[N]owe we are in,' sayd Adam Bell,
 '[T]herof we are full fayne;
 [But] Cryst knoweth that herowed hell,
 [H]ow we shall come oute agayne.'
- 64 '[Had] we the keys,' sayd Clym of the Clough,
 'Ryght well than sholde we spede;
 [Than] myght we come out well ynough,
 [Whan] we se tyme and nede.'
- 65 [They] called the porter to a councell,
 [And] wronge hys necke in two,
 [And] kest hym in a depe dongeon,
 [And] toke the keys hym fro.
- 66 '[N]ow am I porter,' sayd Adam Bell;
 '[Se], broder, the keys haue we here;
 [The] worste porter to mery Carlell,
 [That ye] had this hondreth yere.
- 67 '[Now] wyll we oure bowes bende,
 [Into the t]owne wyll we go,
 [For to delyuer our dere] broder,
 [Where he lyeth in care and wo.'
- 68 Then they bent theyr good yew bowes,
 And lokyd theyr stringes were round;]
 The market-place of mery Carlyll,
 They beset in that stounde.
- 69 And as they lokyd them besyde,
 A payre of newe galowes there they se,
 And the iustyce, with a quest of swerers,
 That had iuged Clowdysle there hanged to be.
- 70 And Clowdysle hymselfe lay redy in a carte,
 Fast bounde bothe fote and hande,
 And a strong rope aboute his necke,
 All redy for to be hangde.
- 71 The iustyce called to hym a ladde;
 Clowdysles clothes sholde he haue,
 To take the mesure of that good yoman,
 And thereafter to make his graue.
- 72 'I haue sene as greate a merueyll,' sayd
 Clowd[esle],
 'As bytwene this and pryme,
 He that maketh thys graue for me,
 Hymselfe may lye therin.'

- 73 'Thou spekest proudly,' sayd the iustyce;
 'I shall hange the with my hande:'
 Full well that herde his bretheren two,
 There styll as they dyd stande.
- 74 Than Clowdysle cast hys eyen asyde,
 And sawe hys bretheren stande,
 At a corner of the market-place,
 With theyr good bowes bent in theyr hand,
 Redy the iustyce for to chase.
- 75 'I se good comforte,' sayd Clowdysle,
 'Yet hope I well to fare;
 If I myght haue my handes at wyll,
 [Ryght l]ytell wolde I care.'
- 76 [Than b]espake good Adam Bell,
 [To Clym]me of the Clowgh so fre;
 [Broder], se ye marke the iustyce well;
 [Lo yon]der ye may him se.
- 77 [And at] the sheryf shote I wyll,
 [Stron]gly with an arowe kene;
 [A better] shotte in mery Carlyll,
 [Thys se]uen yere was not sene.
- 78 [They lo]used theyr arowes bothe at ones,
 [Of no] man had they drede;
 [The one] hyt the iustyce, the other the sheryf,
 [That b]othe theyr sydes gan blede.
- 79 [All men] voyded, that them stode nye,
 [Whan] the iustyce fell to the grounde,
 [And the] sheryf fell nyghe hym by;
 [Eyther] had his deth's wounde.
- 80 [All the c]ytezeyns fast gan fle,
 [They du]rste no lenger abyde;
 [There ly]ghtly they loused Clowdysle,
 [Where he] with ropes lay tyde.
- 81 [Wyllyam] sterte to an offycer of the towne,
 [Hys axe] out his hande he wronge;
 [On eche] syde he smote them downe,
 [Hym tho]ught he had taryed to longe.
- 82 [Wyllyam] sayd to his bretheren two,
 [Thys daye] let vs togyder lyue and deye;
 [If euer you] haue nede as I haue nowe,
 [The same] shall ye fynde by me.
- 83 [They] shynt so well in that tyde,
 For theyr strynges were of sylke full sure,
 That they kepte the stretes on euery syde;
 That batayll dyd longe endure.
- 84 They fought togyder as bretheren true,
 Lyke hardy men and bolde;
 Many a man to the grounde they threwe,
 And made many an hertē colde.
- 85 But whan theyr arowes were all gone,
 Men presyd on them full fast;
 They drewe theyr swerdēs than anone,
 And theyr bowēs from them caste.
- 86 They wente lyghtly on theyr waye,
 With swerdes and buckelers rounde;
 By that it was the myddes of the daye,
 They had made many a wounde.
- 87 There was many a noute-horne in Carlyll
 blowne,
 And the belles backwarde dyd they ryng: y
 Many a woman sayd alas,
 And many theyr handes dyd wryng.
- 88 The mayre of Carlyll forth come was,
 And with hym a full grete route;
 These thre yomen dredde hym full sore,
 For theyr lyuēs stode in doubte.
- 89 The mayre came armed, a full grete pace,
 With a polaxe in his hande;
 Many a stronge man with hym was,
 There in that stoure to stande.
- 90 The mayre smote at Clowdysle with his byll,
 His buckeler he brast in two;
 Full many a yoman with grete yll,
 '[Al]as, treason!' they cryed for wo.
 '[Ke]pe we the gates fast,' they bad,
 '[T]hat these traytours theroute not go.'
- 91 But all for nought was that they wrought,
 For so fast they downe were layde
 Tyll they all thre, that so manfully fought,
 Were gotten without at a brayde.
- 92 'Haue here your keys,' sayd Adam Bell,
 'Myne offyce I here forsake;
 Yf ye do by my counsell,
 A newē porter ye make.'
- 93 He threwe the keys there at theyr hedes,
 And bad them evyll to thryue,
 And all that letteth ony good yoman
 To come and comforte his wyue.
- 94 Thus be these good yomen gone to the wode,
 As lyght as lefe on lynde;
 They laughe and be mery in theyr mode,
 Theyr enemyes were farre behynde.
- 95 Whan they came to Inglyswode,
 Under theyr trysty-tre,
 There they founde bowēs full gode,
 And arowēs greate plentē.
- 96 'So helpe me God,' sayd Adam Bell,
 And Clymme of the Clowgh so fre,

- 'I wolde we were nowe in mery Carlell,
[Be]fore that fayre meynë.'
- 97 They set them downe and made good chere,
And eate an[d dr]anke full well :
Here is a fyttē [of] these wyght yongemen,
And another I shall you tell.
- 98 As they sat in Inglyswode,
Under theyr trysty-tre,
Them thought they herde a woman [wepe],
But her they myght not se.
- 99 Sore syghed there fayre Alyce, and sayd,
Alas that euer I se this daye !
For now is my dere husbonde slayne,
Alas and welawaye !
- 100 Myght I haue spoken wyth hys dere breth-
[eren],
With eyther of them twayne,
[To shew to them what him befell]
My herte were out of payne.
- 101 Clowdysle walked a lytell besyde,
And loked vnder the grene wodde lynde ;
He was ware of his wyfe and his chyldre[n
thre],
Full wo in herte and mynde.
- 102 'Welcome, wyfe,' than sayd Wyllyam,
'Unto this trysty-tre ;
I had wende yesterdaye, by swete Sai[nt John],
Thou sholde me neuer haue se.'
- 103 'Now wele is me,' she sayd, 'that [ye be here],
My herte is out of wo :'
'Dame,' he sayd, 'be mery and glad,
And thanke my bretheren two.'
- 104 'Here of to speke,' sayd Ad[am] Bell,
'I-wys it [is no bote] ;
The me[at that we must supp withall,
It runneth yet fast on fote.'
- 105 Then went they down into a launde,
These noble archares all thre,
Eche of the[m] slewe a harte of grece,
[The best t]hey coude there se.
- 106 '[Haue here the] best, Alyce my wyfe,'
[Sayde Wyllya]m of Clowdysle,
'[By cause ye so] boldely stode me by,
[Whan I w]as slayne full nye.'
- 107 [Than they] wente to theyr souper,
[Wyth suc]he mete as they had,
- [And than]ked God of theyr fortune ;
[They we]re bothe mery and glad.
- 108 [And whan] they had souped well,
[Certayne] withouten leace,
[Clowdysle] sayde, We wyll to oure kynge,
[To get v]s a chartre of peace.
- 109 [Alyce shal] be at soiournynge,
[In a nunry] here besyde ;
[My tow sonn]es shall with her go,
[And ther the]y shall abyde.
- 110 [Myne eldest so]ne shall go with me,
[For hym haue I] no care,
[And he shall breng] you worde agayne
[How that we do fare.
- 111 Thus be these wig]ht men to London gone,
[As fast as they ma]ye hye,
[Tyll they came to the kynges] palays,
c. There they woulde nedës be.
- 112 And whan they came to the kyngës courte,
Unto the pallace gate,
Of no man wold they aske leue,
But boldly went in therat.
- 113 They preceed prestly into the hall,
Of no man had they drede ;
The porter came after and dyd them call,
a. And with them began to [chyde.]
- 114 The vssher sayd, Yemen, what wolde ye
haue ?
I praye you tell me ;
Ye myght thus make offycers shent :
Good syrs, of whens be ye ?
- 115 'Syr, we be outlawes of the forest,
Certayne withouten leace,
And hyther we be come to our kynge,
To get vs a charter of peace.'
- 116 And whan they came before our kynge,
As it was the lawe of the lande,
They kneled downe without lettyng,
And eche helde vp his hande.
- 117 They sayd, Lorde, we beseche you here,
That ye wyll graunte vs grace.
For we haue slayne your fatte falowe dere,
In many a sondry place.
- 118 'What is your names ?' than sayd our kynge,
'Anone that you tell me :'
They sayd, Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Clowdesle.

- 119 'Be ye those theues,' than sayd our kynge,
 'That men haue tolde of to me ?
 Here to God I make a vowe,
 Ye shall be hanged all thre.
- 120 'Ye shall be dead without mercy,
 As I am kynge of this lande :'
 c. He commanded his officers euerichone
 Fast on them to lay hand.
- 121 There they toke these good yemen,
 And arested them all thre :
 'So may I thryue,' sayd Adam Bell,
 'Thys game lyketh not me.
- a. 122 'But, good lorde, we beseche you nowe,
 That ye wyll graunte vs grace,
 In so moche as we be to you comen ;
 Or elles that we may fro you passe,
- 123 'With suche weapons as we haue here,
 Tyll we be out of your place ;
 And yf we lyue this hondred yere,
 We wyll aske you no grace.'
- 124 'Ye speke proudly,' sayd the kynge,
 'Ye shall be hanged all thre :'
 'That were great pity,' sayd the quene,
 'If any grace myght be.
- 125 'My lorde, whan I came fyrst in to this lande,
 To be your wedded wyfe,
 The fyrst bone that I wolde aske,
 Ye wolde graunte me belyfe.
- 126 'And I asked you neuer none tyll nowe,
 Therefore, good lorde, graunte it me :'
 'Nowe aske it, madame,' sayd the kynge,
 'And graunted shall it be.'
- 127 'Than, good lorde, I you beseche,
 The yemen graunte you me :'
 'Madame, ye myght haue asked a bone
 That sholde haue ben worthe them thre.
- 128 'Ye myght haue asked towres and towne[s],
 Parkes and forestes plentie :'
 c. 'None so pleasaunt to mi pay,' she said,
 'Nor none so lefe to me.'
- 129 'Madame, sith it is your desyre,
 Your askyng graunted shalbe ;
 But I had leuer haue geuen you
 Good market-townes thre.'
- 130 The quene was a glad woman,
 And sayd, Lord, gramarcy ;
 I dare vndertake for them
 That true men shall they be.
- 131 But, good lord, speke som mery word,
 That comfort they may se :
 'I graunt you grace,' then said our king,
 'Wasshe, felos, and to meate go ye.'
- 132 They had not setten but a whyle,
 Certayne without lesynge,
 There came messengers out of the north,
 With letters to our kyng.
- 133 And whan the came before the kynge,
 The kneled downe vpon theyr kne,
 And sayd, Lord, your offycers grete you wel,
 Of Caerlel in the north cuntre.
- 134 'How fare[th] my justice,' sayd the kyng,
 'And my sherife also ?'
 'Syr, they be slayne, without leasyngge,
 And many an officer mo.'
- 135 'Who hath them slayne ?' sayd the kyng,
 'Anone thou tell me :'
 'Adam Bel, and Clime of the Clough,
 And Wyllyam of Cloudesle.'
- 136 'Alas for rewth !' then sayd our kynge,
 'My hart is wonderous sore ;
 I had leuer [th]an a thousand pounce
 I had knowne of thys before.
- 137 'For I haue y-graunted them grace,
 And that forthynketh me ;
 But had I knowne all thys before,
 They had ben hanged all thre.'
- 138 The kyng opened the letter anone,
 Hym selfe he red it tho,
 And founde how these thre outlawes had slaine
 Thre hundred men and mo.
- 139 Fyrst the justice and the sheryfe,
 And the mayre of Caerlel towne ;
 Of all the constables and catchipolles
 Alyue were left not one.
- 140 The baylyes and the bedyls both,
 And the sergeantes of the law,
 And forty fosters of the fe
 These outlawes had y-slaw ;
- 141 And broken his parks, and slaine his dere ;
 Ouer all they chose the best ;
 So perelous outlawes as they were
 Walked not by easte nor west.

- 142 When the kyng this letter had red,
In hys harte he syghed sore;
'Take vp the table,' anone he bad,
'For I may eate no more.'
- 143 The kyng called hys best archars,
To the buttes with hym to go;
'I wyll se these felowes shote,' he sayd,
'That in the north haue wrought this wo.'
- 144 The kynges bowmen buske them blyue,
And the quenes archers also,
So dyd these thre wyght yemen,
Wyth them they thought to go.
- 145 There twyse or thryse they shote about,
For to assay their hande;
There was no shote these thre yemen shot
That any prycke might them stand.
- 146 Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudesle;
By God that for me dyed,
I hold hym neuer no good archar
That shuteth at buttes so wyde.
- 147 'Wherat?' then sayd our kyng,
'I pray thee tell me:'
'At suche a but, syr,' he sayd,
'As men vse in my countree.'
- 148 Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,
And his to brothren with him;
There they set vp to hasell rodde,
Twenty score paces betwene.
- 149 'I hold him an archar,' said Cloudesle,
'That yonder wande cleueth in two:'
'Here is none suche,' sayd the kyng,
'Nor none that can so do.'
- 150 'I shall assaye, syr,' sayd Cloudesle,
'Or that I farther go:'
Cloudesle, with a bearyng arow,
Claue the wand in to.
- 151 'Thou art the best archer,' then said the king,
'Forsothe that euer I se:'
'And yet for your loue,' sayd Wyllyam,
'I wyll do more maystry.
- 152 'I haue a sonne is seuen yere olde;
He is to me full deare;
I wyll hym tye to a stake,
All shall se that be here;
- 153 'And lay an apple vpon hys head,
And go syxe score paces hym fro,
And I my selfe, with a brode arow,
Shall cleue the apple in two.'
- 154 'Now hast the,' then sayd the kyng;
'By him that dyed on a tre,
But yf thou do not as thou hest sayde,
Hanged shalt thou be.
- 155 'And thou touche his head or gowne,
In syght that men may se,
By all the sayntes that be in heauen,
I shall hange you all thre.'
- 156 'That I haue promised,' said William,
'I wyl it neuer forsake;'
And there euen before the kyng,
In the earth he droue a stake;
- 157 And bound therto his eldest sonne,
And bad hym stande styll therat,
And turned the chilles face fro him,
Because he shuld not sterte.
- 158 An apple vpon his head he set,
And then his bowe he bent;
Syxe score paces they were outmet,
And thether Cloudesle went.
- 159 There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe;
Hys bowe was great and longe;
He set that arrowe in his bowe,
That was both styffe and stronge.
- 160 He prayed the people that was there
That they would styll stande;
'For he that shooteth for such a wager,
Behoueth a stedfast hand.'
- 161 Muche people prayed for Cloudesle,
a. That hys lyfe saued myght be,
And whan he made hym redy to shote,
There was many a wepyng eye.
- 162 Thus Cloudesle cleft the apple in two,
That many a man it se;
'Ouer goddes forbode,' sayd the kyng,
'That thou sholdest shote at me!
- 163 'I gyue the .xviii. pens a daye,
And my bowe shalte thou bere,
And ouer all the north countree
I make the chefe rydere.'

- 164 'And I gyue the .xii. pens a day,' sayd the
que[n]e],
'By God and by my faye;
Come fetch the thy payment whan thou wylt,
No man shall say the naye.
- 165 'Wyllyam, I make the gentylman
Of clothyng and of fee,
And thy two brethren yemen of my chambr[e],
For they are so semely to se.
- 166 'Your sone, for he is tendre of age,
Of my wyne-seller shall he be,
And whan he commeth to mannus state,
Better auanced shall he be.
- 167 'And, Wylliam, bryng me your wyfe,' sayd
th[e] que[n]e];
Me longeth sore here to se;

- She shall be my chefe gentylwoman,
And gouerne my nursery.'
- 168 The yemen thanked them full courtesly,
And sayd, To Rome streyght wyll we
wende,
[Of all the synnes that we haue done
To be assoyled of his hand.
- 169 So forth[e] be gone these good yemen,
[As fast a]s they myght hye,
[And aft]er came and dwelled with the kynge,
[And dye]d good men all thre.
- 170 [Thus e]ndeth the lyues of these good ye-
men,
[God sen]de them eternall blysse,
[And all] that with hande-bowe shoteth,
[That of] heuen they may neuer mysse!

*Deficiencies in a, b are supplied from c unless
it is otherwise noted.*

- a. 120¹. deed.
b. 87¹. an oute horne. *The emendation is Prof.
Skeat's.*

99^{1,2}. and sayd *begins the second line.*
100³. *supplied from d, e.*

- c. 5³. singele. 11¹. be your. 13². In woulde.
16². spende. 17¹, 107¹. whent. 18³. fore.
22¹. shop-wyndow. 22⁴. great full great.
23³. Gy. 26¹. welgood. 30³. Alece.
33². all gon.
34^{3,4}. and sayde *begins the fourth line.*
44². there Alyce. 44⁴. geuend.
46⁴. Allreadye. 48⁴. in reaffe [?].
51¹. Cyerlel. 52¹. Carelell.

Variations from b.

- 53³. shut: wonderous.
54¹, 56¹, 64³, 76¹, 85³, 102¹, 107¹. Then.
54³. Lee. 54⁴. come nowe. 55³. seales.
56³. a *wanting*. 56⁴. faste *wanting*.
57⁴. come ryght. 58². me for we.
59¹. commeth none. 59². Be: vpon.
61³. went. 62¹. he saide. 62³. full shortlye.
63¹. are we. 63³. know.
64⁴, 79², 106⁴, 108¹. When.
65¹. a *wanting*. 65⁴. hys keys.
66², 67³, 76³. brother. 66⁴. hundred.
68¹. They bent theyr bowes. Then, good yew
from e, f.
68³. in mery. 68⁴. in *wanting*.
69³. And they: squyers.

- 70². bounde *wanting*. 71². Cloudesle.
71³. good *wanting*: yeman, and ye *always*,
as, 88³, 90³, 93³, 94¹.
72¹. Cloudesli. 73². the hange.
73³. that *wanting*: brtehren, *or*, breehren.
74², 82¹, 84¹, 100¹, 103⁴. brethen.
74². stande *wanting*. 74³. marked.
74⁵. to chaunce. 75¹. good *wanting*.
75². will. 76¹. Then spake. 76³. Brother.
77¹. shyryfe. 77². an *wanting*.
78¹. thre arrowes. 78⁴. there sedes.
79². fell downe. 81². out of.
81⁴. he taryed all to. 82². togyder *wanting*.
82⁴. shall you. 83¹. shot. 83³. sede.
84¹. The: together. 85². preeced to.
86³. mas myd. 87². they *wanting*.
88⁴. For of theyr lyues they stode in great.
90². Brust. 90³. euyl. 90⁴. That.
91¹. y^t y^e. 91². to fast. 91⁴. at *wanting*.
92^{2,3}. *Transposed*: Yf you do, *etc.*, Myne office.
92⁴. do we. 93¹. theyr keys.
94². lyghtly as left. 94³. The lough an.
94⁴. fere. 95¹, 98¹. Englyshe.
95². Under the: trusty, and 98².
95³. There *wanting*. 95⁴. full great.
96¹. God me help. 96³. nowe *wanting*.
97². drynke. 97³. fet of.
97⁴. And *wanting*: I wyll.
98³. They thaught: woman wepe.
98⁴. mought.
99¹. the fayre; and sayde *begins the next line.*
99². I sawe. 100². Or with. 100³. *wanting*.
100⁴. put out. 102². Under thus trusti.

102⁴. had se. 106¹, 109¹. Alce.
 106³. by me. 107¹. theyr *wanting*.
 107^{2,3}. *Transposed*: And thanked, etc., Wyth
 such.
 108². without any. 109¹. Alce shalbe at our.
 110³. you breng. 111¹. these good yemen.
 111². myght hye. 111³. pallace.

Variations from a.

114³. you. 115². without any. 115³. become.
 116¹. the kyng. 116³, 117¹. The.
 117¹. besече the.
 118¹. be your nams: then, and 119¹.
 122². you graunt. 123³. hundreth.
 124³. then sayd. 126¹. you *wanting*.
 127². These: ye. 127⁴. all thre.
 128¹. town. 137¹. hauy graunted. 153¹. apele.

Variations from a.

162². myght se. 162⁴. sholdest *wanting*.
 164¹. .xvii. 164³. when. 165¹. the a.
 166³. estate. 167². her sore.
 167⁴. To gouerne. 168¹. thanketh.
 168². To some byssshop wyl we wend.
 169¹. begone: there good.
 170⁴. they *wanting*.

a bout, a gayne, a monge, a none, a byde, a
 lyue, ther at, etc., are joined.

d, e, f. *The readings of all three are the same
 unless divergence is noted.*

1¹. f. in the. 1³. whereas men hunt east.
 2¹. raise. 2². d. sights haue oft.
 e. sights haue not oft. f. has oft.
 2³. three yeomen. 2⁴. as *wanting*.
 3². Another. 4². thre *wanting*.
 d, e. euery chone. f. eueryeche one.
 4³. brethren on a. 4⁴. English wood.
 5². And *wanting*: mirth. 5³. e. were *wanting*.
 6³. brethren, and *generally*. e. on a.
 7¹. There to: Alice. 7². f. with *wanting*.
 8¹. e, f. we go. d. Carlell, and *generally*.
 e, f. Carlile, and *generally*.
 8³. If that: doe you. 8⁴. life is.
 9³. Trust you then that. d, f. tane.
 e. taken. 11¹. Alice he said.
 11². My wife and children three.
 11³. owne husband. f. thy.
 12². e, f. very sore.
 12⁴. d, f. halfe a. e. Full halfe a.
 13¹. e. I am. 13². d, f. in I. e. in we.
 14¹. d. fet. 14². d. true and.
 14³. e. what she. 15¹. d. in the.
 15². little before. 16¹. rose and forth she goes.
 16². e. might. 16³. not *wanting*.
 16⁴. e. yeeres. f. not 7 yeere. 17¹. into.

17³. night she said is come to towne.
 18¹. e. Thereat.
 18². e. was *wanting*. f. And *wanting*.
 18³. e. dame *wanting*. 18⁴. ere.
 19². d, e. as *wanting*. d, e, f. saine.
 20¹. raised. 20². that *wanting*.
 20³. e. And thronging fast vnto the house.
 20⁴. As fast as. e. gan.
 21¹. the good yeoman. 21². Round *wanting*.
 21³. d. of the folke. e. of folke.
 f. of the folkes.
 21⁴. thetherward: fast for they.
 22¹. back for shot. 22³. e. bothe *wanting*.
 e, f. *second the wanting*.
 22⁴. e, f. And with them. e. a great rout.
 f. a full great.
 23¹. then cryed. 23³. e, f. *second my want-*
ing. f. sweet husband.
 24². e. *second hys wanting*. 24³. the for hys.
 f. He went. 24⁴. f. the surest.
 25¹. Alice like a louer true. 25². f. Tooke a.
 25³. d, f. Said he shall die that commeth.
 e. Said he shall dye. 26¹. right good.
 26². of a. 26⁴. burst.
 27⁴. had beene neere the.
 28². d. *second thy wanting*. e. thine arrowes.
 f. the bow and arrowes.
 29². d, e. Sith no better it will be.
 29³. burne: saith. f. burne there.
 29⁴. and his. 30¹. f. The for they: and often.
 30². d, e. vp *wanting*. f. fledd on.
 30³. then, and *generally*. e, f. said faire.
 30⁴. e. we here shall. f. here wee shall.
 31¹. a for hys.
 31². *second on wanting*. d. was on.
 31³. And there: he did let downe.
 31⁴. His wife and children.
 32¹. f. Haue you here.
 32². d, f. *second my wanting*.
 32^{3,4}. e. *wanting*. 32⁵. f. Gods loue.
 33². d, f. agoe. e. go.
 33³. the *wanting*. about for vpon.
 33⁴. f. burnt. 34¹. fell vpon.
 34^{3,4}. and sayde *begins the fourth line*.
 35¹. e, f. had I. 35². runne.
 35³. e. amongst. d, f. my. 35⁴. So: burne.
 36¹. buckler then. 36². f. amongst.
 36³. people thickest were.
 37¹. man abide. e, f. strokes. 37². e. run.
 37³. f. Then the: att him. e. doore.
 37⁴. that yeoman. f. And then the.
 38¹. both *wanting*. 38². in a.
 38³. d, e. then said. d, f. hye *wanting*.

39². e. gallowes thou shalt haue.
 39³. d. al *wanting*. 40¹. There. f. helpe yett.
 40³. f. a 100⁴ men. 41¹. arose.
 41². f. can he. 41³. d. them to: full *wanting*.
 e, f. to shut close. 42³. d, e. he set vp.
 f. There he new a paire of gallowes he sett vpp.
 42⁴. f. Hard by the. 43². meant.
 44¹. the *wanting*. f. The litle.
 44³. f. seene William. 44⁴. e. gaue.
 45¹. at a creuce of.
 45². wood he ran (ron, runn). f. And *wanting*.
 45³. e. he met. e, f. wighty yeomen.
 46¹. e, f. said the. 46². e, f. You.
 46³. e, f. tane. e. doomd.
 46⁴. d. Already. e, f. And ready to be hangd.
 47². saw.
 47³. d, e. might haue tarried heere with vs.
 f. He had better haue tarried with vs.
 47⁴. e. as *wanting*. 48². haue dwelled.
 48³. these *for* the. f. shaddowes greene.
 48⁴. haue *wanting*: at rest. 48⁴. d, f. of all.
 49². he had. 50¹. e. we go.
 d. wighty yeomen. e, f. iolly yeomen.
 50². longer. 51¹. f. bold yeomen.
 51². f. All in a mor[n]inge of May.
 51⁴. f. And *wanting*. 52¹. f. to *wanting*.
 52². f. All in a morning. 52³. vnto.
 53³. wonderous. d, f. be shut. e. are shut.
 f. ffast *for* well. 53⁴. therein. 54⁴. come.
 e. the king. 55¹. wryten *wanting*.
 55². e. Now *wanting*. f. wiselye marke.
 56¹. d, f. at the. f. gates. 56². f. hard and.
 56³. d, e. a *wanting*.
 f. marueiled who was theratt.
 56⁴. faste *wanting*. e, f. gates.
 57¹. nowe *wanting*. f. Who be.
 57². f. makes. 57³. e. said they then.
 f. quoth Clim. 57⁴. come right.
 58⁴. the *for* our. 59¹. none in. 59². e. of a.
 59³. Till that. f. a *wanting*.
 60¹. d. the *for* that.
 e. that good yeman *wanting*.
 f. spake good Clim. 60⁴. d, f. thou shalt.
 61¹. got *wanting*.
 61³. d, e. porter wend (weend).
 f. had went *wanting*. 62¹. is my: he said.
 62². d. ye shall. e, f. you shal.
 62³. e, f. gates. d, e. full shortly.
 f. ryght *wanting*. 63¹. are we.
 63². Whereof: are right. 63³. d. knowes.
 e, f. Christ he knowes assuredly.
 63⁴. e. come *wanting*. f. gett out.
 64^{2,3,4}. then, When, and nearly always.

65¹. a *wanting*. 65³. cast.
 65⁴. d, f. his keyes. 66². e. we haue.
 66³. in *for* to. 66⁴. d. hundred.
 e, f. That came this hundred. 67¹. we will.
 67³. brother. 67⁴. That *for* Where he.
 68¹. d. Then: their good.
 e, f. Then: their good yew. 68³. in *for* of.
 69³. d, f. of squiers. e. squirers.
 69⁴. e, f. That iudged William hangd.
 70¹. e, f. hymselfe *wanting*.
 f. ready there in. 70⁴. d, e. Already.
 f. to hange. 71². he should. e. Cloudesle.
 71³. good *wanting*.
 71⁴. e. thereby make him a. f. And *wanting*.
 72¹. a *wanting*. 72³. a graue.
 73². I will thee hang. 73³. heard this.
 74¹. eye. e. William.
 74². two (tow) brethren: stande *wanting*.
 74³. e. the corner: place wel prepard.
 74⁴. d. good *wanting*: bent *wanting*.
 e, f. *wanting*. 74⁵. d, e. the justice to chase.
 f. the iustice to slaine. 75¹. good *wanting*.
 75³. e. hands let free. 75⁴. d, e. might I.
 76¹. Then spake. 76³. Brother: you.
 76⁴. you. 77¹. And *wanting*.
 78². d, e. they had.
 78³. f. the shirrfe, the other the iustice.
 78⁴. d, f. can. 79¹. e. stood them.
 79². fell *wanting*. 79⁴. d, e. deaths.
 80¹. f. flye. 80². d, f. longer. 80³. e. Then.
 81¹. d, f. start. e. septe. 81². out of.
 81⁴. had *wanting*: all too. f. Hee thought.
 82¹. e. brethren. 82². togyder *wanting*.
 83¹. shot. e, f. in *wanting*.
 83². full *wanting*. 83⁴. e. The.
 d, f. long did. 84¹. like *for* as.
 85². d, f. pressed to. 85³. e. swords out anon.
 86³. d, f. was mid. f. were mid.
 86⁴. had *wanting*.
 87¹. e. There was *wanting*. e, f. Carlile was.
 87². they *wanting*. d. backwards.
 88¹, 89¹, 90¹. mayor, maior.
 88³. thre *wanting*. 88⁴. For of.
 d, f. they stood in great.
 e. they were in great.
 89⁴. e. Within that stoure. 90². brast.
 d, f. he *wanting*. 90³. euill.
 90⁴. f. ffull woe. 90⁵. f. Keepe well.
 90⁶. That. 91². d, e. downe they.
 f. were downe. 91⁴. gotten out. e. of a.
 92². heere I. e. My. 92³. d, f. you.
 92⁴. doe you. 93¹. d, f. their keyes at.
 d. head. 93³. any. 94¹. e, f. be the.

- d. word. 94². lightly. 94³. f. wood.
 95¹. d, e. English wood. f. merry greenwood.
 95². the trustie. 95⁴. d. full great.
 96¹. God me helpe. 96³. nowe *wanting*.
 96⁴. d. manie. e. many. f. meanye.
 97¹. d, f. sate. e. Then sat they.
 97². d, e. drunke.
 97³. fit of: yeomen *for* yonge men.
 f. A 2^d fitt of the wightye.
 97⁴. And *wanting*: I will.
 98¹. English wood. d, f. sate.
 98². d, e. trustie. f. the greenwoode.
 98³. woman wepe. e, f. They.
 98⁴. e, f. could act.
 99¹. Sore then: there *wanting*.
 d, f. and sayd *begins the next line*.
 99^{1,2}. e. And sayd Alas *wanting*.
 99². saw. 99³. f. nowe *wanting*.
 100¹. e. spoke. 100². Or with.
 100³. d, e. To shew to them what him befell.
 f. To show them, *etc.* 101¹. aside.
 101². f. He looked.
 101³. *second* his *wanting*. e. He saw his.
 102². Under. d. this trustie. e. a trusty.
 f. the trustye. 102⁴. d, f. shouldest had.
 e. shouldest had. 103⁴. d, e. brethren.
 104⁴. e. It resteth. 105¹. the lawnd.
 105². noble men all.
 105⁴. f. that they cold see. 106². f. saith.
 106³. Because: by me.
 107¹. they went: theyr *wanting*.
 107³. for their.
 108², 115². without any leace (lease).
 109¹. at our. 109². f. Att a. 110¹. My.
 110². I haue. 111¹. good yeomen.
 111². d, f. might hye. e. can hye.
 111³. pallace. 111⁴. e, f. Where.
 d. neede. e, f. needs.
 112¹. kings. f. But when. 112². f. & to.
 113¹. proceeded presently. 113². they had.
 113⁴. e, f. gan. 114¹. e, f. you.
 114². e, f. to me. 114³. You: thus *wanting*.
 114⁴. from *for* of. 115². f. Certes.
 115³. the *for* our. 116¹. the *for* our.
 d, f. when. e. whan.
 117¹. d, e. beseech thee.
 f. beseeche yee sure. 118¹. What be.
 e, f. the *for* our.
 118³. e. They sayd *wanting*.
 119¹. d, e. than *wanting*: f. then.
 e. the *for* our. 119². of *wanting*.
 119³. f. Here I make a vow to God.
 119⁴. You. 120³. f. officer[s] euery one.
 121¹. e. Therefore. 122³. doo *for* be: come.
 122⁴. from. 123². d. your *wanting*.
 123³. d, e. hundreth: f. 100⁴.
 123⁴. d, e. of you.
 f. Of you wee will aske noe. 125⁴. You.
 126¹. ye. 126⁴. f. itt shalbe.
 127¹. f. good my. 127². These: ye.
 127⁴. them all. 128¹. f. You: townes.
 130². e. garmarcie. f. god a mercye.
 130⁴. they shall.
 131². d. they may comfort see.
 e. they might comfort see.
 f. some comfort they might see.
 131³. e, f. the *for* our.
 132¹. e. sittin. f. sitten. 132³. came two.
 133³. e. our *for* your. 134¹. fareth.
 135¹. e. slaine them. f. then said.
 135². Anone that you.
 135³. and *wanting*. 136¹. f. ffor wrath.
 136³. then. f. rather then. 136⁴. of *wanting*.
 137¹. f. y- *wanting*. 137². d. forethinketh.
 138¹. d, f. king he.
 138³. And there: thre *wanting*.
 139². mayor. 139³. catchpoles.
 139⁴. f. but one. 140¹. bayliffes.
 140³. forresters. 140⁴. haue.
 f. haue the slawe.
 141². e, f. Of all. f. coice the. 141³. d. Such.
 142². hys *wanting*. 142³. d. table he said.
 e. table then said he. f. tables then sayd hee.
 142⁴. e, f. I can. 143¹. then called.
 143³. e, f. said he. f. To see.
 143⁴. e. hath. 144¹. d, e. buskt: blithe.
 f. archers busket: blythe.
 144³. f. Soe did the queenes alsoe.
 144³. d, e. thre *wanting*. f. weightye.
 144⁴. f. They thought with them.
 145². thre *wanting*. 145⁴. them *wanting*.
 146². e, f. By him. 146³. d, e. a good.
 f. him not a good. 147¹. e. the *for* our.
 f. then *wanting*. 147². to me.
 148¹. into the. 148². brethren.
 148⁴. f. 400 paces.
 149⁴. For no man can so doo.
 150¹. f. syr *wanting*. 150². further.
 151. d, f. our king. e, f. then *wanting*.
 152³. tie him. 152⁴. e, f. see him.
 154¹. hast thee. f. then *wanting*.
 154³. f. dost: has. 155⁴. you hang.
 156². d, e. I neuer will forsake.
 f. That I will neuer. 157³. him fro.
 158³. out *wanting*. f. meaten.
 159². e. were. 160¹. were there.

160⁴. had neede of a. e, f. stedly.
 162¹. claue. 162². myght see. d, f. As.
 162³. Now God forbid then said.
 162⁴. d, e. shouldst. 163¹. f. gaue: 8 pence.
 163⁴. e. chiefe ranger. 164¹. xiii. e, f. Ile.
 165¹. thee a. 165³. f. bretheren.
 165⁴. are louely to. 166². e, f. he shall be.
 166³. mans estate. e, f. coms, comes.
 166⁴. d. aduanced I will him see.
 e, f. Better preferred. 167². d. sore for to.

e. I long full sore to see. f. I long her sore.
 167⁴. To.
 168². d. To some bishop will we wend.
 e, f. To some bishop we will wend.
 168⁴. at his. 169¹. e. the good.
 169². they can. d. So fast. 169³. and liued.
 169⁴. good yeomen. 170¹. f. liffe.
 170³. f. with a. 170⁴. d, e. they *wanting*.
Insignificant variations of spelling are not noticed.

APPENDIX

THE SECOND PART OF ADAM BELL

August 16, 1586, there was entered to Edward White, in the Stationers' Registers, 'A ballad of William Clowdisley neuer printed before:' Arber, II, 455. This was in all probability the present piece, afterwards printed with 'Adam Bell' as a Second Part. The Second Part of Adam Bell was entered to John Wright, September 24, 1608: Arber, III, 390. The ballad is a pure manufacture, with no root in tradition, and it is an absurd extravaganza besides. The copy in the Percy Folio, here collated with the earliest preserved printed copy, has often the better readings, but may have been corrected. a has such monstrosities as y-then, y-so.

a. 'The Second Part of Adam Bell,' London, James Roberts, 1605. b. 'Younge Cloudeslee,' Percy MS. p. 398; Hales and Furnivall, III, 102.

- 1 LIST northerne laddes to blither things
Then yet were brought to light,
Performed by our countriemen
In many a fray and fight:
- 2 Of Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
And William of Cloudisly,
Who were in fauour with the king,
For all their misery.
- 3 Yong William of the wine-seller,
When yeoman he was made,
Gan follow then his father's steps:
He loued a bonny maide.
- 4 'God's crosse,' quoth William, 'if I misse,
And may not of her speed,

I'le make a thousand northern hearts
For very wo to bleed.'

- 5 Gone he is a wooing now,
Our Ladie well him guide!
To merry Mansfield, where I trow
A time he will abide.
- 6 'Soone dop the dore, faire Cicelie bright,
I come with all the hast:
I come a wooing thee for loue,
Here am I come at last.'
- 7 'I know you not,' quoth Cicelie tho,
'From whence that yee bee come;
My loue you may not haue, I trow,
I vow by this faire sonne.
- 8 'For why, my loue is fixt so sure
Vpon another wight;
I swere by sweet Saint Anne, I'le neuer
Abuse him, out of sight.
- 9 'This night I hope to see my loue,
In all his pride and glee;
If there were thousands, none but him
My heart would ioy to see.'
- 10 'God's curse vpon him,' yong William said,
'Before me that hath sped!
A foule ill on the carrion nurse
That first did binde his head!'
- 11 Gan William tho for to prepare
A medicine for that chaffe:
'His life,' quoth he, 'full hard may fare;
Hee's best to keepe alaffe.'
- 12 He drew then out his bright brown sword,
Which was so bright and keene;
A stouter man and hardier
Nere handled sword, I weene.

- 13 'Browne tempered, strong, and worthy blade,
Vnto thy maister show,
If now to triall thou bee put,
How thou canst bide a blow.'
- 14 Yong William till an oake gan hie,
Which was in compasse round
Well six and fifty inches nie,
And feld it to the ground.
- 15 'So mot he fare,' quoth William tho,
'That for her loue hath laid
Which I haue loued, and nere did know
Him suter till that maide.
- 16 'And now, deare father, stout and strong,
William of Cloudesley,
How happie were thy troubled sonne
If here I mot thee see.
- 17 'And thy too brethren, Adam Bell
And Clim of the Clough ;
Against a thousand men, and more,
We foure would be enough.
- 18 'Growne it is full foure a clocke,
And night will come belue ;
Come on, thou lurden, Cislei's loue,
This night must I thee shriue.
- 19 'Prepare thee strong, thou fow[l] black caufe !
What ere thou be, I weene
I'll giue thy coxcomb saick a gird
In Mansfield as neuer was seene.'
- 20 William a yong faune had slaine,
In Sherwood, merry forrest ;
A fairer faune for man's meat
In Sherwood was neuer drest.
- 21 Hee hied then till a northerne lasse,
Not halfe a mile him fro ;
He said, Dop dore, thou good old nurse,
That in to thee I goe.
- 22 'I faint with being in the wood ;
Lo heere I haue a kid,
Which I haue slo for thee and I ;
Come dresse it then, I bid.
- 23 'Fetch bread and other iolly fare,
Whereof thou hast some store ;
A blither gest this hundred yeare
Came neuer here before.'
- 24 The good old nant gan hie a pace
To let yong William in ;
'A happie nurse,' quoth William then,
'As can be lightly seene.
- 25 'Wend till that house hard by,' quoth he,
'That's made of lime and stone,
Where is a lasse, faire Cisse,' hee said ;
'I loue her as my owne.
- 26 'If thou can fetch her vnto me,
That we may merry be,
I make a vow, in the forrest,
Of deare thou shalt haue fee.'
- 27 'Rest then, faire sir,' the woman said ;
'I sweare by good Saint Iohn,
I will bring to you that same maide
Full quickly and anon.'
- 28 'Meane time,' quoth William, 'I'll be cooke
And see the faune i-drest ;
A stouter cooke did neuer come
Within the faire forrest.'
- 29 Thick blith old lasse had wit enow
For to declare his minde ;
So fast she hi'd, and nere did stay,
But left William behind.
- 30 Where William, like a nimble cooke,
Is dressing of the fare,
And for this damsell doth he looke ;
'I would that she were here!'
- 31 'Good speed, blithe Cisse,' quoth that old lasse ;
'God did yee,' quoth Cislei againe ;
'How done you, nant Ione?' she said,
'Tell me it, I am faine.'
- 32 The good old Ione said weeie she was,
'And commen in an arrand till you ;
For you must to my cottage gone,
Full quick, I tell you true ;
- 33 'Where we full merry meane to be,
All with my elder lad :'
When Cissley heard of it, truely,
She was exceeding glad.
- 34 'God's curse light on me,' quoth Cissley tho,
'If with you I doe not hie ;
I neuer ioyed more forsooth
Then in your company.'
- 35 Happy the good-wife thought her selfe
That of her purpose she had sped,
And home with Cislei she doth come,
So lightly did they tread.
- 36 And comming in, here William soone
Had made ready his fare ;
The good old wife did wonder much
So soone as she came there.

- 37 Cisley to William now is come,
God send her mickle glee!
Yet was she in a maze, God wot,
When she saw it was hee.
- 38 'Had I beene ware, good sir,' she said,
'Of that it had beene you,
I would haue staid at home in sooth,
I tell you very true.'
- 39 'Faire Cisley,' then said William kind,
'Misdeeme thou not of mee;
I sent not for thee to the end
To do thee iniury.
- 40 'Sit downe, that we may talke a while,
And eate all of the best
And fattest kidde that euer was slaine
In merry Sirwood forrest.'
- 41 His louing words wan Cisley then
To keepe with him a while;
But in the meane time Cislei's loue
Of her was tho beguile.
- 42 A stout and sturdie man he was
Of quality and kind,
And knowne through all the north country
To beare a noble minde.
- 43 'But what,' quoth William, 'do I care?
If that he meane to weare,
First let him winne; els neuer shall
He haue the maide, I sweare.'
- 44 Full softly is her louer come,
And knocked at the dore;
But tho he mist of Cislei's roome,
Whereat he stamp and swore.
- 45 'A mischief on his heart,' quoth he,
'That hath enlured the maide
To be with him in company!'
He car'd not what he sayd.
- 46 He was so with anger mooued
He sware a well great oth,
'Deere should he pay, if I him knew,
Forsooth and by my troth!'
- 47 Gone he is to finde her out,
Not knowing where she is;
Still wandring in the weary wood,
His true-loue he doth misse.
- 48 William purchast hath the game,
Which he doth meane to hold:
'Come rescue her, and if you can,
And dare to be so bold!'
- 49 At length when he had wandred long
About the forrest wide,
A candle-light a furlong off
Full quickly he espied.
- 50 Then to the house he hied him fast,
Where quickly he gan here
The voice of his owne deere true-loue,
A making bonny cheere.
- 51 Then gan he say to Cisley tho,
O Cisley, come a way!
I haue beene wandring thee to finde
Since shutting in of day.
- 52 'Who calls faire Cisse?' quoth William then;
'What carle dares bee so bold
Once to aduenture to her to speake
Whom I haue now in hold?'
- 53 'List thee, faire sir,' quoth Cislei's loue,
'Let quickly her from you part;
For all your lordly words, I sweare
I'le haue her, or make you smart.'
- 54 Yong William to his bright browne sword
Gan quickly then to take:
'Because thou so dost challenge me,
I'le make thy kingdome quake.
- 55 'Betake thee to thy weapon strong;
Faire time I giue to thee;
And for my loue as well as thine
A combat fight will I.'
- 56 'Neuer let sonne,' quoth Cislei's loue,
'Shine more vpon my head,
If I doe flie, by heauen aboue,
Wert thou a giant bred.'
- 57 To bilbo-blade gat William tho,
And buckler stiffe and strong;
A stout battaile then they fought,
Well nie two houres long.
- 58 Where many a grievous wound was giue
To each on either part;
Till both the champions then were droue
Almost quite out of heart.
- 59 Pitteous mone faire Cisley made,
That all the forrest rong;
The grievous shrikes made such a noise,
She had so shrill a tongue.
- 60 At last came in the keepers three,
With bowes and arrowes keene,
Where they let flie among these two,
An hundred as I weene.

- 61 William, stout and strong in heart,
When he had them espied,
Set on corrage for his part ;
Among the thickst he hied.
- 62 The chiefe ranger of the woods
At first did William smite ;
Where, at on blow, he smot his head
Fro off his shoulders quite.
- 63 And being in so furious teene,
About him then he laid ;
He slew immediatly the wight
Was sutor to the maide.
- 64 Great moane was then made ;
The like was neuer heard ;
Which made the people all around
To crie, they were so feard.
- 65 'Arme! arme!' the country cried,
'For God's loue quickly hie !'
Neuer was such a slaughter seene
In all the north country.
- 66 Will[iam] still, though wounded sore,
Continued in his fight
Till he had slaine them all foure,
That very winter-night.
- 67 All the country then was raied,
The traytor for to take
That for the loue of Cisley faire
Had all this slaughter make.
- 68 To the woods hied William tho —
'T was best of all his play —
Where in a caue with Cisley faire
He liued many a day.
- 69 Proclamation then was sent
The country all around,
The lord of Mansfield should he be
That first the traytor found.
- 70 Till the court these tydings came,
Where all men did bewaile
The yong and lusty William,
Which so had made them quaille.
- 71 Hied vp then William Cloudesley,
And lustie Adam Bell,
And famous Clim of the Clough,
Which three then did excell.
- 72 To the king they hied them fast,
Full quickly and anon ;
'Mercy I pray,' quoth old William,
'For William my sonne.'
- 73 'No mercy, traitors,' quoth the king,
'Hand shall yee be all foure ;
Vnder my nose this plot haue you laid
To bringe to passe before.'
- 74 'In sooth,' bespake then Adam Bell,
'Ill signe Your Grace hath seene
Of any such comotion
Since with you we haue beene.
- 75 'If then we can no mercy haue,
But leese both life and goods,
Of your good grace we take our leau
And hie vs to the woods.'
- 76 'Arme, arme,' then quoth the king,
'My merry men euerychone,
Full fast againe these rebbellis now
Vnto the woods are gone.
- 77 'A, wo is vs ! what shall we doo,
Or which way shall we worke,
To hunt them forth out of the woods,
So traytrouslie there that lurke ?'
- 78 'List you,' quoth a counsellor graue,
A wise man he seemd ;
The[n] craued the king his pardon free
Vnto them to haue deemd.
- 79 'God's forbod !' quoth the king,
'I neuer it will do !
For they shall hang, each mother's sonne ;
Fairstir, I tell you true.'
- 80 Fifty thousand men were charged
After them for to take ;
Some of them, set in sundry townes,
In companies did waite.
- 81 To the woods gan some to goe,
In hope to find them out ;
And them perforce they thought to take,
If they might find them out.
- 82 To the woods still as they came
Dispatched still they were ;
Which made full many a trembling heart,
And many a man in feare.
- 83 Still the outlawes, Adam Bell
And Clim of the Clough,
Made iolly cheere with venison,
Strong drinke and wine enough.
- 84 'Christ me blesse !' then said our king,
'Such men were neuer knowne ;
They are the stoutest-hearted men
That manhoode euer showne.

- 85 'Come, my secretary good,
And cause to be declared
A generall pardone to them all,
Which neuer shall be discaied.
- 86 'Liuing plenty shall they haue,
Of gold and eke of fee,
If they will, as they did before,
Come liue in court with me.'
- 87 Sodenly went forth the newes,
Declared by trumpets sound,
Whereof these three were well aduis'd,
In caue as they were in ground.
- 88 'But list you, sirs,' quoth William yong,
'I dare not trust the king ;
It is some fetch is in his head,
Whereby to bring vs in.
- 89 'Nay, stay we here : or first let me
A messenger be sent
Vnto the court, where I may know
His Maiestie's intent.'
- 90 This pleased Adam Bell :
'So may we liue in peace,
We are at his most high command,
And neuer will we cease.
- 91 'But if that still we shall be vrged,
And called by traitrous name,
And threatend hanging for euey thing,
His Highnesse is to blame.
- 92 'Neare had His Grace subiects more true,
And sturdier then wee,
Which are at His Highnesse will ;
God send him well to bee !'
- 93 So to the court is yong William gone,
To parley with the king,
Where all men to the king's presence
Did striue him for to bring.
- 94 When he before the king was come,
He kneeled down full low ;
He shewed quickly to the king
What duty they did owe ;
- 95 In such delightfull order blith,
The king was quickly wonne
To comfort them in their request,
As he before had done.
- 96 'Fetch bread and drinke,' then said His Grace,
'And meat all of the best ;
And stay all night here at the court,
And soundly take thy rest.'
- 97 'Gramercies to Your Grace,' said William,
'For pardon graunted I see :'
'For signe thereof, here take my seale,
And for more certainty.'
- 98 'God's curse vpon me,' sayd William,
'For my part if I meane
Euer againe to stirre vp strife !'
It neuer shall bee seene.'
- 99 The nobles all to William came,
He was so stout and trimme,
And all the ladies, for very ioy,
Did come to welcome him.
- 100 'Faire Cisley now I haue to wife,
In field I haue her wonne ;'
'Bring her here, for God's loue,' said they all,
'Full welcome shall she be [soone].'
- 101 Forth againe went William backe,
To wood that he did hie,
And to his father there he shewed
The king his pardone free.
- 102 'Health to His Grace,' quoth Adam Bell,
'I beg it on my knee !'
The like said Clim of the Clough,
And William of Cloudesley.
- 103 To the court they all prepare,
Euen as fast as they can hie,
Where graciously they were receiud,
With mirth and merry glee.
- 104 Cisley faire is wend alone
Vpon a gelding faire ;
A proper damsell neuer came
In any courtly ayre.
- 105 'Welcome, Cisley,' said the queene.
'A lady I thee make,
To wait vpon my owne person,
In all my chieftest state.'
- 106 So quickly was this matter done,
Which was so hardly doubted,
That all contentions after that
From court were quickly rowted.
- 107 Fauourable was the king ;
So good they did him finde,
The[y] neuer after sought againe
To vex his royall minde.
- 108 Long time they liued in court,
So neare vnto the king
That neuer after was attempt
Offred for any thing.

109 God aboue giue all men grace
 In quiet for to liue,
 And not rebelliously abroad
 Their princes for to grieue.

110 Let not the hope of pardon mooue
 A subiect to attempt

His soueraigne's anger, or his loue
 From him for to exempt.

111 But that all men may ready be
 With all their maine and might
 To serue the Lord, and loue the King,
 In honor, day and night !

- a. 1⁴. In mickle. 6¹. Some.
 13⁴. canst thou. 20³. man's y-meat.
 21². he fro. 28². I drest.
 35². That her purpose he had of sped.
 35⁴. they read. 37⁴. amaze.
 46¹. was yso. 64¹. ythen. 76². euery chone.
 92¹. more subjects true. 93². Which *for* Where.
 b. 1⁴. In many. 5². will *for* well. 6¹. Soone.
 6³. to thee. 13¹. sword *for* strong.
 13⁴. thou canst. 18⁴. I must. 19¹. fflowle.
 19⁴. was neuer. 20³. man's meate. 21². him ffroe.
 21³. dop the. 22³. slaine ffor thee & mee.
 28². To see : well drest.
 31¹. God speed. 31³. doe yee.
 32¹. woman *for* Ione. 32². in *wanting* : to you.

- 35². of her purpose shee had sped.
 35⁴. they did tread. 37². a maze.
 40³. The ffattest. 44³. mist Cisleys companye.
 45². allured this. 46¹. soe.
 52⁴. in my *for* now in. 57². That was both stiffe.
 57⁴. Weer neere. 61¹. strong & stout.
 66¹. William. 68². Itt was the best.
 73². You shall be hanged. 73³. plott yee have.
 76². euer-eche one. 78³. The craued.
 79⁴. I tell you verry true. 86¹. Liuings.
 92¹. subiects more true. 93³. Where.
 97¹. Gramercy.
 100⁴. Welcome shee shall bee soone. 104¹. is gone.
 105⁴. cheefe estate. 106⁴. rooted.
 107³. ffought *for* sought.

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A GEST OF ROBYN HODE

- a. 'A Gest of Robyn Hode,' without printer's name, date, or place; the eleventh and last piece in a volume in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Reprinted by David Laing, 1827, with nine pieces from the press of Walter Chepman and Androw Myllar, Edinburgh, 1508, and one other, by a printer unknown, under the title of The Knightly Tale of Golagrus and Gawane, and other Ancient Poems.
- b. 'A Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode,' etc., London, Wynken de Worde, n. d.: Library of the University of Cambridge.
- c. Douce Fragment, No 16: Bodleian Library.
- d. Douce Fragment, No 17: Bodleian Library.
- e. Douce Fragment, No 16: Bodleian Library.*
- f. 'A Mery Geste of Robyn Hoode,' etc., London, Wyllyam Copland, n. d.: British Museum, C. 21. c.
- g. 'A Merry Iest of Robin Hood,' etc., London, printed for Edward White, n. d.: Bodleian Library, Z. 3. Art. Seld., and Mr Henry Huth's library.

THE best qualified judges are not agreed as to the typographical origin of a: see Dickson, Introduction of the Art of Printing into

Scotland, Aberdeen, 1885, pp 51 ff, 82 ff, 86 f. Mr Laing had become convinced before his death that he had been wrong in assigning

* a preserves stanzas 1-83⁴, 118⁴-208³, 314²-349³; with defects at 2², 7¹, 123⁴-127³, 133-136³. It has therefore about 200 stanzas out of 456.

c preserves 26⁴-60³; d, 280-350, very much mutilated; e, 435⁴-450¹, very much mutilated. e, inserted among the Douce fragments, was presented by Mr Halliwell-Phillips.

this piece to the press of Chepman and Myllar. The date of *b* may be anywhere from 1492 to 1534, the year of W. de Worde's death. Of *c* Ritson says, in his corrected preface to the *Gest*, 1832, I, 2: By the favor of the Reverend Dr Farmer, the editor had in his hands, and gave to Mr Douce, a few leaves of an old 4to black letter impression by the above Wynken de Worde, probably in 1489, and totally unknown to Ames and Herbert. No reason is given for this date.* I am not aware that any opinion has been expressed as to the printer or the date of *d*, *e*. W. Copland's edition, *f*, if his dates are fully ascertained, is not earlier than 1548. Ritson says that *g* is entered to Edward White in the Stationers' books, 13 May, 1594. "A pastorall pleasant commedie of Robin Hood & Little John, &c," is entered to White on the 14th of May of that year, Arber, II, 649: this is more likely to have been a play of Robin Hood.

a, *b*, *f*, *g*, are deficient at 7¹, 339¹, and misprinted at 49, 50, repeating, it may be, the faults of a prior impression. *a* appears, by internal evidence, to be an older text than *b*.†

Some obsolete words of the earlier copies have been modernized in *f*, *g*,‡, and deficient lines have been supplied. A considerable number of Middle-English forms remain§ after those successive renovations of reciters and printers which are presumable in such cases. The *Gest* may have been compiled at a time when such forms had gone out of use, and these may be relics of the ballads from which this little epic was made up; or the whole poem may have been put together as early as 1400, or before. There are no firm grounds on which to base an opinion.

No notice of Robin Hood has been down to this time recovered earlier than that which was long ago pointed out by Percy as occurring in Piers Plowman, and this, according to Professor Skeat, cannot be older than about 1377.|| Sloth, in that poem, says in his shrift that he knows "rymes of Robyn Hood and Randolf, erle of Chestre,"¶ though but imperfectly acquainted with his pater-noster: *B*, passus v, 401 f, Skeat, ed. 1886, I, 166. References to Robin Hood, or to his story, are not infrequent in the following century.

* Dr Farmer considered these leaves to be of Rastell's printing, and older by some years than *b*; which is not quite intelligible, since Rastell's work is put at 1517-38. *c* is cited under Rastell's name in Ritson's second edition as well as his first.

† 9⁴, *a*, allther moste: *b*, all other moste. (*f*, *g*, of all other; *b*, 283³, all ther best; 284¹, all theyre best; *f*, *g*, al of the best.) 61⁴, *a*, Muche in fere: *b*, Much also. 68⁴, *a*, By xxviii (eight and twenty) score: *b* (*f*, *g*), By eyghtene score, which gives no meaning. 138³, *a*, "frembde bested: *b* (*f*, *g*), frend. 173⁴, *a*, same nyght: *b*, same day. 176⁴, *a*, wode hore: *b* (*f*, *g*), wode tre. 333², *a*, on rode: *b* (*f*, *g*), on a tre. 343², *a*, The sherif: *b* (*f*, *g*), The knyght.

‡ 13³, *a*, *b*, husbonde: *f*, *g*, husbandeman. 256¹, *b*, in yonder other corser: *f*, on the other courser: *g*, in the other coffer. 274⁴, 286², 387⁴, 412², *b*, trystell-tre: *f*, *g*, trusty tre. 385¹, *b*, "tarpe": *f*, *g*, seale. 371⁴, *b*, blyve: *f*, *g*, blythe, *bc*.

§ 111², That all this worldē wrought; 163², The whilē that he wolde; 316⁴, To metē can they gone; 72⁴, But his bowē tree; 29¹, They brought hym to the lodgē dore.

255⁴, To seke a monkēs male; 360³, He shall haue the knyghtēs londys; 369¹, And I will be your ledēs man; 376¹, Robyn toke the kyngēs hors; 366³, 367², 368⁴, etc. 336³, For our derē lady lone.

31¹, With wordēs fayre and fre; 34⁴, Of all these wekys thre; 210², Or a man that myrthēs can; 318⁴, The wallēs all aboute; 60², 331⁴, 332², 371², etc. 433⁴, And all his mennēs fe.

21², By a dernē strete; 25¹, Welcome be thou to grenē wode; 298¹, But had I the in grenē wode; 327³, 373³, 374³.

56⁴, Ouer the saltē see; 173⁴, That ylkē samē nyght; 213², By the hyē way; 235², Of all this longē day; 241¹, 292⁴, 303², 305¹, 393², 455⁴, etc. 25², Hendē knyght & fre; 113³, Out, he sayd, thou falsē knyght; 242³, Therefore I cun the morē thanke.

47², 100², By God that madē me; 80⁴, To walkē by his syde; 222², And that shall rewē the; 297⁴, Other wyse thou behotē me; 426¹, So God me helpē, sayd our kynge. *d*, 282², 317², herkeneth.

|| Ritson had seen, among Peck's collections for the history of Premonstratensian monasteries, a Latin poem with the title Prioris Alnwickensis de bello Scotico apud Dunbar, tempore regis Edwardi I, dictamen, sive rithmus Latinus, quo de Willielmo Wallace, Scotico illo Robin Whood, plura sed invidiose canit, and in the margin the date 22 Julii, 1304; whence he concluded that Robin Hood was both mentioned, and compared with Wallace, in 1304. The date refers to matters in the poem. The MS. (Sloane, 4934, pars II, ff 103-106) is of the eighteenth century, Hardy, Descriptive Catalogue, etc., III, 279, No 503. The title was supplied by Peck, one of whose marks is the spelling Whood.

¶ Either Randle the second, earl from 1128 to 1153, or Randle the third, earl from 1181 and for fifty years, would be likely to be the subject of ballads, but especially the latter. He figures in the story of Fulk Fitz Warine: Wright, p. 149.

In Wyntoun's Chronicle of Scotland, put at about 1420, there is this passage, standing quite by itself, under the year 1283:

Lytyll Ihon and Robyne Hude
Waythmen ware commendyd gude;
In Yngilwode and Barnysdale
Thai oysyd all this tyme thare trawale.
Laing, II, 263.

Disorderly persons undertook, it seems, to imitate Robin Hood and his men. In the year 1417, says Stowe, one, by his counterfeit name called Fryer Tucke, with many other malefactors, committed many robberies in the counties of Surrey and Sussex, whereupon the king sent out his writs for their apprehension: *Annals*, p. 352 b, ed. 1631.* A petition to Parliament, in the year 1439, represents that one Piers Venables, of Derbyshire, rescued a prisoner, "and after that tyme, the same Piers Venables, havyng no lifode ne sufficeante of goodes, gadered and assembled unto him many misdoers, beyng of his clothinge, . . . and, in manere of insurrection, wente into the wodes in that contré, like as it hadde be Robyn-hode and his meyné:" *Rotuli Parliamentorum*, V, 16.†

Bower, writing 1441-47, describes the lower orders of his time as entertaining them-

selves with ballads both merry and serious, about Robin Hood, Little John, and their mates, and preferring them to all others;‡ and Major, or Mair, who was born not long after 1450, says in his book, printed in 1521, that Robin Hood ballads were in vogue over all Britain.§

Sir John Paston, in 1473, writes of a servant whom he had kept to play Robin Hood and the Sheriff of Nottingham, and who was gone into Bernysdale: *Fenn, Original Letters*, etc., II, 134, cited by Ritson.

Gutch cites this allusion to Robin Hood ballads "from MS. Porkington, No 10, f. 152, written in the reign of Edward IV: "

Ther were tynkerris in tarlottus, the met was fulle
goode,
The "sowe sat one him benche" (*sic*), and harppyd
Robyn Hode.

And again, the name simply, from "a song on Woman, from MS. Lambeth, 306, fol. 135, of the fifteenth century":

He that made this songe full good
Came of the northe and of the sothern blode,
And somewhat kyne to Robyn Hode.

Gutch, *Robin Hood*, I, 55 f.

These passages show the popularity of Robin Hood ballads for a century or more

* Cited by Ritson. I have not found the writs.

† Cited in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1847, LXXXVI, 134, note; and by Hunter, 1852, *The Ballad-Hero, Robin Hood*, p. 58 (where the year is wrongly given as 1432). It appears from many cases that the name was very often pronounced Róbinhode.

‡ "Robertus Hode et Litill-Johanne, cum eorum complicitibus, de quibus stolidum vulgus hianter in comoediis et in tragœdiis prurienter festum faciunt, et præ ceteris romanciis mimos et bardanos cantitare delectantur."

"Of whom the foolish vulgar in comedies and tragedies make lewd entertainment, and are delighted to hear the jesters and minstrels sing them above all other ballads:" Ritson, whose translation may pass. Ritson rightly observes that comedies and tragedies here are not to be understood as plays. Then follows this abstract of one of the 'tragedies.'

"De quo etiam quædam commendabilia recitantur, sicut patuit in hoc, quod cum ipse quondam in Barnisdale, iram regis et fremitum principis declinans, missam, ut solitus erat, devotissime audiret, nec aliqua necessitate volebat interrumpere officium, quadam die, cum audiret missam, a quodam vicecomite et ministris regis, eum sæpius perprius infestantibus, in illo secretissimo loco nemorali ubi missæ interfuit exploratus, venientes ad eum qui hoc de suis per-

ceperunt ut omni annis fugeret suggererunt. Quod, ob reverentiam sacramenti, quod tunc devotissime venerabatur, omnino facere recusavit. Sed, ceteris suis ob metum mortis trepidantibus, Robertus, in tantum confusus in eum quem coluit, inveritus, cum paucis qui tunc forte ei affuerunt inimicos congressus eos de facili devicit, et, de eorum spoliis ac redemptione ditatus, ministros ecclesiæ et missas in majore veneratione semper et de post habere præelegit, attendens quod vulgariter dictum est:

Hunc deus exaudit qui missam sæpius audit."

Scotichronicon, ed. Goodall, II, 104.

§ Major was in extreme old age in 1524: see Moir's *W Wallace*, I, iv. "Robertus Hudus Anglus et Parvus Ioannes, latrones famatissimi in memoribus latuerunt, solum opulentorum virorum bona diripientes. Nullum nisi eos inuadentem, vel resistentem pro suarum rerum tuitione, occiderunt Centum sagittarios ad pugnam aptissimos Robertus latrocinis aluit, quos 400 viri fortissimi inuadere non audebant. Rebus huius Roberti gestis tota Britannia in cantibus utitur. Fœminam nullam opprimi permisit, nec pauperum bona surripuit, verum eos ex abbatum bonis ablatis opipare panit." *Historia Maioris Britanniae*, fol. 55 b.

It will be observed that Wyntoun, Bower, and Mair are Scots.

before the time when the *Gest* was printed, a popularity which was fully established at the beginning of this period, and unquestionably extended back to a much earlier day. Of these ballads, there have come down to us in a comparatively ancient form the following: those from which the *Gest* (printed, perhaps, before 1500) was composed, being at least four, Robin Hood, the Knight and the Monk, Robin Hood, Little John and the Sheriff, Robin Hood and the King, and Robin Hood's Death (a fragment); Robin Hood and the Monk, No 118, more properly Robin Hood rescued by Little John, MS. of about 1450, but not for that older than the ballads of the *Gest*; Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborn, No 119, Percy MS. c. 1650; Robin Hood's Death, No 120, Percy MS. and late garlands; Robin Hood and the Potter, No 121, MS. of about 1500, later, perhaps, than any other of the group.* Besides these there are thirty-two ballads, Nos 122-153. For twenty-two of these we have the texts of broadsides and garlands of the seventeenth century,† four of the same being also found in the Percy MS.; eight occur in garlands, etc., of the last century, one of these same in the Percy MS., and another in an eighteenth-century MS.; one is derived from a suspicious nineteenth-century MS., and one from nineteenth-century tradition. About half a dozen of these thirty-two have in them something of the old popular quality; as many more not the least smatch of it. Fully a dozen are variations, some-

times wearisome, sometimes sickening, upon the theme 'Robin Hood met with his match.' A considerable part of the Robin Hood poetry looks like char-work done for the petty press, and should be judged as such. The earliest of these ballads, on the other hand, are among the best of all ballads, and perhaps none in English please so many and please so long.

That a considerable number of fine ballads of this cycle have been lost will appear all but certain when we remember that three of the very best are found each in only one manuscript.‡

Robin Hood is absolutely a creation of the ballad-muse. The earliest mention we have of him is as the subject of ballads. The only two early historians who speak of him as a ballad-hero, pretend to have no information about him except what they derive from ballads, and show that they have none other by the description they give of him; this description being in entire conformity with ballads in our possession, one of which is found in a MS. as old as the older of these two writers.

Robin Hood is a yeoman, outlawed for reasons not given but easily surmised, "courtous and free," religious in sentiment, and above all reverent of the Virgin, for the love of whom he is respectful to all women. He lives by the king's deer (though he loves no man in the world so much as his king) and by levies on the superfluity of the higher orders, secular and spiritual, bishops and arch-

* Because comic and not heroic, and because Robin is put at a disadvantage. In the other ballads Robin Hood is "evermore the best." Though there is humor in the *Gest*, it is kept well under, and never lowers Robin's dignity.

† The only one of these ballads entered in the Stationers' Registers, or known to have been printed, at a date earlier than the seventeenth century is No 124, 'Of Wakefylde and a Grene,' 1557-58.

The earliest known copy of Robin Hood's Garland is one in the Bodleian Library, Wood, 79, printed for W. Gilbertson, 1663. This contains seventeen ballads. An edition of 1670, in the same library, Douce, H. 80, for Coles, Vere and Wright, omits the first of these, a version of Robin Hood and Queen Katherine which is found nowhere else. There is an edition, printed by J. M. for J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger, among Pepys's Penny Merriments, vol. iii, and Gutch had a copy, printed for the same, to which he gives the date 1686. Garlands of the eighteenth century increase the number of ballads to twenty-seven.

‡ In the Stationers' Registers, 1562-63, Arber, I, 204, 'a ballett of Robyn Hod' is licensed to John Alde. The best one would expect of this would be a better copy of some later broadside. 'Robyn Hode in Barnysdale stode' is the first line of a mock-song introduced into the *Morality of the Four Elements* (which alludes to the discovery of America "within this xx. yere"): Halliwell, *Percy Society*, vol. xxii, p. 51. It is mentioned ("As R. H.," etc.) in Udall's translation of *Erasmii Apothegmata*, 1542: Hazlitt, *Handbook*, pp 513 f. This line, Ritson observes, has been repeatedly cited, singularly enough, in law-cases (and always misquoted: in *Barnwood stood*, in *Barnwell stood*, upon *Greendale stood*): Ritson's *Robin Hood*, 1832, I, lxxxix ff. We find "Robyn stode in Bernesdale," *Gest*, 31; also, "As Robin Hood in the forest stood," No 138, 21; "When Robin Hood in the greenwood stood," No 141, 11, both texts very much later than the interlude. It is not strictly necessary to assume, as Ritson does, that the line belongs to a lost ballad; it may be from some older text of one that we have.

bishops, abbots, bold barons, and knights,* but harms no husbandman or yeoman, and is friendly to poor men generally, imparting to them of what he takes from the rich. Courtesy, good temper, liberality, and manliness are his chief marks; for courtesy and good temper he is a popular Gawain. Yeoman as he is, he has a kind of royal dignity, a princely grace, and a gentleman-like refinement of humor. This is the Robin Hood of the Gest especially; the late ballads debase this primary conception in various ways and degrees.

This is what Robin Hood is, and it is equally important to observe what he is not. He has no sort of political character, in the Gest or any other ballad. This takes the ground from under the feet of those who seek to assign him a place in history. Wyntoun, who gives four lines to Robin Hood, is quite precise. He is likely to have known of the adventure of King Edward and the outlaw, and he puts Robin under Edward I, at the arbitrary date of 1283, a hundred and forty years before his own time. Bower, without any kind of ceremony, avouches our hero to have been one of the proscribed followers of Simon de Montfort, and this assertion of Bower is adopted and maintained by a writer in the London and Westminster Review, 1840, XXXIII, 424.† Major, who probably knew some ballad of Richard I and Robin Hood, offers a simple conjecture that Robin flourished about Richard's time, "circa hæc tempora, ut auguror," and this is the representation in Matthew Parker's 'True Tale,' which many have repeated, not always with ut auguror; as Scott, with whom no one can quarrel, in the inexpressibly delightful Ivan-

hoe, and Thierry in his *Conquête de l'Angleterre*, Book xi, IV, 81 ff, ed. 1830, both of whom depict Robin Hood as the chief of a troop of Saxon bandits, Thierry making him an imitator of Hereward. Hunter, again, *The Ballad-Hero, Robin Hood*, p. 48, interprets the King Edward of the Gest as Edward II, and makes Robin Hood an adherent of the Earl of Lancaster in the fatal insurrection of 1322. No one of these theories has anything besides ballads for a basis except Hunter's. Hunter has an account-book in which the name Robin Hood occurs; as to which see further on, under stanzas 414-450 of the Gest. Hereward the Saxon, Fulk Fitz Warine, Eustace the Monk, Wallace, all outlaws of one kind or another, are celebrated in romantic tales or poems, largely fabulous, which resemble in a general way, and sometimes in particulars, the traditional ballads about Robin Hood;‡ but these outlaws are recognized by contemporary history.

The chief comrades of Robin Hood are: Robin Hood and the Monk, Little John, Scathlok (Scarlok. Scarlet), and Much; to these the Gest adds Gilbert of the White Hand and Reynold, 292 f. A friar is not a member of his company in the older ballads. A curtal, or cutted friar, called Friar Tuck in the title, but not in the ballad, has a fight with Robin Hood in No 123, and is perhaps to be regarded as having accepted Robin's invitation to join his company; this, however, is not said. Friar Tuck is simply named as one of Robin's troop in two broadsides, No 145, No 147, but plays no part in them. These two broadsides also name Maid Marian, who appears elsewhere only in a late and entirely insignificant ballad, No 150.§

* Knights and squires are exempted in the Gest, 14, inconsistently with 7, and, as to knights, with the tenor of what follows.

† Bower, as above. The writer in the L. & W. Review does not distinguish Fordun and Bower.

‡ Lieut.-Col. Prideaux states the resemblances between the story of Fulk Fitz Warine and that of Robin Hood, in an interesting article in *Notes and Queries*, 7th series, II, 421 ff, and suggests that the latter has borrowed from the former. Undoubtedly this might be, but both may have borrowed from the common stock of tradition.

§ The Pinder of Wakefield became, according to his bal-

lad, one of Robin Hood's men, but is not heard of in any other. Will Stutly is also one in No 141; Clifton, No 145; David of Doncaster, No 152. Robin Hood assumes the name Locksley in No 145, and by a blunder Locksley is made one of his men in 147 and 153. Scarlet and Scathlock are made two in the Earl of Huntington plays. Grafton says that the name of William of Goldesborough was graven, among others, with that of Robin Hood on Robin's tombstone: *Chronicle*, I, 222, ed. 1809. Ritson says that Munday makes Right-hitting Brand one of the band: I have not observed this.

Friar Tuck is a character in each of two Robin Hood plays, both of which we have, unluckily, only in a fragmentary state. One of these plays, dating as far back as 1475, presents scenes from Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborn, followed, without any link, by others from some ballad of a rescue of Robin Hood from the sheriff; to which extracts from still other ballads may have been annexed. In this play the friar has no special mark; he simply makes good use of his bow. The other play, printed by Copland with the *Gest*, not much before 1550, treats more at length the story of Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar, and then that of Robin Hood and the Potter, again, and naturally, without connection. The conclusion is wanting, and the play may have embraced still other ballads. The Friar in this is a loose and jovial fellow, and gave the hint for Scott's Clerk of Copmanhurst.*

The second of the Robin Hood plays is described in the title as "very proper to be played in May-games." These games were in the sixteenth century, and, it would seem, before, often a medley of many things. They were not limited to the first day of May, or even to the month of May; they might occur in June as well. They were not uniform, and might include any kind of performance or spectacle which suited the popular taste. "I find," says Stow, "that in the moneth of May, the citizens of London, of all estates, lightlie in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joyning together, had their several Mayinges, and did fetch in Maypoles, with divers warlike shewes, with good archers, morrice-dancers, and other devices for pastime all the day long; and towards the evening they had stage-playes and bonfires in the

streetes."† In the Diary of Henry Machyn we read that on the twenty-sixth of May, 1555, there was a goodly May-game at St Martins in the Field, with giant and hobby-horses, morris-dance and other minstrels; and on the third day of June following, a goodly May-game at Westminster, with giants and devils, and three morris-dancers, and many disguised, and the Lord and Lady of the May rode gorgeously, with divers minstrels playing. On the thirtieth of May, 1557, there was a goodly May-game in Fenchurch Street, in which the Nine Worthies rode, and they had speeches, and the morris-dance, and the Sowdan, and the Lord and Lady of the May, and more besides. And again, on the twenty-fourth of June, 1559, there was a May-game, with a giant, the Nine Worthies, with speeches, a goodly pageant with a queen, St George and the Dragon, the morris-dance, and afterwards Robin Hood and Little John, and Maid Marian and Friar Tuck, and they had speeches round about London. (Pp 89, 137, 201.)‡

In the rural districts the May-game was naturally a much simpler affair. The accounts of the chamberlains and churchwardens of Kingston upon Thames for Mayday, 23 Henry VII–28 Henry VIII, 1507–36, contain charges for the morris, the Lady, Little John, Robin Hood, and Maid Marian; the accounts for 21 Henry VII–1 Henry VIII relate to expenses for the Kyngham, and a king and queen are mentioned, presumably king and queen of May; under 24 Henry VII the "cost of the Kyngham and Robyn Hode are entered together."§

"A simple northern man" is made to say in Albion's England, 1586:

* Robin Hood presents the friar with a "lady free," not named, who may be meant for a degraded Maid Marian, such as Falstaff refers to in 1 Henry IV, III, iii, 129.

† Stow, *Survey of London*, 1598, p. 72, in Ritson's excellent note EE, Robin Hood, I, cix ff, ed. 1832, which contains almost all the important information relative to the subject. Stow adds that in consequence of a riot on May-day, 1517, the great Mayings and May-games were not after that time "so freely used as afore."

‡ These are the people's sports. Hall, fol. lvi, b, cited by Ritson, gives an account of a Maying devised by the

guards for the entertainment of Henry VIII and his queen, in 1516. The king and queen, while riding with a great company, come upon a troop of two hundred yeomen in green. One of these, calling himself Robin Hood, invites the king to see his men shoot, and then to an outlaws-breakfast of venison. The royal party, on their return home, were met by a chariot drawn by five horses, in which sat "the Lady May accompanied with Lady Flora," who saluted the king with divers songs.

§ Lysons, *The Environs of London*, I, 225–32.

At Paske began our Morris, and ere Penticost our
May;
Tho Robin Hood, Liell John, Frier Tueke and
Marian deftly play,
And Lard and Ladie gang till kirk, with lads and
lasses gay.*

Tollet's painted window (which is assigned by Douce to about 1460-70, and, if rightly dated, furnishes the oldest known representation of a May-game with the morris) has, besides a fool, a piper and six dancers, a May-pole, a hobby-horse, a friar, and a lady, and the lady, being crowned, is to be taken as Queen of May.

What concerns us is the part borne by Robin Hood, John, and the Friar in these games, and Robin's relation to Maid Marian. In Ellis's edition of Brand's *Antiquities*, I, 214, note h, we are told that Robin Hood is styled King of May in The Book of the Universal Kirk of Scotland. This is a mistake, and an important mistake. In April, 1577, the General Assembly requested the king to "discharge [prohibit] playes of Robin Hood, King of May, and sick others, on the Sabboth day." In April, 1578, the fourth session, the king and council were supplicated to discharge "all kynd of insolent playis, as King of May, Robin Hood, and sick others, in the moneth of May, played either be bairnes at the schools, or others"; and the subject was returned to in the eighth session. We know from various sources that plays, founded on the ballads, were sometimes performed in the course of

the games. We know that archers sometimes personated Robin Hood and his men in the May-game.† The relation of Robin Hood, John, and the Friar to the May-game morris is obscure. "It plainly appears," says Ritson, "that Robin Hood, Little John, the Friar, and Maid Marian were fitted out at the same time with the morris-dancers, and consequently, it would seem, united with them in one and the same exhibition," meaning the morris. But he adds, with entire truth, in a note: "it must be confessed that no other direct authority has been met with for constituting Robin Hood and Little John integral characters of the morris-dance."‡ And further, with less truth so far as the Friar is concerned: "that Maid Marian and the Friar were almost constantly such is proved beyond the possibility of a doubt." The Friar is found in Tollet's window, which Douce speaks of, cautiously, as a representation of an English May-game and morris-dance. The only "direct authority," so far as I am aware, for the Friar's being a party in the morris-dance (unconnected with the May-game) is the late authority of Ben Jonson's *Masque of the Metamorphosed Gipsies*, 1621, cited by Tollet in his *Memoir*; where it is said that the absence of a Maid Marian and a friar is a surer mark than the lack of a hobby-horse that a certain company cannot be morris-dancers.§ The lady is an essential personage in the morris.|| How and when she came to receive the appellation of Maid Marian in the English

* The last two lines are to be understood, I apprehend, exclusively of the May, and the lord and lady mean Lord and Lady of the May. The Lord of Misrule, "with his hobby-horses, dragons, and other ántiques," used to go to church: Stubbes, *Anatomy of Abuses*, ed. Furnivall, p. 147.

† Myselfe remembreth of a childe, in contreye native mine,

A Maygame was of Robyn Hood, and of his traine, that time,

To traine up young men, striplings, and eche other younger childe,

In shooting; yeaerly this with solempne feast was by the guyde

Or brotherhood of townsmen don, etc.

Richard Robinson, 1553, in Ritson, p. cxii f, ed. 1832.

‡ A Christmas game of very modern date is described in *The Mirror*, XXVI, 42, in which there was a troop of morris-dancers with Robin Hood and Maid Marian; and also Beel-

zebub and his wife. Cited by Kuhn, *Haupt's Zeitschrift*, V, 481.

§ The entries in the Kingston accounts for 28 and 29 Henry VIII, if they refer to the morris-dance only, would show the morris to be constituted as follows:

(28 Henry VIII.) Four dancers, fool, Maid Marian, friar, and piper. A minstrel is also mentioned.

(29 Henry VIII.) Friar, Maid Marian, Morian (Moor?), four dancers, fool. This entry refers to the costume of the characters, which may account for the omission of the piper. Lysons, *Environs of London*, I, 228 f.

|| It need hardly be remarked that the morris was neither an exclusively English dance nor exclusively a May-game dance. A Flemish morris, delineated in an engraving dated 1460-70, has for personages a lady, fool, piper, and six dancers: Douce, p. 446 f. In Robert Laneham's description of a bride-ale at Kenilworth, 1575, there is a morris-dance, "according to the ancient manner," in the which the parties

morris is unknown. The earliest occurrence of the name seems to be in Barclay's fourth Eclogue,* "subjoined to the last edition of *The Ship of Foles*, but originally printed soon after 1500:" Ritson, I, lxxxvii, ed. 1832. Warton suggested a derivation from the French Marion, and the idea is extremely plausible. Robin and Marion were the subject of innumerable motets and pastourelles of the thirteenth century, and the hero and heroine of a very pretty and lively play, more properly comic opera, composed by Adam de la Halle not far from 1280. We know from a document of 1392 that this play was annually performed at Angers, at Whitsuntide, and we cannot doubt that it was a stock-piece in many places, as from its merits it deserved to be. There are as many proverbs about Robin and Marion as there are about Robin Hood, and the first verse of the play, derived from an earlier song, is still (or was fifty years ago) in the mouths of the peasant girls of Hainault.† In the May-game of June, 1559, described by Machyn, after many other things, they had "Robin Hood and Little John," and "Maid Marian and Friar Tuck," some dramatic scene, pantomime, or pageant, probably two; but there is nothing of Maid Marian in the two (fragmentary) Robin Hood plays which

are preserved, both of which, so far as they go, are based on ballads. Anthony Munday, towards the end of the sixteenth century, made a play, full of his own inventions, in which Robert, Earl of Huntington, being outlawed, takes refuge in Sherwood, with his chaste love Matilda, daughter of Lord Fitzwaters, and changes his name to Robin Hood, hers to Maid Marian.‡ One S. S., a good deal later, wrote a very bad ballad about the Earl of Huntington and his lass, the only ballad in which Maid Marian is more than a name. Neglecting these perversions, Maid Marian is a personage in the May-game and morris who is not infrequently paired with a friar, and sometimes with Robin Hood, under what relation, in either case, we cannot precisely say. Percy had no occasion to speak of her as Robin's concubine, and Douce none to call her Robin's paramour.

That ballads about Robin Hood were familiar throughout England and Scotland we know from early testimony. Additional evidence of his celebrity is afforded by the connection of his name with a variety of natural objects and archaic remains over a wide extent of country.

"Cairns on Blackdown in Somersetshire, and barrows near to Whitby in Yorkshire

are Maid Marian, the fool, and six dancers: Furnivall, Captain Cox, p. 22 f. A painting of about 1625 has a morris-dance of seven figures, a Maid Marian, fool, piper, hobby-horse, and three dancers. A tract, of Elizabeth's time, speaks of "a quintessence, beside the fool and the Maid Marian, of all the picked youth, footing the morris about a Maypole," to the pipe and tabor, and other music; and a poem of 1614 describes a country morris-dance of a fool, Maid Marian, hobby-horse, and piper: Ellis's Brand, p. 206 f.

* The well-to-do Codrus says to the starving Menalcas, who has been venting his spleen against "rascolde" rivals,

'Yet would I gladly heare some mery fit
Of Maide Marian, or els of Robin Hood.'

Codrus is here only suggesting themes which would be agreeable to him. We are not to deduce from his words that there were ballads about Maid Marian. But if there had been, they would have been distinct from ballads about Robin Hood.

† See Monmerqué et Michel, *Théâtre Français au Moyen Age*, 1842, Notice sur Adam de la Halle, pp 27 ff, the songs, pp 31 ff, the play, pp 102 ff; Ducange, *Robinetus*. Henryson's Robin and Ma'kyne was undoubtedly suggested by the French pastorals.

‡ I must invoke the spirit of Ritson to pardon the taking of no very serious notice of Robin Hood's noble extraction.

The first mention of this seems to be in Grafton's Chronicle, 1569. Grafton says: In an olde and auncient pamphlet I finde this written of the sayd Robert Hood. This man, sayth he, disconded of a noble parentage; or rather, beyng of a base stocke and linage, was for his manhoode and chivalry aduanced to the noble dignitie of an erle. . . . But afterwards he so prodigally exceeded in charges and expences that he fell into great debt, by reason whereof so many actions and sutes were commenced against him, wherevnto he answered not, that by order of lawe he was outlawed, etc.: I, 221, ed. 1809. (Some such account furnished a starting-point for Munday.) Leland also, Ritson adds, has expressly termed him "nobilis" (Ro: Hood, nobilis ille exlex), Collectanea, I, 54, ed. 1770, and Warner, in *Albion's England* (1586), p. 132, ed. 1612, calls him a "county":

Those daies begot some mal-contents, the principall of whom
A countie was, that with a troop of yeomandry did roam.

Ritson also cites the Sloane MS., 780, "written, as it seems, toward the end of the sixteenth century;" and Harleian MS., 1233, which he does not date, but which is of the middle of the seventeenth century. Against the sixteenth-century testimony, so to call it, we put in that of the early ballads, all of which describe Robin as a yeoman, the Gest emphasizing the point.

and Ludlow in Shropshire, are termed Robin Hood's pricks or butts; lofty natural eminences in Gloucestershire and Derbyshire are Robin Hood's hills; a huge rock near Matlock is Robin Hood's Tor; an ancient boundary stone in Lincolnshire is Robin Hood's cross; a presumed loggan, or rocking-stone, in Yorkshire is Robin Hood's penny-stone; a fountain near Nottingham, another between Doncaster and Wakefield, and one in Lancashire are Robin Hood's wells; a cave in Nottinghamshire is his stable; a rude natural rock in Hope Dale is his chair; a chasm at Chatsworth is his leap; Blackstone Edge, in Lancashire, is his bed; ancient oaks, in various parts of the country, are his trees.* All sorts of traditions are fitted to the localities where they are known. It would be an exception to ordinary rules if we did not find Robin Hood trees and Robin Hood wells and Robin Hood hills. But, says Wright, in his essay on the Robin Hood ballads (p. 208), the connection of Robin Hood's name with mounds and stones is perhaps one of the strongest proofs of his mythic character, as

if Robin Hood were conceived of as a giant. The fact in question is rather a proof that those names were conferred at a time when the real character of Robin Hood was dimly remembered. In the oldest ballads Robin Hood is simply a stout yeoman, one of the best that ever bare bow; in the later ballads he is repeatedly foiled in contests with shepherds and beggars. Is it supposable that those who knew of him even at his best estate, could give him a loggan for a penny-stone? No one has as yet undertaken to prove that the ballads are later than the names.† Mounds and stones bear his name for the same idle reason that "so many others have that of King Arthur, King John, and, for want of a better, that of the devil."‡

Kuhn, starting with the assumption that the mythical character of Robin Hood is fully established (by traditions posterior to the ballads and contradictory to their tenor), has sought to show that our courteous outlaw is in particular one of the manifestations of Woden. The hobby-horse, which, be it borne in mind, though now and then found in the May-game

* The Edinburgh Review, LXXXVI, 123 (with a slight correction in one instance), mostly from Ritson, I, cix, cxxvi ff, 1832, and from Wright's Essays, etc., II, 209 f, 1846. Of course the list might be extended: there are some additions in The Academy, XXIV, 231, 1883, and four Robin Hood's wells in Yorkshire alone are there noted.

† A Robin Hood's Stone, near Barnsdale, of what description we are not told, is mentioned in an account of a progress made by Henry VII, and Robin Hood's Well, in the same region, in an account of a tour made in 1634: Hunter's Robin Hood, p. 61. The well is also mentioned by Drunken Barnaby. A Robin Hood's Hill is referred to in Vicars' account of the siege of Gloucester in 1643: The Academy, XXIV, 231.

‡ Gough, in the Gentleman's Magazine, March 8, 1793, cited by Gutch. Wright has, somewhat naively, furnished his own refutation: "A large tumulus we know well in our own county, near Ludlow in Shropshire, which is also called Robin Hood's But, and which affords us a curious instance how new stories were often invented to account for a name whose original import was forgotten. The circumstances, too, in this case, prove that the story was of late invention. The barrow, as regarded superstitiously, had borne the name of Robin Hood. On the roof of one of the chancels of the church of Ludlow, which is called Fletcher's chancel, as having been, when 'the strength of England stood upon archery,' the place where the fletchers held their meetings, and which is distant from the aforesaid barrow two miles, or two miles and a half, there stands an iron arrow, as the sign of their craft. The imagination of the people of the place,

after archery and fletchers had been forgotten, and when Robin Hood was known only as an outlaw and a bowman, made a connection between the barrow (from its name) and the chancel (from the arrow on its roof), and a tale was invented how the outlaw once stood upon the former and took aim at the weathercock on the church-steeple; but the distance being a little too great, the arrow fell short of its mark, and remained up to the present day on the roof of the chancel." (Essays, I, 209 f.)

A correspondent of The Academy, XXIV, 181, remarks that one of the Anglo-Saxon charters in Kemble's Codex Diplomaticus mentions a "place" in Worcestershire called Hódas ac (now Hodsoak), that there is a village in Nottinghamshire called Hodsock, that it is improbable that two men living in districts so widely apart should each have given his name to an oak-tree, and that therefore we may safely conclude Hód to be a mythical personage. Somebody's tree is given as a boundary mark more than thirty times in these charters, somebody's thorn at least ten times, somebody's oak at least five times. How often such a mark might occur in connection with any particular name would depend upon the frequency of the name. Hód or Hóde is cited thirteen times by Kemble, and few names occur oftener. The name, we may infer, was relatively as common then as it is in our century, which has seen three Admiral Hoods (who, by virtue of being three, may be adjudged as mythical by and by) and one poet Hood alive together. Why may not three retired wicings and one scóp, of the name, have been living in Berks, Hants, Wilts, and Worcestershire in the tenth century?

or morris-dance, was never intimately associated, perhaps we may say never at all associated, with Robin Hood, represents, it is maintained, Woden. The fundamental grounds are these. In a Christmas, New Year, or Twelfth Day sport at Paget's Bromley, Staffordshire, the rider of the hobby-horse held a bow and arrow in his hands, with which he made a snapping noise. In a modern Christmas festivity in Kent, the young people would affix the head of a horse to a pole about four feet in length, and tie a cloth round the head to conceal one of the party, who, by pulling a string attached to the horse's lower jaw, produced a snapping noise as he moved along. This ceremony, according to the reporter, was called a *h o o d e n i n g*, and the figure of the horse a *h o o d e n*, "a wooden horse."* The word *hooden*, according to Kuhn, we may unhesitatingly expound as Woden; Hood is a corruption of "Hooden," and this Hooden again conducts us to Woden.

Glosyng is a ful glorious thing certayn.

The sport referred to is explained in Pegge's *Alphabet of Kenticisms* (collected 1735-36), under the name *hooding*, as a country masquerade at Christmas time, which in Derbyshire they call *guising*, and in other places *mumming*; and to the same effect in the Rev. W. D. Parish's *Dictionary of the Kentish Dialect* (soon to be published) under *hoodening*, which word is an obvious corruption, or secondary form, of *hooding*. The word

hooding, applied to the sport, means just what it does in the old English hooding-cloth, a curtain; that is, a covering, and so a disguise by covering. It is true that *wooden* is pronounced *hooden*,† or *ooden*, in Kent, and that the hobby-horse had a wooden head, but it is quite inconceivable that the sport should receive its name from a circumstance so subordinate as the material of which the horse was made. Such an interpretation would hardly be thought of had not hooding in its proper sense long been obsolete. That this is the case is plain from two facts: the hooding used to be accompanied with carol-singing, and the Rev. Mr Parish informs us that carol-singing on Christmas Eve is still called hoodening at Monckton, in East Kent. The form *Hooden*, from which Robin's name is asserted by Kuhn to be corrupted, is invented for the occasion. I suppose that no one will think that the hobby-horse-rider's carrying a bow and arrows, in the single instance of the Staffordshire sport, conduces at all to the identifying of Robin Hood with the hobby-horse. Whether the Hobby-Horse represents Woden is not material here. It is enough that the Hobby-Horse cannot be shown to represent Robin Hood.‡

I cannot admit that even the shadow of a case has been made out by those who would attach a mythical character either to Robin Hood or to the outlaws of Inglewood, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly.§

* Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, p. 434, cited in Ellis's *Brand*, I, 383; *The Mirror*, XX, 419, cited by Kuhn, *Haupt's Zeitschrift*, V, 474 f. The Kentish sport is also described in the Rev. W. D. Parish's *Dictionary of the Kentish Dialect*, p. 77, under *Hoodening*.

† In West Worcestershire *h* is put for *w*, "by an emphatic speaker," in such words as *wood*, *wool*: Mrs Chamberlain's *Glossary*. Hood for wood occurs in East Sussex; also in Somerset, according to Halliwell's *Dictionary*. The derivation of Hood from wood has often been suggested: as by Peele, in his *Edward I*, "Robin of the Wood, alias Robin Hood," *Works*, Dyce, I, 162. The inventive Peck was pleased always to write Robin Whood.

‡ The Hobby-Horse, Schimmel, Fastnachtspferd, Herbstpferd, Adventspferd, Chevalet, Cheval Mallet, is maintained by Mannhardt to be figurative of the Corn-Sprite, Kornämon; nichts anderes als das Kornross, Vegetationsross, nicht aber eine Darstellung Wodans, wie man nach Kuhns Vor-

gang jetzt allgemein annimmt: Mannhardt, *Mythologische Forschungen*, in *Quellen u. Forschungen*, LI, p. 165. "Man sieht den Ungrund der bei deutschen Mythologen so beliebten Identifizierung von Robin Hood und Wodan:" Mannhardt, *Wald- u. Feldkulte*, I, 546, note 3.

§ The reasoning, in the instance of Robin Hood, has been signally loose and incautious; still, the general conclusion finds ready acceptance with mythologists, on one ground or another, and deductions are made with the steadiness of a geometer. Robin Hood, being one of the "solar heroes," "has his faint reflection in Little John, who stands to him in the same relation as Patroclus to Achilles," etc. "Maid Marian will therefore be the dawn-maiden, to be identified with Briseis," etc. "Friar Tuck is one of the triumvirate who appear also in the Cloudesly and Tell legends," etc. And again, by an interpreter of somewhat different views: "though a considerable portion of this story is ultimately derived from the great Aryan sun-myth, there is the strong-

Ballads of other nations, relating to classes of men living in revolt against authority and society, may be expected to show some kind of likeness to the English outlaw-ballads, and such resemblances will be pointed out upon occasion. Spanish broadside ballads dating from the end of the sixteenth century commemorate the valientes and guapos of cities, robbers and murderers of the most flaunting and flagitious description: Duran, *Romancero*, Nos 1331–36, 1339–43, II, 367 ff.* These display towards corregidores, alcaldes, custom-house officers, and all the ministers of government an hostility corresponding to that of Robin Hood against the sheriff; they empty the jails and deliver culprits from the gallows; reminding us very faintly of the Robin Hood broadsides, as of the rescues in Nos 140, 141, the Progress to Nottingham, No 139, in which Robin Hood, at the age of fifteen, kills fifteen foresters, or of Young Gamwell, in No 128, who begins his career by killing his father's steward.† But Robin Hood and his men, in the most degraded of the broadsides, are tame innocents and law-abiding citizens beside the guapos. The Klephts, whose songs are preserved in considerable numbers, mostly from the last century and the present, have the respectability of being engaged, at least in part, in a war against the Turks, and the romance of wild mountaineers. They, like Robin Hood, had a marked animosity against

monks, and they put beys to ransom as he would an abbot or a sheriff. There are Magyar robber-ballads in great number;‡ some of these celebrate Shobri (a man of this century), who spares the poor, relieves beggars, pillages priests (but never burns or kills), and fears God: Erdélyi's collection, I, 194–98, Nos 237–39; Arany-Gyulai, II, 56, No 49; Kertbeny, *Ausgewählte Ungarische Volkslieder*, pp 246–251, Nos 136–38; Aigner, pp 198–201. Russian robber-songs are given by Sakharof, under the title *Udaluiya*, *Skazaniya*, 1841, I, iii, 224–32; Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, pp 44–50. There are a few Sicilian robber-ballads in Pitré, *Canti pop. Siciliani*, Nos 913–16, II, 125–37.

The Gest is a popular epic, composed from several ballads by a poet of a thoroughly congenial spirit. No one of the ballads from which it was made up is extant in a separate shape, and some portions of the story may have been of the compiler's own invention. The decoying of the sheriff into the wood, stanzas 181–204, is of the same derivation as the last part of Robin Hood and the Potter, No 121, Little John and Robin Hood exchanging parts; the conclusion, 451–56, is of the same source as Robin Hood's Death, No 120. Though the tale, as to all important considerations, is eminently original, absolutely so as to the conception of Robin Hood, some traits and incidents, as might be ex-

est reason for believing that the Anglian Hód was not originally a solar personage, but a degraded form of the God of the Wind, Hermes-Woden. The thievish character of this divinity explains at once why his name should have been chosen as the popular appellation of an outlaw chief." (*The Academy*, XXIV, 250, 384.)

The Potter in the later Play of Robin Hood (not in the corresponding ballad) wears a rose garland on his head. So does a messenger in the history of Fulk Fitz Warine, Wright, p. 78, not to mention other cases referred to by Ritson, *Robin Hood*, II, 200, ed. 1832. Fricke, *Die Robin-Hood Balladen*, p. 55, surmises that the rose garland worn by the Potter may be a relic of the strife between Summer and Winter; and this view, he suggests, would tend to confirm "the otherwise well-grounded hypothesis" that Robin Hood is a mythological personage.

* "Desde la última década del siglo xvi hasta pocos años hace, no eran ya los héroes del pueblo ni los Bernardos, ni los Cides, ni los Pulgares, ni los Garcilasos, ni los Céspedes, ni los Paredes, porque su pueblo estaba muerto ó transformado en vulgo, y este habia sustituido á aquellos los guapos

Francisco Estéban, los Correas, los Merinos, los Salinas, los Pedrajas, los Montijos." (Duran, p. 389, note.)

† Bernardo del Montijo, Duran, No 1342, kills an alcalde at the age of eighteen, "con bastante causa:" upon which phrase Duran observes, "para el vulgo era bastante causa, sin duda, el ser alcalde." Beginning with so much promise of spirit, he afterwards, in carrying off his mistress, who was about to be wedded against her will, kills six constables, a corregidor, the bridegroom, and a captain of the guard. For differences, compare the English broadside R. H. and Allen-a-Dale, No 138.

‡ "Doch sind sie meist ohne grossen poetischen Werth, nur als Zeugniß für die Denkweise des Volkes über die 'armen Bursche,' die es lange nicht für so grosse Verbrecher hält als der Staat, und die es, ihre Vorurtheile theilend, im Gegentheile oft als kühne Freiheitshelden betrachtet, die gegen grössere oder kleinere Tyrannen sich zu erheben und denselben zu trotzen wagen, und als ungerecht verfolgte Söhne seines Stammes in Schutz nimmt gegen die fremden Gesetzvollstrecker." (Aigner, *Ungarische Volksdichtungen*, p. xxvi f.)

pected, are taken from what we may call the general stock of mediæval fiction.

The story is a three-ply web of the adventures of Robin Hood with a knight, with the sheriff of Nottingham, and with the king (the concluding stanzas, 451-56, being a mere epilogue), and may be decomposed accordingly. I. How Robin Hood relieved a knight, who had fallen into poverty, by lending him money on the security of Our Lady, the first fit, 1-81; how the knight recovered his lands, which had been pledged to Saint Mary Abbey, and set forth to repay the loan, the second fit, 82-143; how Robin Hood, having taken twice the sum lent from a monk of this abbey, declared that Our Lady had discharged the debt, and would receive nothing more from the knight, the fourth fit, 205-280. II. How Little John insidiously took service with Robin Hood's standing enemy, the sheriff of Nottingham, and put the sheriff into Robin Hood's hands, the third fit, 144-204; how the sheriff, who had sworn an oath to help and not to harm Robin Hood and his men, treacherously set upon the outlaws at a shooting-match, and they were fain to take refuge in the knight's castle; how, missing of Robin Hood, the sheriff made prisoner of the knight; and how Robin Hood slew the sheriff and rescued the knight, the fifth and sixth fit, 281-353. III. How the king, coming in person to apprehend Robin Hood and the knight, disguised himself as an abbot, was stopped by Robin Hood, feasted on his own deer, and entertained with an exhibition of archery, in the course of which he was recognized by Robin Hood, who asked his grace and received a promise thereof, on condition that he and his men should enter into the king's service; and how the king, for a jest, disguised himself and his company in the green of the outlaws, and going back to Nottingham caused a general flight of the people, which he stopped by making himself known; how he pardoned the knight; and

how Robin Hood, after fifteen months in the king's court, heart-sick and deserted by all his men but John and Scathlock, obtained a week's leave of the king to go on a pilgrimage to Saint Mary Magdalen of Barnsdale, and would never come back in two-and-twenty years, the seventh and eighth fit, 354-450. A particular analysis may be spared, seeing that many of the details will come out incidentally in what follows.

Barnsdale, Robin Hood's haunt in the Gest, 3, 21, 82, 134, 213, 262, 440, 442, is a woodland region in the West Riding of Yorkshire, a little to the south of Pontefract and somewhat further to the north of Doncaster. The river Went is its northern boundary. "The traveller enters upon it [from the south] a little beyond a well-known place called Robin Hood's Well [some ten miles north of Doncaster, near Skelbrook], and he leaves it when he has descended to Wentbridge." (For Wentbridge, see No 121, st. 6; the Gest, 135¹.) A little to the west is Wakefield, and beyond Wakefield, between that town and Halifax, was the priory of Kyrkesly or Kirklees. The Sayles, 18, was a very small tenancy of the manor of Pontefract. The great North Road, formerly so called, and here, 18, denominated Watling Street (as Roman roads often are), crosses Barnsdale between Doncaster and Ferrybridge.* Saint Mary Abbey, "here besyde," 54, was at York, and must have been a good twenty miles from Barnsdale. The knight, 126⁴, is said to be "at home in Vyrysdale." Wyresdale (now Over and Nether Wyersdale) was an extensive tract of wild country, part of the old forest of Lancashire, a few miles to the southeast of Lancaster. The knight's son had slain a knight and a squire of Lancaster, a, Lancashire, b, f, g, 53. It is very likely, therefore, that the knight's castle, in the original ballad, was in Lancashire. However this may be, it is put in the Gest, 309f, on the way between Nottingham and Robin Hood's

* J. Hunter (Critical and Historical Tracts, No IV), whom I follow here, shows that Barnsdale was peculiarly unsafe for travellers in Edward the First's time. Three ecclesiastics, conveyed from Scotland to Winchester, had a

guard, sometimes of eight archers, sometimes of twelve, or, further south, none at all; but when they passed from Pontefract to Tickhill, the number was increased to twenty, *propter Barnsdale*: p. 14.

retreat, which must be assumed to be Barnsdale. From it, again, Barnsdale is easily accessible to the knight's wife, 334 f.* Whenever it lay or lies, the distance from Nottingham or from Barnsdale, as also the distance from Nottingham to Barnsdale (actually some fifty miles), is made nothing of in the Gest.† The sheriff goes a-hunting; John, who is left behind, does not start from Nottingham till more than an hour after noon, takes the sheriff's silver to Barnsdale,‡ runs five miles in the forest, and finds the sheriff still at his sport: 155 f, 168, 176-82. We must not be nice. Robin Hood has made a vow to go from London to Barnsdale barefoot. The distance thither and back would not be much short of three hundred and fifty miles. King Edward allows him a seven-night, and no longer, 442 f. The compiler of the Gest did not concern himself to adjust these matters. There was evidently at one time a Barnsdale cycle and a Sherwood cycle of Robin Hood ballads. The sheriff of Nottingham would belong to the Sherwood series (to which Robin Hood and the Monk appertains). He is now a capital character in all the old Robin Hood ballads. If he was adopted from the Sherwood into the Barnsdale set, this was done without a rearrangement of the topography.

5-7. Robin Hood will not dine until he has some guest that can pay handsomely for his entertainment, 18, 19, 206, 209; dinner, accordingly, is sometimes delayed a long time, 25, 30, 143, 220; to Little John's impatience, 5, 16, 206, 211. This habit of Robin's seems to be a humorous imitation of King Arthur, who in numerous romances will not dine till some adventure presents itself; a custom

which, at least on one occasion, proves vexatious to his court. Cf. I, 257 f. §

8-10. Robin's general piety and his special devotion to the Virgin are again to be remarked in No 118. There is a tale of a knight who had a castle near a public road, and robbed everybody that went by, but said his Ave every day, and never allowed anything to interfere with his so doing, in *Legenda Aurea*, c. 51, Grässe, p. 221; Hagen, *Gesammtabenteuer*, III, 563, No 86; Morlini *Novellæ*, Paris, 1855, p. 269, No 17, etc.

13-15. Robin's practice corresponds closely with Gamelyn's:

Whil Gamelyn was outlawed hadde he no cors;
There was no man that for him ferde the wors
But abbotes and priours, monk and chanoun;
On hem left he no-thing, whan he mighte hem nom.
vv 779-82, ed. Skeat.

Fulk Fitz Warine, nor any of his, during the time of his outlawry would ever do hurt to any one except the king and his knights: Wright, p. 77 f.

45. "Distrainment of knighthood," or the practice of requiring military tenants who held 20 l. per annum to receive knighthood, or pay a composition, began under Henry III, as early as 1224, and was continued by Edward I. This was regarded as a very serious oppression under James I and Charles I, and was abolished in 1642. Stubbs, *Constitutional History*, II, 281 f; Hallam, *Constitutional History*, ed. 1854, I, 338, note x, II, 9, 99.

62-66. The knight has no security to offer for a loan "but God that dyed on a tree," and such security, or that of the saints, is peremptorily rejected by Robin; but when the knight says that he can offer no other, unless

* Hunter suspects that the Nottinghamshire knight, Sir Richard at the Lee, in the latter half of the Gest, was originally a different person from the knight in the former half, "the knight of the Barnsdale ballads," p. 25. Fricke makes the same suggestion, *Die Robin-Hood Balladen*, p. 19. This may be, but the reasons offered are not quite conclusive.

† And so, as to Nottingham and Barnsdale, in No 118; and perhaps No 121, for the reference to Wentbridge, st. 6, would imply that Robin Hood is in Barnsdale rather than Sherwood.

‡ I say Barnsdale, though the place is not specified, and though Sherwood would remove or reduce the difficulty as

to distance. We have nothing to do with Sherwood in the Gest: a rational topography is out of the question. In the seventh fit the king starts from Nottingham, 365, walks "down by yon abbey," 368, and ere he comes to Nottingham, 370, falls in with Robin, 375.

§ This was a custom of Arthur's only upon certain holidays, according to the earlier representation, but in later accounts is made general. For romances, besides these mentioned at I, 257, in which this way of Arthur's is noted (Rigomer, Jaufré, etc.), see Gaston Paris, *Les Romans en vers du Cycle de la Table Ronde* (from *Histoire Litt. de la France*, XXX), p. 49.

it be Our Lady, the Virgin is instantly accepted as entirely satisfactory. In a well-known miracle of Mary, found in most of the larger collections, a Christian, who resorts to a Jew to borrow money, tenders Jesus as security, and the Jew, who regards Jesus as a just man and a prophet, though not divine, is willing to lend on the terms proposed. The Christian, not being able, as he says, to produce Jesus Christ in person, takes the Jew to a church, and, standing before an image of the Virgin and Child, causes him to take the hand of the Child, saying, Lord Jesus Christ, whose image I have given as pledge for this money, and whom I have offered this Jew as my surety, I beg and entreat that, if I shall by any chance be prevented from returning the money to this man upon the day fixed, but shall give it to thee, thou wilt return it to him in such manner and form as may please thee. In the sequel this miraculous interposition becomes necessary, and the money is punctually restored, the act of grace being implicitly or distinctly attributed to Mary rather than her Son; distinctly in an English form of the legend, where the Christian, especially devoted to the Virgin, offers Saint Mary for his borrow: Horstmann, *Die altenglischen Marienlegenden des MS. Vernon*, in *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen*, LVI, 232, No 6.*

107. The abbot had retained the chief justice "by robe and fee," to counsel and aid him in the spoliation of the knight, 93. Taking and giving of robes and fees for such purposes is defined as conspiracy in a statute of Edward I, 1305-06; and by another statute, 20 Edward III, c. vi, 1346, justices are required to swear that they will take robes and fees from no man but the king: *et que vos ne prendrez fee, tant come vos serez justicz, ne*

robes, de nul homme, graunt ne petit, sinoun du roi meismes. Statutes of the Realm, I, 145, 305: cited by J. Lewelyn Curtis, in *Notes and Queries*, S. I, VI, 479 f. All the English judges, including the chief justice, were convicted of bribery and were removed, under Edward I, 1289.

121. The knight would have given something for the use of the four hundred pound had the abbot been civil, though under no obligation to pay interest. In 270 the knight proffers Robin twenty mark ($3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent) for his courtesy, which seemingly small sum was to be accompanied with the valuable gift of a hundred bows and a hundred sheaf of peacock-feathered, silver-nocked arrows. But though the abbot had not lent for usury, still less had he lent for charity. The knight's lands were to be forfeited if the loan should not be punctually returned, 86 f, 94, 106; and of this the knight was entirely aware, 85. "As for mortgaging or pawning," says Bacon, *Of Usury*, "either men will not take pawns without use, or, if they do, they will look precisely for the forfeiture. I remember a cruel moneyed man in the country that would say, The devil take this usury; it keeps us from forfeitures of mortgages and bonds." But troubles, legal or other, might ensue upon this hard-dealing unless the knight would give a quittance, 117 f.

135-37. A ram was the prize for an ordinary wrestling-match; but this is an occasion which brings together all the best yeomen of the West Country, and the victor is to have a bull, a horse saddled and bridled, a pair of gloves, a ring, and a pipe of wine. In Gamelyn "there was set up a ram and a ring," v. 172.

181-204. The sheriff is decoyed into the wood by Robin Hood in No 121, 56-69, No

* Pothonis *Liber de Miraculis S. D. G. Mariæ*, c. 33, p. 377; Vincentius B., *Speculum Hist.*, vii. c. 82. Mussafia, *Sitzungsberichte der Wiener Akad.*, Phil.-Hist. Classe, CXIII, 960-91, notes nine Latin copies, besides that attributed to Potho, in MSS mostly of the 13th century. Gautier de Coincy, ed. Poquet, cols. 543-52; Adgar's *Marienlegenden*, Neuhaus, p. 176, No 29; *Miracles de Nostre Dame par Personnages*, G. Paris et U. Robert, VI, 171-223, No 35; *Romania*, VIII, 16, No 3 (Provençal). Berceo, in Sanchez, II, 367, No 23. Unger, *Mariu Saga*, No 15, pp. 87-92, 1064-

67. Mone's *Anzeiger*, VIII, col. 355, No 8, as a broadside ballad. Afanasief, *Skazki*, vii, No 49, as a popular tale, the Jew changed to a Tartar, and the Cross taken as surety, Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 27. "God-borg" in Alfred's *Laws*, c. 33, Schmid, *Gesetze der Angelsachsen*, p. 88 f., was perhaps only an asseveration with an invocation of the Deity, like the Welsh "briduw." And so "Ich wil dir got ze bürgen geben," "Got den wil ich ze bürgen han," in the *Ritter v. Staufenberg*, vv 403, 405, Jänicke, *Alt-deutsche Studien*.

122, A, 18-25, B, 20-27, as here by Little John. Fulk Fitz Warine gets his enemy, King John, into his power by a like stratagem. Fulk, disguised as a collier, is asked by King John if he has seen a stag or doe pass. He has seen a horned beast; it had long horns. He offers to take the king to the place where he saw it, and begs the king to wait while he goes into the thicket to drive the beast that way. Fulk's men are in the forest: he tells them that he has brought the king with only three knights; they rush out and seize the king. Fulk says he will have John's life, but the king promises to restore Fulk's heritage and all that had been taken from him and his men, and to be his friend forever after. A pledge of faith is exacted and given, and very happy is the king so to escape. But the king keeps the forced oath no better than the sheriff. Wright, p. 145 ff. There is a passage which has the same source, though differing in details, in Eustace the Monk, Michel, pp. 36-39, vv 995-1070. The story is incomparably better here than elsewhere.

213-33. The black monks are Benedictines. There are two according to 213 f, 218, 225⁴, but the high cellarer only (who in 91-93 is exultant over the knight's forfeiture) is of consequence, and the other is made no account of. Seven score of wight young men, 229⁸, is the right number for a band of outlaws; so Gamelyn, v. 628. The sheriff has his seven score in Guy of Gisborn, 13.

243-47. "What is in your coffers?" So Eustace the monk to the merchant, v. 938, p. 34, Michel: "Di-moi combien tu as d'argent." The merchant tells the exact truth, and Eustace, having verified the answer by counting, returns all the money, saying, If you had lied in the least, you would not have carried off a penny. When Eustace asks the same question of the abbot, v. 1765, p. 64, the abbot answers, after the fashion of our cellarer, Four silver marks. Eustace finds thirty marks, and returns to the abbot the four which he had confessed.

213-272. Nothing was ever more felicitously told, even in the best *dit* or *fabliau*, than the "process" of Our Lady's repaying the

money which had been lent on her security. Robin's slyly significant welcome to the monk upon learning that he is of Saint Mary Abbey, his professed anxiety that Our Lady is wroth with him because she has not sent him his pay, John's comfortable suggestion that perhaps the monk has brought it, Robin's incidental explanation of the little business in which the Virgin was a party, and request to see the silver in case the monk has come upon her affair, are beautiful touches of humor, and so delicate that it is all but brutal to point them out. The story, however, is an old one, and was known, perhaps, wherever monks were known. A complete parallel is afforded by Pauli's Schimpf und Ernst, No 59 (c. 1515). A nobleman took a burgess's son prisoner in war, carried him home to his castle, and shut him up in a tower. After lying there a considerable time, the prisoner asked and obtained an interview with his captor, and said: Dear lord, I am doing no good here to you or myself, since my friends will not send my ransom. If you would let me go home, I would come back in eight weeks and bring you the money. Whom will you give for surety? asked the nobleman. I have no one to offer, replied the prisoner, but the Lord God, and will swear you an oath by him to keep my word. The nobleman was satisfied, made his captive swear the oath, and let him go. The hero sold all that he owned, and raised the money, but was three weeks longer in so doing than the time agreed upon. The nobleman, one day, when he was riding out with a couple of servants, fell in with an abbot or friar who had two fine horses and a man. See here, my good fellows, said the young lord; that monk is travelling with two horses, as fine as any knight, when he ought to be riding on an ass. Look out now, we will play him a turn. So saying, he rode up to the monk, seized the bridle of his horse, and asked, Sir, who are you? Who is your lord? The monk answered, I am a servant of God, and he is my lord. You come in good time, said the nobleman. I had a prisoner, and set him free upon his leaving your lord with me as a surety. But I can get nothing from this

lord of yours; he is above my power; so I will lay hands on his servant; and accordingly made the monk go with him afoot to the castle, where he took from him all that he had. Shortly after, his prisoner appeared, fell at his feet, and wished to pay the ransom, begging that he would not be angry, for the money could not be got sooner. But the nobleman said, Stand up, my good man. Keep your money, and go whither you will, for your surety has paid your ransom. Ed. Oesterley, p. 49. The gist of the story is in Jacques de Vitry, *Sermones Vulgares*, fol. 62, MS. 17,509, Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris; Scala Celi (1480), 159 b, "De Restitucione," and elsewhere: see Oesterley's note, p. 480. A very amusing variety is the *fabliau* Du povre Mercier, Barbazan et Méon, III, 17; Montaiglon et Raynaud, II, 114; Legrand, III, 93, ed. 1829.*

293³. Reynolde. Possibly Little John borrows this Reynolde's name in 149, but there is no apparent reason why he should. In the following very strange, and to me utterly unintelligible, piece in Ravenscroft's Deuteromelia, which may have been meant to have only enough sense to sing, Renold, a miller's son, mickle of might (was he rechristened Much?), becomes one of Robin Hood's men. (Deuteromelia, p. 4: London, for Tho. Adams, 1609.)

1 By Lands-dale hey ho,
By mery Lands-dale hey ho,
There dwelt a jolly miller,
And a very good old man was he, hey ho.

2 He had, he had and a sonne a,
Men called him Renold,
And mickle of his might
Was he, was he, hey ho.

3 And from his father a wode a,
His fortune for to seeke,
From mery Lands-dale
Wode he, wode he, hey ho.

4 His father would him seeke a,
And found him fast a sleepe;
Among the leavës greene
Was he, was he, hey ho.

5 He tooke, he tooke him up a,
All by the lilly-white hand,
And set him on his feet,
And bad him stand, hey ho.

6 He gave to him a benbow,
Made all of a trusty tree,
And arrowës in his hand,
And bad him let them flee.

7 And shoote was that that a did a,
Some say he shot a mile,
But halfe a mile and more
Was it, was it, hey ho.

8 And at the halfe miles end,
There stood an armed man;
The childe he shot him through,
And through and through, hey ho.†

9 His beard was all on a white a,
As white as whale is bone,
His eyes they were as cleare
As christall stone, hey ho.

10 And there of him they made
Good yeoman, Robin Rood,
Scarlet, and Little John,
And Little John, hey ho.

302-05. The Klepht Giptakis, wounded in knee and hand, exclaims: Where are you, my brother, my friend? Come back and take me off, or take off my head, lest the Turk should do so, and carry it to that dog of an Ali Pacha. (1790. Fauriel, I, 20; Zambelios, p. 621, No 32; Passow, p. 52, No 61.)

357-59. The king traverses the whole length of Lancashire and proceeds to Plumptre Park, missing many of his deer. Camden, Britannia, II, 175, ed. 1772, places Plumptre Park on the bank of the Petterel, in Cumber-

presently wins a hundred marks of the saint, and makes the receiver pay. (The story has in one point a touch of the French *fabliau*.) Peele's Works, ed. Dyce, I, 157-61.

† hey hoy.

* Le Doctrinal de Sapience, fol. 67 b, cited by Legrand, is not to the purpose. Scala Celi refers to a Speculum Exemplorum.

In Peele's Edward I, the friar, having lost five nobles at dice to St Francis, pays them to St Francis' receiver; but

land, east of Inglewood. (Hunter, p. 30, citing no authority, says it was part of the forest of Knaresborough, in Yorkshire.) Since this survey makes the king wroth with Robin Hood, we must give a corresponding extent to Robin's operations. And we remember that Wyntoun says that he exercised his profession in Inglewood and Barnsdale.

371 ff. The story of the seventh fit has a general similitude to the extensive class of tales, mostly jocular, represented by 'The King and the Miller;' as to which, see further on.

403-09. The sport of "pluck-buffet" (424³) is a feature in the romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, 762-98, Weber, II, 33 f. Richard is betrayed to the king of Almayne by a minstrel to whom he had given a cold reception, and is put in prison. The king's son, held the strongest man of the land, visits the prisoner, and proposes to him an exchange of this sort. The prince gives Richard a clout which makes fire spring from his eyes, and goes off laughing, ordering Richard to be well fed, so that he may have no excuse for returning a feeble blow when he takes his turn. The next day, when the prince comes for his payment, Richard, who has waxed his hand by way of preparation, delivers a blow which breaks the young champion's cheek-bone and fells him dead. There is another instance in 'The Turke and Gowin,' Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall, I, 91 ff.

414-450. Robin Hood is pardoned by King Edward on condition of his leaving the greenwood with all his company, and taking service at court. In the course of a twelvemonth,* keeping up his old profusion, Robin has spent not only all his own money, but all his men's, in treating knights and squires, and at the end of the year all his band have deserted him save John and Scathlock. About this time, chancing to see young men shooting, the recollection of his life in the woods comes over him so powerfully that he feels that he shall die if he stays longer with the king. He therefore affects to have made a vow to go to Barnsdale "barefoot and woolward."

Upon this plea he obtains from the king leave of absence for a week, and, once more in the forest, never reports for duty in two and twenty years.

Hunter, who could have identified Pigrogromitus and Quinapalus, if he had given his mind to it, sees in this passage, and in what precedes it of King Edward's trip to Nottingham, a plausible semblance of historical reality.† Edward II, as may be shown from Rymer's *Fœdera*, made a progress in the counties of York, Lancaster, and Nottingham, in the latter part of the year 1323. He was in Yorkshire in August and September, in Lancashire in October, at Nottingham November 9-23, spending altogether five or six weeks in that neighborhood, and leaving it a little before Christmas. "Now it will scarcely be believed, but it is, nevertheless, the plain and simple truth, that in documents preserved in the Exchequer, containing accounts of expenses in the king's household, we find the name of Robyn Hode, not once, but several times occurring, receiving, with about eight and twenty others, the pay of 3*d.* a day, as one of the 'vadlets, porteurs de la chambre' of the king;" these entries running from March 24, 1324, to November 22 of the same year. There are entries of payments to vadlets during the year preceding, but unluckily the accountant has put down the sums in gross, without specifying the names of persons who received regular wages. This, as Hunter remarks, does not quite prove that Robyn Hode had not been among these persons before Christmas, 1323, but, on the other hand, account-book evidence is lacking to show that he had been. Hunter's interpretation of the data is that Robyn Hode entered the king's service at Nottingham a little before Christmas, 1323. If this was so, his career as porter was not only brief, but pitifully checkered. His pay is docked for five days' absence in May, again for eight days in August, then for fifteen days in October. "He was growing weary of his new mode of life." Seven days, once more, are deducted in November, and

* 435. The three in 433, as in 416, is for rhyme, and need not be taken strictly.

† Critical and Historical Tracts, No IV, Robin Hood, p. 28 ff.

under the 22d of that month we find this entry: Robyn Hode, jady's un des porteurs, poar cas qil ne poait plu's travailler, de donn par comandement, v. s. After this his name no longer appears.

A simple way of reading the Exchequer documents is that one Robert Hood, some time (and, for aught we know, a long time) porter in the king's household, after repeatedly losing time, was finally discharged, with a present of five shillings, because he could not do his work. To detect "a remarkable coincidence between the ballad and the record" requires not only a theoretical prepossession, but an uncommon insensibility to the ludicrous.* But taking things with entire seriousness, there is no correspondence between the ballad and the record other than this: that Robin Hood, who is in the king's service, leaves it; in the one instance deserting, and in the other being displaced. Hunter himself

does not, as in the case of Adam Bell, insist that the name Robin Hood is "peculiar." He cites, p. 10, a Robert Hood, citizen of London, who supplied the king's household with beer, 28 Edward I, and a Robert Hood of Wakefield, twice mentioned, 9, 10 Edward II.† Another Robert Hood at Throckelawe, Northumbria, is thrice mentioned in the Exchequer Rolls, Edward I, 19, 20, 30: Rot. Orig. in Cur. Scac. Abbrev., I, 69, 73, 124. A Robert Hood is manucaptor for a burgess returned from Lostwithiel, Cornwall, 7 Edward II, Parliamentary Writs, II, 1019, and another, of Howden, York, 10 Edward III, is noted in the Calendar of Patent Rolls, p. 125, No 31, cited by Ritson. In all these we have six Robin Hoods between 30 Edward I and 10 Edward III, a period of less than forty years.

433, 435-50 are translated by A. Grün, p. 166.

- a. 1 LYTHE and listin, gentilmen,
That be of frebore blode;
I shall you tel of a gode yeman,
His name was Robyn Hode.
- 2 Robyn was a prude outlaw,
[Whyles he walked on groundes;
So curteyse an outlawe] as he was one
Was never non founde.
- 3 Robyn stode in Bernesdale,
And lenyd hym to a tre;
And bi hym stode Litell Johnn,
A gode yeman was he.
- 4 And alsoo dyd gode Scarlok,
And Much, the miller's son;

There was none ynch of his bodi
But it was worth a grome.

5 Than bespake Lytell Johnn
All vntoo Robyn Hode:
Maister, and ye wolde dyne betyme
It wolde doo you moche gode.

6 Than bespake hym gode Robyn:
To dyne haue I noo lust,
Till that I haue som bolde baron,
Or som vnkouth gest.

7
That may pay for the best,
Or som knyght or [som] squyer,
That dwelleth here bi west.

* Think of Robin as light porter, — Robin who had been giving and taking buffets that might fell an ox. Think of him as worn out with the work in eleven months, and dropped for disability. Think of his being put on three-pence a day, after paying his yeomen at thrice the rate, 171, not to speak of such casual gratuities as we hear of in 382. "There is in all this, perhaps, as much correspondency as we can reasonably expect between the record and the ballad," says Hunter, p. 38.

† Hunter asks if it is not possible to find in this Robert Hood of Wakefield, near Barnsdale, "the identical person whose name has been so strangely perpetuated." This Rob-

ert Hood would be a person of some consideration, and he would thus be qualified "for his station among the vadlets of the crown," — three-penny vadlets, Great Hob, Little Coll, Robert Trash, and their fellows. The Wakefield Robert's wife was named Matilda, "and the ballad testimony is — not the Little Gest, but other ballads of uncertain antiquity, — that the outlaw's wife was named Matilda, which name she exchanged for Marian when she joined him in the green-wood." (Pp 46-48.) Hunter has made a trivial mistake about Matilda: she belongs to Munday's play, and not to the ballads (ballad) he has in mind.

- 8 A gode maner than had Robyn;
In londe where that he were,
Euery day or he wold dyne
Thre messis wolde he here.
- 9 The one in the worship of the Fader,
And another of the Holy Gost,
The thirde of Our derē Lady,
That he loued allther moste.
- 10 Robyn loued Oure derē Lady;
For dout of dydly synne,
Wolde he neuer do *compani* harme
That any woman was in.
- 11 'Maistar,' than sayde Lytil Johnn,
'And we our borde shal sprede,
Tell vs wheder that we shal go,
And what life that we shall lede.
- 12 'Where we shall take, where we shall leue,
Where we shall abide behynde;
Where we shall robbe, where we shal reue,
Where we shal bete and bynde.'
- 13 'Therof no force,' than sayde Robyn;
'We shall do well inowe;
But loke ye do no husbonde harme,
That tilleth with his ploughe.
- 14 'No more ye shall no gode yeman
That walketh by grenē-wode shawe;
Ne no knyght ne no squyer
That wol be a gode felawe.
- 15 'These bisshoppes and these archebischoppes,
Ye shall them bete and bynde;
The hyē sherif of Notyngham,
Hym holde ye in your mynde.'
- 16 'This worde shalbe holde,' sayde Lytell Johnn,
'And this lesson we shall lere;
It is fer dayes; God sende vs a gest,
That we were at oure dynere!'
- 17 'Take thy gode bowe in thy honde,' sayde
Rob[yn];
'Late Much wende with the;
And so shal Willyam Scarlo[k],
And no man abyde with me.
- 18 'And walke vp to the Saylis,
And so to Watlinge Stret[e],
And wayte after some vnkuth gest,
Vp chaunce ye may them mete.
- 19 'Be he erle, or ani baron,
Abbot, or ani knyght,
Bringhe hym to lodge to me;
His dynere shall be dight.'
- 20 They wente vp to the Saylis,
These yeman all thre;
They loked est, they loke[d] weest;
They myght no man see.
- 21 But as they loked in to Bernysdale,
Bi a dernē strete,
Than came a knyght ridinghe;
Full sone they gan hym mete.
- 22 All dreri was his semblaunce,
And lytell was his pryde;
His one fote in the styrop stode,
That othere wauyd beside.
- 23 His hode hanged in his iyn two;
He rode in symple aray;
A soriar man than he was one
Rode neuer in somer day.
- 24 Litell Johnn was full curteyes,
And sette hym on his kne:
'Welcom be ye, gentyll knyght,
Welcom ar ye to me.
- 25 'Welcom be thou grenē wode,
Hendē knyght and fre;
My maister hath abiden you fastinge,
Syr, al these ourēs thre.'
- 26 'Who is thy maister?' sayde the knyght;
Johnn sayde, Robyn Hode;
'He is [a] gode yoman,' sayde the knyght,
'Of hym I haue herde moche gode.
- 27 'I graunte,' he sayde, 'with you to wende,
My bretherne, all in fere;
My purpos was to haue dyned to day
At Blith or Dancastere.'
- 28 Furth than went this gentyl knight,
With a carefull chere;
The teris oute of his iyen ran,
And fell downe by his lere.

- 29 They brought hym to the lodgē-dore ;
Whan Robyn hym gan see,
Full curtesly dyd of his hode
And sette hym on his knee.
- 30 'Welcome, sir knight,' than sayde Robyn,
'Welcome art thou to me ;
I haue abyden you fastinge, sir,
All these ouris thre.'
- 31 Than answered the gentyll knight,
With wordēs fayre and fre ;
God the saue, goode Robyn,
And all thy fayre meynē.
- 32 They wasshed togeder and wyped bothe,
And sette to theyr dynere ;
Brede and wyne they had right ynoughe,
And noumbles of the dere.
- 33 Swannes and fessauntes they had full gode,
And foules of the ryuere ;
There fayled none so litell a birde
That euer was bred on bryre.
- 34 'Do gladly, sir knight,' sayde Robyn ;
'Gramarcy, sir,' sayde he ;
'Suche a dinere had I nat
Of all these wekys thre.
- 35 'If I come ageyne, Robyn,
Here by thys contrē,
As gode a dyner I shall the make
As that thou haest made to me.'
- 36 'Gramarcy, knyght,' sayde Robyn ;
'My dyner whan that I it haue,
I was neuer so gredy, bi dere worthy God,
My dyner for to craue.
- 37 'But pay or ye wende,' sayde Robyn ;
'Me thynketh it is gode ryght ;
It was neuer the maner, by dere worthi God,
A yoman to pay for a knyght.'
- 38 'I haue nought in my coffers,' saide the
knyght,
'That I may profer for shame :'
'Litell Johnn, go loke,' sayde Robyn,
'Ne let nat for no blame.
- 39 'Tel me truth,' than saide Robyn,
'So God haue parte of the :'
- 'I haue no more but ten shelynges,' sayde the
knyght,
'So God haue parte of me.'
- 40 'If thou hast no more,' sayde Robyn,
'I woll nat one peny ;
And yf thou haue nede of any more,
More shall I lend the.
- 41 'Go nowe furth, Littell Johnn,
The truth tell thou me ;
If there be no more but ten shelinges,
No peny that I se.'
- 42 Lyttell Johnn sprede downe hys mantell
Full fayre vpon the grounde,
And there he fonde in the knyghtēs cofer
But euen halfe [a] pounce.
- 43 Littell Johnn let it lye full styll,
And went to hys maysteer [full] lowe ;
'What tidynges, Johnn ?' sayde Robyn ;
'Sir, the knyght is true inowe.'
- 44 'Fyll of the best wine,' sayde Robyn,
'The knyght shall begynne ;
Moche wonder thinketh me
Thy clot[h]ynge is so thin[n]e.
- 45 'Tell me [one] worde,' sayde Robyn,
'And counsel shal it be ;
I trowe thou warte made a knyght of force,
Or ellys of yemanry.
- 46 'Or ellys thou hast bene a sori husbände,
And lyued in stroke and stryfe ;
An okerer, or ellis a lechoure,' sayde Robyn,
'Wyth wronge hast led thy lyfe.'
- 47 'I am none of those,' sayde the knyght,
'By God that madē me ;
An hundred wynter here before
Myn auncetres knyghtes haue be.
- 48 'But oft it hath befall, Robyn,
A man hath be disgrate ;
But God that sitteth in heuen aboue
May amende his state.
- 49 'Withyn this two yere, Robyne,' he sayde,
'My neighbours well it knowe,
Foure hundred pounce of gode money
Ful well than myght I spende.

- 50 'Nowe haue I no gode,' saide the knyght,
 'God hath shaped such an ende,
 But my chyldren and my wyfe,
 Tyll God yt may amende.'
- 51 'In what maner,' than sayde Robyn,
 'Hast thou lorne thy rychesse?'
 'For my greatē foly,' he sayde,
 'And for my kynd[ē]nesse.'
- 52 'I hade a sone, forsoth, Robyn,
 That shulde hau[e] ben myn ayre,
 Whanne he was twenty wynter olde,
 In felde wolde iust full fayre.'
- 53 'He slewe a knyght of Lancaster,
 And a squyer bolde;
 For to saue hym in his ryght
 My godes both sette and solde.'
- 54 'My londes both sette to wedde, Robyn,
 Vntyll a certayn day,
 To a ryche abbot here besyde
 Of Seynt Mari Abbey.'
- 55 'What is the som?' sayde Robyn;
 'Trowth than tell thou me;
 'Sir,' he sayde, 'four hundred pounde;
 The abbot told it to me.'
- 56 'Nowe and thou lese thy lond,' sayde Robyn,
 'What woll fall of the?'
 'Hastely I wol me buske,' sayd the knyght,
 'Ouer the saltē see,'
- 57 'And se w[h]ere Criste was quyke and dede,
 On the mount of Caluerē;
 Fare wel, frende, and haue gode day;
 It may no better be.'
- 58 Teris fell out of hys iyen two;
 He wolde haue gone hys way:
 'Farewel, frende, and haue gode day;
 I ne haue no more to pay.'
- 59 'Where be thy frendēs?' sayde Robyn:
 'Syr, neuer one wol me knowe;
 While I was ryche ynowe at home
 Great boste than wolde they blowe.'
- 60 'And nowe they renne away fro me,
 As bestis on a rowe;
 They take no more hede of me
 Thanne they had me neuer sawe.'
- 61 For ruthe thanne wept Litell Johnn,
 Scarlok and Muche in fere;
 'Fyl of the best wynē,' sayde Robyn,
 'For here is a symple chere.'
- 62 'Hast thou any frende,' sayde Robyn,
 'Thy borowe that woldē be?'
 'I haue none,' than sayde the knyght,
 'But God that dyed on tree.'
- 63 'Do away thy iapis,' than sayde Robyn,
 'Thereof wol I right none;
 Wenest thou I wolde haue God to borowe,
 Peter, Poule, or Johnn?'
- 64 'Nay, by hym that me made,
 And shope both sonne and mone,
 Fynde me a better borowe,' sayde Robyn,
 'Or money getest thou none.'
- 65 'I haue none other,' sayde the knyght,
 'The sothe for to say,
 But yf yt be Our derē Lady;
 She fayled me neuer or thys day.'
- 66 'By dere worthy God,' sayde Robyn,
 'To seche all Englonde thorowe,
 Yet fonde I neuer to my pay
 A moche better borowe.'
- 67 'Come nowe furth, Litell Johnn,
 And go to my tresourē,
 And bringe me four hundred pound,
 And loke well tolde it be.'
- 68 Furth than went Litell Johnn,
 And Scarlok went before;
 He tolde oute four hundred pounde
 By eight and twenty score.'
- 69 'Is thys well tolde?' sayde [litell] Much;
 Johnn sayde, 'What gre[ue]th the?
 It is almus to helpe a gentyll knyght,
 That is fal in pouertē.'
- 70 'Master,' than sayde Lityll John,
 'His clothinge is full thynne;
 Ye must gyue the knight a lyueray,
 To lappe his body therin.'

71 'For ye haue scarlet and grene, mayster,
And man[y] a riche aray;
Ther is no marchaunt in mery Englonde
So ryche, I dare well say.'

72 'Take hym thre yerdes of euery colour,
And loke well mete that it be;'
Lytell Johnn toke none other mesure
But his bowë-tree.

73 And at euery handfull that he met
He lepëd footës three;
'What deuyllës drapar,' sayid litell Muche,
'Thynkest thou for to be?'

74 Scarlok stode full stil and loughe,
And sayd, By God Almyght,
Johnn may gyue hym gode mesure,
For it costeth hym but lyght.

75 'Mayster,' than said Litell Johnn
To gentill Robyn Hode,
'Ye must giue the knig[h]t a hors,
To lede home this gode.'

76 'Take hym a gray coursar,' sayde Robyn,
'And a saydle newe;
He is Oure Ladye's messangere;
God graunt that he be true.'

77 'And a gode palfray,' sayde lytell Much,
'To mayntene hym in his right;'
'And a peyre of botës,' sayde Scarlock,
'For he is a gentyll knight.'

78 'What shalt thou gyue hym, Litell John?'
said Robyn;
'Sir, a peyre of gilt sporis clene,
To pray for all this company;
God bringe hym oute of tene.'

79 'Whan shal mi day be,' said the knight,
'Sir, and your wyll be?'
'This day twelue moneth,' saide Robyn,
'Vnder this grenë-wode tre.

80 'It were grete shamë,' sayde Robyn,
'A knight alone to ryde,
Withoutë squyre, yoman, or page,
To walkë by his syde.

81 'I shall the lende Litell John, my man,
For he shalbe thy knaue;

In a yema[n]'s stede he may the stande,
If thou greate nedë haue.'

THE SECONDE FYTTE.

82 Now is the knight gone on his way;
This game hym thought full gode;
Whanne he loked on Bernesdale
He blessyd Robyn Hode.

83 And whanne he thought on Bernysdale,
On Scarlok, Much, and Johnn,
He blyssyd them for the best company
b. That euer he in come.

84 Then spake that gentyll knyght,
To Lytel Johan gan he saye,
To-morrowe I must to Yorke toune,
To Saynt Mary abbay.

85 And to the abbot of that place
Foure hondred ponde I must pay;
And but I be there vpon this nyght
My londe is lost for ay.

86 The abbot sayd to his couent,
There he stode on grounde,
This day twelue moneth came there a knyght
And borowed foure hondred ponde.

87 [He borowed foure hondred ponde,]
Upon all his londë fre;
But he come this ylkë day
Dysheryte shall he be.

88 'It is full erely,' sayd the pryoure,
'The day is not yet ferre gone;
I had leuer to pay an hondred ponde,
And lay downe anone.

89 'The knyght is ferre beyonde the see,
In Englonde is his ryght,
And suffreth hunger and colde,
And many a sory nyght.

90 'It were grete pytë,' said the pryoure,
'So to haue his londe;
And ye be so lyght of your consence,
Ye do to hym moch wronge.'

91 'Thou arte euer in my berde,' sayd the abbot,
'By God and Saynt Rycharde;'

- With that cam in a fat-heded monke,
The heygh selerer.
- 92 'He is dede or hanged,' sayd the monke,
'By God that bought me dere,
And we shall haue to spende in this place
Foure hondred pounce by yere.'
- 93 The abbot and the hy selerer
Stertē forthe full bolde,
The [hye] iustyce of Englonde
The abbot there dyde holde.
- 94 The hyē iustyce and many mo
Had take in to they[r] honde
Holy all the knyghtes det,
To put that knyght to wronge.
- 95 They demed the knyght wonder sore,
The abbot and his meynē:
'But he come this ylkē day
Dysheryte shall he be.'
- 96 'He wyll not come yet,' sayd the iustyce,
'I dare well vndertake;'
But in sorowe tymē for them all
The knyght came to the gate.
- 97 Than bespake that gentyll knyght
Untyll his meynē:
Now put on your symple wedes
That ye brought fro the see.
- 98 [They put on their symple wedes,]
They came to the gates anone;
The porter was redy hymselfe,
And welcomed them euerychone.
- 99 'Welcome, syr knyght,' sayd the porter;
'My lorde to mete is he,
And so is many a gentyll man,
For the loue of the.'
- 100 The porter swore a full grete othe,
'By God that madē me,
Here be the best coresed hors
That euer yet sawe I me.
- 101 'Lede them in to the stable,' he sayd,
'That eased myght they be;'
'They shall not come therin,' sayd the knyght,
'By God that dyed on a tre.'
- 102 Lordēs were to mete isette
In that abbotes hall;
The knyght went forth and kneled downe,
And salued them grete and small.
- 103 'Do gladly, syr abbot,' sayd the knyght,
'I am come to holde my day:.'
The fyrst word the abbot spake,
'Hast thou brought my pay?'
- 104 'Not one peny,' sayd the knyght,
'By God that maked me;'
'Thou art a shrewed dettour,' sayd the abbot;
'Syr iustyce, drynke to me.
- 105 'What doost thou here,' sayd the abbot,
'But thou haddest brought thy pay?'
'For God,' than sayd the knyght,
'To pray of a lenger daye.'
- 106 'Thy daye is broke,' sayd the iustyce,
'Londe getest thou none:.'
'Now, good syr iustyce, be my frende,
And fende me of my fone!'
- 107 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustyce,
'Both with cloth and fee:.'
'Now, good syr sheryf, be my frende!'
'Nay, for God,' sayd he.
- 108 'Now, good syr abbot, be my frende,
For thy curteysē,
And holde my londēs in thy honde
Tyll I haue made the gree!
- 109 'And I wyll be thy true seruauante,
And trewely seruē the,
Tyl ye haue foure hondred pounce
Of money good and free.'
- 110 The abbot sware a full grete othe,
'By God that dyed on a tree,
Get the londe where thou may,
For thou getest none of me.'
- 111 'By dere worthy God,' then sayd the knyght,
'That all this worldē wrought,
But I haue my londe agayne,
Full dere it shall be bought.
- 112 'God, that was of a mayden borne,
Leue vs well to spede!

- For it is good to assay a frende
Or that a man haue nede.'
- 113 The abbot lothely on hym gan loke,
And vylaynesly hym gan call;
'Out,' he sayd, 'thou falsë knyght,
Spede the out of my hall!'
- 114 'Thou lvest,' then sayd the gentyll knyght,
'Abbot, in thy hal;
False knyght was I neuer,
By God that made vs all.'
- 115 Vp then stode that gentyll knyght,
To the abbot sayd he,
To suffre a knyght to knele so longe,
Thou canst no curteysye.
- 116 In ioustës and in tournament
Full ferre than haue I be,
And put my selfe as ferre in prees
As ony that euer I se.
- 117 'What wyll ye gyue more,' sayd the iustice,
'And the knyght shall make a releyse?
And elles dare I safly swere
Ye holde neuer your londe in pees.'
- 118 'An hondred ponde,' sayd the abbot;
The justice sayd, Gyue hym two;
'Nay, be God,' sayd the knyght,
a. 'Yit gete ye it not so.
- 119 'Though ye wolde gyue a thousand more,
Yet were ye neuer the nere;
Shall there neuer be myn heyre
Abbot, iustice, ne frere.'
- 120 He stert hym to a borde anone,
Tyll a table rounde,
And there he shoke oute of a bagge
Euen four hundred pound.
- 121 'Haue here thi golde, sir abbot,' saide the
knight,
'Which that thou lentest me;
Had thou ben curtes at my comynge,
Rewarded shuldest thou haue be.'
- 122 The abbot sat styll, and ete no more,
For all his ryall fare;
He cast his hede on his shulder,
And fast began to stare.
- 123 'Take me my golde agayne,' saide the
abbot,
'Sir iustice, that I toke the:'
'Not a peni,' said the iustice,
'Bi Go[d, that dy]ed on tree.'
- 124 'Sir [abbot, and ye me]n of lawe,
b. Now haue I holde my daye;
Now shall I haue my londe agayne,
For ought that you can saye.'
- 125 The knyght stert out of the dore,
Awaye was all his care,
And on he put his good clothynge,
The other he lefte there.
- 126 He wente hym forth full mery syngynge,
As men haue tolde in tale;
His lady met hym at the gate,
At home in Vrysedale.
- 127 'Welcome, my lorde,' sayd his lady;
'Syr, lost is all your good?'
'Be mery, dame,' sayd the knyght,
a. 'And pray for Robyn Hode,
- 128 'That euer his soulë be in blysse:
He holpe me out of tene;
Ne had be his kyndënese,
Beggars had we bene.
- * 129 'The abbot and I accorded ben,
He is serued of his pay;
The god yoman lent it me,
As I cam by the way.'
- 130 This knight than dwelled fayre at home,
The sothe for to saye,
Tyll he had gete four hundred pound,
Al redy for to pay.
- 131 He purueyed him an hundred bowes,
The stryngës well ydyght,
An hundred shefe of arowës gode,
The hedys burneshed full bryght;
- 132 And euery arowe an ellë longe,
With pecok wel idyght,
Inocked all with whyte siluer;
It was a semely syght.
- 133 He purueyed hym an [hondreth men],
Well harness[ed in that stede],

b. And hym selfe in that same sete,
And clothed in whyte and rede.

THE THIRDE FYTTE.

134 He bare a launsgay in his honde,
And a man ledde his male,
And reden with a lyght songe
Vnto Bernysdale.

144 Lyth and lystyn, gentilmen,
All that nowe be here ;
Of Litell Johnn, that was the knightes man,
Goode myrth ye shall here.

135 But as he went at a brydge ther was a wraste-
lyng,
And there taryed was he,
And there was all the best yemen
Of all the west countree.

145 It was vpon a mery day
That yonge men wolde go shete ;
Lytell Johnn fet his bowe anone,
And sayde he wolde them mete.

136 A full fayre game there was vp set,
A whyte bulle vp i-pyght,
A grete courser, with saddle and brydil,
a. With golde burnysst full bryght.

146 Thre tymes Litell Johnn shet aboute,
And alwey he slet the wande ;
The proudē sherif of Notingham
By the markes can stande.

137 A payre of gloues, a rede golde rynge,
A pype of wyne, in fay ;
What man that bereth hym best i-wys
The pryce shall bere away.

147 The sherif swore a full greate othe :
'By hym that dyede on a tre,
This man is the best arschére
That euer yet sawe I [me.]

138 There was a yoman in that place,
And best worthy was he,
And for he was ferre and frembde bested,
Slayne he shulde haue be.

148 'Say me nowe, wight yonge man,
What is nowe thy name ?
In what countre were thou borne,
And where is thy wonynge wane ?'

139 The knight had ruthe of this yoman,
In placē where he stode ;
He sayde that yoman shulde haue no harme,
For loue of Robyn Hode.

149 'In Holdernes, sir, I was borne,
I-wys al of my dame ;
Men cal me Reynolde Grenēlef
Whan I am at home.'

140 The knyght presed in to the place,
An hundreth folowed hym [free],
With bowes bent and arowes sharpe,
For to shende that companye.

150 'Sey me, Reyno[l]de Grenēlefe,
Wolde thou dwell with me ?
And euery yere I woll the gyue
'Twenty marke to thy fee.'

141 They shulderd all and made hym rome,
To wete what he wolde say ;
He toke the yeman bi the hande,
And gaue hym al the play.

151 'I haue a maister,' sayde Litell Johnn,
'A curteys knight is he ;
May ye leuē gete of hym,
The better may it be.'

142 He gaue hym fyue marke for his wyne,
There it lay on the molde,
And bad it shulde be set a broche,
Drynkē who so wolde.

152 The sherif gate Litell John
Twelue monethes of the knight ;
Therefore he gaue him right anone
A gode hors and a wight.

143 Thus longe taried this gentyll knyght,
Tyll that play was done ;
So longe abode Robyn fastinge,
Thre hours after the none.

153 Nowe is Litell John the sherifes man,
God lende vs well to spede !
But alwey thought Lytell John
To quyte hym wele his mede.

- 154 'Nowe so God me helpē,' sayde Litell John,
 'And by my true leutye,
 I shall be the worst seruaut to hym
 That euer yet had he.'
- 155 It fell vpon a Wednesday
 The sherif on huntynge was gone,
 And Litel Iohn lay in his bed,
 And was foriete at home.
- 156 Therefore he was fastinge
 Til it was past the none ;
 'Gode sir stuarde, I pray to the,
 Gyue me my dynere,' saide Litell John.
- 157 'It is longe for Grenēlefe
 Fastinge thus for to be ;
 Therfor I pray the, sir stuarde,
 Mi dyner gif me.'
- 158 'Shalt thou neuer ete ne drynke,' saide the
 stuarde,
 'Tyll my lorde be come to towne :'
 'I make myn auowe to God,' saide Litell John,
 'I had leuer to crake thy crowne.'
- 159 The boteler was full vncurteys,
 Therē he stode on flore ;
 He start to the botery
 And shet fast the dore.
- 160 Lytell Johnn gaue the boteler suche a tap
 His backe went nere in two ;
 Though he liued an hundred ier,
 The wors shuld he go.
- 161 He sporned the dore with his fote ;
 It went open wel and fyne ;
 And there he made large lyueray,
 Bothe of ale and of wyne.
- 162 'Sith ye wol nat dyne,' sayde Litell John,
 'I shall gyue you to drinke ;
 And though ye lyue an hundred wynter,
 On Lytel Johnn ye shall thinke.'
- 163 Litell John ete, and Litel John drank,
 The whilē that he wolde ;
 The sherife had in his kechyn a coke,
 A stoute man and a bolde.
- 164 'I make myn auowe to God,' saide the coke,
 'Thou arte a shrewde hynde
 In ani hous for to dwel,
 For to askē thus to dyne.'
- 165 And there he lent Litell John
 God[ē] strokis thre ;
 'I make myn auowe to God,' sayde Lytel
 John,
 'These strokis lyked well me.
- 166 'Thou arte a bolde man and hardy,
 And so thinketh me ;
 And or I pas fro this place
 Assayed better shalt thou be.'
- 167 Lytell Johnn drew a ful gode sworde,
 The coke toke another in hande ;
 They thought no thyng for to fle,
 But stiffly for to stande.
- 168 There they faught sore togedere
 Two mylē way and well more ;
 Myght neyther other harme done,
 The mountnaunce of an owre.
- 169 'I make myn auowe to God,' sayde Litell
 Johnn,
 'And by my true lewtē,
 Thou art one of the best sworde-men
 That euer yit sawe I [me.]
- 170 'Cowdest thou shote as well in a bowe,
 To grenē wode thou shuldest with me,
 And two times in the yere thy clothinge
 Chaunged shuldē be ;
- 171 'And euery yere of Robyn Hode
 Twenty merke to thy fe :'
 'Put vp thy swerde,' saide the coke,
 'And felowēs woll we be.'
- 172 Thanne he fet to Lytell Johnn
 The nowmbles of a do,
 Gode brede, and full gode wyne ;
 They ete and drank theretoo.
- 173 And when they had dronkyn well,
 Theyre troutheś togeder they plight
 That they wo[l]de be with Robyn
 That ylkē samē nyght.
- 174 They dyd them to the tresoure-hows,
 As fast as they myght gone ;

- The lokkës, that were of full gode stele,
They brake them euerichone.
- 175 They toke away the siluer vessell,
And all that thei mig[h]t get;
Pecis, masars, ne sponis,
Wolde thei not forget.
- 176 Also [they] toke the godë pens,
Thre hundred pounce and more,
And did them st[r]eyte to Robyn Hode,
Under the grenë wode hore.
- 177 'God the saue, my derë mayster,
And Criste the saue and se!'
And thanne sayde Robyn to Litell Johnn,
Welcome myght thou be.
- 178 'Also be that fayre yeman
Thou bryngest there with the;
What tydyngës fro Noty[n]gham?
Lytell Johnn, tell thou me.'
- 179 'Well the gretith the proudë sheryf,
And sende[th] the here by me
His coke and his siluer vessell,
And thre hundred pounce and thre.'
- 180 'I make myne avowe to God,' sayde Robyn,
'And to the Trenytë,
It was neuer by his gode wyll
This gode is come to me.'
- 181 Lytyll Johnn there hym bethought
On a shrewde wyle;
Fyue myle in the forest he ran,
Hym happed all his wyll.
- 182 Than he met the proudë sheref,
Huntyng with houndes and horne;
Lytell Johnn coude of curtesye,
And knelyd hym beforne.
- 183 'God the saue, my derë mayster,
And Criste the saue and se!'
'Reynolde Grenëlefe,' sayde the shryef,
'Where hast thou nowe be?'
- 184 'I haue be in this forest;
A fayre syght can I se;
It was one of the fayrest syghtes
That euer yet sawe I me.
- 185 'Yonder I sawe a ryght fayre harte,
His coloure is of grene;
Seuen score of dere vpon a herde
Be with hym all bydene.
- 186 'Their tyndës are so sharpe, maister,
Of sixty, and well mo,
That I durst not shote for drede,
Lest they wolde me slo.'
- 187 'I make myn auowe to God,' sayde the shyref,
'That syght wolde I fayne se:'
'Buske you thyderwarde, mi derë mayster,
Anone, and wende with me.'
- 188 The sherif rode, and Litell Johnn
Of fote he was full smerte,
And whane they came before Robyn,
'Lo, sir, here is the mayster-herte.'
- 189 Still stode the proudë sherief,
A sory man was he;
'Wo the worthe, Raynolde Grenëlefe,
Thou hast betrayed nowe me.'
- 190 'I make myn auowe to God,' sayde Litell
Johnn,
'Mayster, ye be to blame;
I was mysserued of my dynere
Whan I was with you at home.'
- 191 Sone he was to souper sette,
And serued well with siluer white,
And whan the sherif sawe his vessell,
For sorowe he myght nat ete.
- 192 'Make glad chere,' sayde Robyn Hode,
'Sherif, for charitë,
And for the loue of Litell Johnn
Thy lyfe I graunt to the.'
- 193 Whan they had souped well,
The day was al gone;
Robyn commaunde[d] Litell Johnn
To drawe of his hosen and his shone;
- 194 His kirtell, and his cote of pie,
That was fured well and fine,
And to[ke] hym a grene mantel,
To lap his body therin.
- 195 Robyn commaundyd his wight yonge men,
Vnder the grenë-wode tree,

They shulde lye in that same sute,
That the sherif myght them see.

THE FOURTH FYTTE.

- 196 All nyght lay the proudë sherif
In his breche and in his [s]chert;
No wonder it was, in grenë wode,
Though his sydës gan to smerte.
- 197 'Make glade chere,' sayde Robyn Hode,
'Sheref, for charitë;
For this is our ordre i-wys,
Vnder the grenë-wode tree.'
- 198 'This is harder order,' sayde the sherief,
'Than any ankir or frere;
For all the golde in mery Englonde
I wolde nat longe dwell her.'
- 199 'All this twelue monthes,' sayde Robin,
'Thou shalt dwell with me;
I shall the techë, proudë sherif,
An outlawë for to be.'
- 200 'Or I be here another nyght,' sayde the sherif,
'Robyn, nowe pray I the,
Smyte of mijn hede rather to-morowe,
And I forgyue it the.
- 201 'Lat me go,' than sayde the sherif,
'For sayntë charitë,
And I woll be the best[ë] frende
That euer yet had ye.'
- 202 'Thou shalt swere me an othe,' sayde Robyn,
'On my bright bronde;
Shalt thou neuer awayte me scathe,
By water ne by lande.
- 203 'And if thou fynde any of my men,
By nyght or [by] day,
Vpon thyn othë thou shalt swere
To helpe them tha[t] thou may.'
- 204 Nowe hathe the sherif sworne his othe,
And home he began to gone;
He was as full of grenë wode
As euer was hepe of stone.
- 205 The sherif dwelled in Notingham;
He was fayne he was agone;
And Robyn and his mery men
Went to wode anone.
- 206 'Go we to dyner,' sayde Littell John;
Robyn Hode sayde, Nay;
For I drede Our Lady be wroth with me,
For she sent me nat my pay.
- 207 'Haue no doute, maister,' sayde Litell John;
'Yet is nat the sonne at rest;
For I dare say, and sauely swere,
The knight is true and truste.'
- 208 'Take thy bowe in thy hande,' sayde Robyn,
'Late Much wende with the,
And so shal Wyllyam Scarlok,
b. And no man abyde with me.
- 209 'And walke vp vnder the Sayles,
And to Watlynge-strete,
And wayte after some vnketh gest;
Vp-chaunce ye may them mete.
- 210 'Whether he be messengere,
Or a man that myrthës can,
Of my good he shall haue some,
Yf he be a porë man.'
- 211 Forth then stert Lytel Johan,
Half in tray and tene,
And gyrde hym with a full good swerde,
Under a mantel of grene.
- 212 They went vp to the Sayles,
These yemen all thre;
They loked est, they loked west,
They myght no man se.
- 213 But as [t]he[y] loked in Bernysdale,
By the hyë waye,
Than were they ware of two blacke monkes,
Eche on a good palferay.
- 214 Then bespake Lytell Johan,
To Much he gan say,
I dare lay my lyfe to wedde,
That [these] monkes haue brought our pay.

215 'Make glad chere,' sayd Lytell Johan,
 'And frese your bowes of ewe,
 And loke your hertës be seker and sad,
 Your stryngës trusty and trewe.

216 'The monke hath two and fifty [men,]
 And seuen somers full stronge ;
 There rydeth no bysshop in this londe
 So ryally, I vnderstand.

217 'Brethern,' sayd Lytell Johan,
 'Here are no more but we thre ;
 But we bryngë them to dyner,
 Our mayster dare we not se.

218 'Bende your bowes,' sayd Lytell Johan,
 'Make all yon prese to stonde ;
 The formost monke, his lyfe and his deth
 Is closed in my honde.

219 'Abyde, chorle monke,' sayd Lytell Johan,
 'No ferther that thou gone ;
 Yf thou doost, by dere worthy God,
 Thy deth is in my honde.

220 'And euyll thryfte on thy hede,' sayd Lytell
 Johan,
 'Ryght vnder thy hattës bonde ;
 For thou hast made our mayster wroth,
 He is fastyngë so longe.'

221 'Who is your mayster ?' sayd the monke ;
 Lytell Johan sayd, Robyn Hode ;
 'He is a stronge thefe,' sayd the monke,
 'Of hym herd I neuer good.'

222 'Thou lvest,' than sayd Lytell Johan,
 'And that shall rewë the ;
 He is a yeman of the forest,
 To dyne he hath bodë the.'

223 Much was redy with a bolte,
 Redly and anone,
 He set the monke to-fore the brest,
 To the grounde that he can gone.

224 Of two and fyfty wyght yonge yemen
 There abode not one,
 Saf a lytell page and a grome,
 To lede the somers with Lytel Johan.

225 They brought the monke to the lodgë-dore,
 Whether he were loth or lefe,

For to speke with Robyn Hode,
 Mauge in theyr tethe.

226 Robyn dyde adowne his hode,
 The monke whan that he se ;
 The monke was not so curtëyse,
 His hode then let he be.

227 'He is a chorle, mayster, by dere worthy
 God,'
 Than sayd Lytell Johan :
 'Thereof no force,' sayd Robyn,
 'For curteysy can he none.

228 'How many men,' sayd Robyn,
 'Had this monke, Johan ?'
 'Fyfty and two whan that we met,
 But many of them be gone.'

229 'Let blowe a horne,' sayd Robyn,
 'That felaushyp may vs knowe ;'
 Seuën score of wyght yemen
 Came pryckyngë on a rowe.

230 And euerych of them a good mantell
 Of scarlet and of raye ;
 All they came to good Robyn,
 To wyte what he wolde say.

231 They made the monke to wasshe and wype,
 And syt at his denere,
 Robyn Hode and Lytell Johan
 They serued him both in-fere.

232 'Do gladly, monke,' sayd Robyn.
 'Gramercy, syr,' sayd he.
 'Where is your abbay, whan ye are at home,
 And who is your avowë ?'

233 'Saynt Mary abbay,' sayd the monke,
 'Though I be symple here.'
 'In what offyce ?' sayd Robyn :
 'Syr, the hyë selerer.'

234 'Ye be the more welcome,' sayd Robyn,
 'So euër mote I the ;
 Fyll of the best wyne,' sayd Robyn,
 'This monke shall drynke to me.

235 'But I haue grete meruayle,' sayd Robyn,
 'Of all this longë day ;
 I drede Our Lady be wroth with me,
 She sent me not my pay.'

- 236 'Haue no doute, mayster,' sayd Lytell Johan,
 'Ye haue no nede, I saye ;
 This monke it hath brought, I dare well swere,
 For he is of her abbay.'
- 237 'And she was a borowe,' sayd Robyn,
 'Betwene a knyght and me,
 Of a lytell money that I hym lent,
 Under the grēne-wode tree.
- 238 'And yf thou hast that syluer ibrought,
 I pray the let me se ;
 And I shall helpē the eftsones,
 Yf thou haue nede to me.'
- 239 The monke swore a full grete othe,
 With a sory chere,
 'Of the borowehode thou spekest to me,
 Herde I neuer ere.'
- 240 'I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn,
 'Monke, thou art to blame ;
 For God is holde a ryghtwys man,
 And so is his dame.
- 241 'Thou toldest with thyn ownē tonge,
 Thou may not say nay,
 How thou arte her seruauant,
 And seruest her euery day.
- 242 'And thou art made her messengere,
 My money for to pay ;
 Therfore I cun the morē thanke
 Thou arte come at thy day.
- 243 'What is in your cofers ?' sayd Robyn,
 'Trewe than tell thou me :'
 'Syr,' he sayd, 'twenty marke,
 Al so mote I the.'
- 244 'Yf there be no more,' sayd Robyn,
 'I wyll not one peny ;
 Yf thou hast myster of any more,
 Syr, more I shall lende to the.
- 245 'And yf I fyndē [more,' sayd] Robyn,
 'I-wys thou shalte it for gone ;
 For of thy spendynge-syluer, monke,
 Thereof wyll I ryght none.
- 246 'Go nowe forthe, Lytell Johan,
 And the trouth tell thou me ;
- If there oe no more but twenty marke,
 No peny that I se.'
- 247 Lytell Johan spred his mantell downe,
 As he had done before,
 And he tolde out of the monkēs male
 Eyght [hondred] pounce and more.
- 248 Lytell Johan let it lye full styll,
 And went to his mayster in hast ;
 'Syr,' he sayd, 'the monke is trewe ynowe,
 Our Lady hath doubled your cast.'
- 249 'I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn —
 'Monke, what tolde I the ? —
 Our Lady is the trewest woman
 That euer yet founde I me.
- 250 'By dere worthy God,' sayd Robyn,
 'To seche all Englund thorowe,
 Yet founde I neuer to my pay
 A moche better borowe.
- 251 'Fyll of the best wyne, and do hym drynke,
 sayd Robyn,
 'And grete well thy lady hende,
 And yf she haue nede to Robyn Hode,
 A frende she shall hym fynde.
- 252 'And yf she nedeth any more syluer,
 Come thou agayne to me,
 And, by this token she hath me sent,
 She shall haue such thre.'
- 253 The monke was goynge to London ward,
 There to holde grete mote,
 The knyght that rode so hye on hors,
 To brynge hym vnder fote.
- 254 'Whether be ye away ?' sayd Robyn :
 'Syr, to maners in this londe,
 Too reken with our reues,
 That haue done moch wronge.'
- 255 'Come now forth, Lytell Johan,
 And harken to my tale ;
 A better yemen I knowe none,
 To seke a monkēs male.'
- 256 'How moch is in yonder other corser ?' sayd
 Robyn,
 'The soth must we see :'

- ‘By Our Lady,’ than sayd the monke,
‘That were no curteysye,
- 257 ‘To bydde a man to dyner,
And syth hym bete and bynde.’
‘It is our oldē maner,’ sayd Robyn,
‘To leue but lytell behynde.’
- 258 The monke toke the hors with spore,
No lenger wolde he abyde :
‘Askē to drynkē,’ than sayd Robyn,
‘Or that ye forther ryde.’
- 259 ‘Nay, for God,’ than sayd the monke,
‘Me reweth I cam so nere ;
For better chepe I myght haue dyled
In Blythe or in Dankestere.’
- 260 ‘Grete well your abbot,’ sayd Robyn,
‘And your pryour, I you pray,
And byd hym send me such a monke
To dyner euery day.’
- 261 Now lete we that monke be styll,
And speke we of that knyght :
Yet he came to holde his day,
Whyle that it was lyght.
- 262 He dyde him streyt to Bernysdale,
Under the grenē-wode tre,
And he founde there Robyn Hode,
And all his mery meynē.
- 263 The knyght lyght doune of his good palfray ;
Robyn whan he gan see,
So curteysly he dyde adoune his hode,
And set hym on his knee.
- 264 ‘God the sauē, Robyn Hode,
And all this company :’
‘Welcome be thou, gentyll knyght,
And ryght welcome to me.’
- 265 Than bespake hym Robyn Hode,
To that knyght so fre :
‘What nedē dryueth the to grenē wode ?
I praye the, syr knyght, tell me.
- 266 ‘And welcome be thou, ge[n]tyll knyght,
Why hast thou be so longe ?’
‘For the abbot and the hyē iustyce
Wolde haue had my londe.’
- 267 ‘Hast thou thy londe [a]gayne ?’ sayd Robyn ;
‘Treuth than tell thou me :’
‘Ye, for God,’ sayd the knyght,
‘And that thanke I God and the.
- 268 ‘But take not a grefe,’ sayd the knyght, ‘that
I haue be so longe ;
I came by a wrastelynge,
And there I holpe a porē yeman,
With wronge was put behynde.’
- 269 ‘Nay, for God,’ sayd Robyn,
‘Syr knyght, that thanke I the ;
What man that helpeth a good yeman,
His frende than wyll I be.’
- 270 ‘Haue here foure hondred pounde,’ than sayd
the knyght,
‘The whiche ye lent to me ;
And here is also twenty marke
For your curteysy.’
- 271 ‘Nay, for God,’ than sayd Robyn,
‘Thou broke it well for ay ;
For Our Lady, by her [hyē] selerer,
Hath sent to me my pay.
- 272 ‘And yf I toke it i-twyse,
A shame it were to me ;
But trewely, gentyll knyght,
Welcom arte thou to me.’
- 273 Whan Robyn had tolde his tale,
He leugh and had good chere :
‘By my trouthe,’ then sayd the knyght,
‘Your money is redy here.’
- 274 ‘Broke it well,’ sayd Robyn,
‘Thou gentyll knyght so fre ;
And welcome be thou, ge[n]tyll knyght,
Under my trystell-tre.
- 275 ‘But what shall these bowēs do ?’ sayd
Robyn,
‘And these arowēs ifedred fre ?’
‘By God,’ than sayd the knyght,
‘A porē present to the.’
- 276 ‘Come now forth, Lytell Johan,
And go to my treasurē,
And brynge me there foure hondred pounde ;
The monke ouer-tolde it me.

277 'Haue here foure hondred ponde,
Thou gentyll knyght and trewe,
And bye hors and harnes good,
And gylte thy spores all newe.

278 'And yf thou fayle any spendyng,
Com to Robyn Hode,
And by my trowth thou shalt none fayle,
The whyles I haue any good.

279 'And broke well thy foure hondred pound,
Whiche I lent to the,
And make thy selfe no more so bare,
By the counsell of me.'

280 Thus than holpe hym good Robyn,
The knyght all of his care :
God, that syt in heuen hye,
Graunte vs well to fare !

THE FYFTH FYTTE.

281 Now hath the knyght his leue i-take,
And wente hym on his way ;
Robyn Hode and his mery men
Dwelled styll full many a day.

282 Lyth and lysten, gentil men,
And herken what I shall say,
How the proud[ē] sheryfe of Notyngham
Dyde crye a full fayre play ;

283 That all the best archers of the north
Sholde come vpon a day,
And [he] that shoteth allther best
The game shall bere a way.

284 He that shoteth allther best,
Furthest fayre and lowe,
At a payre of fynly buttes,
Under the grenē-wode shawe,

285 A ryght good arowe he shall haue,
The shaft of syluer whyte,
The hede and the feders of ryche rede golde,
In Englund is none lyke.

286 This than herde good Robyn,
Under his trystell-tre :
'Make you redy, ye wyght yonge men ;
That shotyngne wyll I se.

287 'Buske you, my mery yonge men,
Ye shall go with me ;
And I wyll wete the shryuēs fayth,
Trewe and yf he be.'

288 Whan they had theyr bowes i-bent,
Theyr takles fedred fre,
Seuen score of wyght yonge men
Stode by Robyns kne.

289 Whan they cam to Notyngham,
The buttes were fayre and longe ;
Many was the bolde archere
That shoted with bowēs stronge.

290 'There shall but syx shote with me ;
The other shal kepe my he[ue]de,
And standē with good bowēs bent,
That I be not desceyued.'

291 The fourth outlawe his bowe gan bende,
And that was Robyn Hode,
And that behelde the proud[ē] sheryfe,
All by the but [as] he stode.

292 Thryēs Robyn shot about,
And alway he slist the wand,
And so dyde good Gylberte
Wyth the whytē hande.

293 Lytell Johan and good Scatheloke
Were archers good and fre ;
Lytell Much and good Reynolde,
The worste wolde they not be.

294 Whan they had shot aboute,
These archours fayre and good,
Euermore was the best,
For soth, Robyn Hode.

295 Hym was delyuered the good arowe,
For best worthy was he ;
He toke the yeft so curteysly,
To grenē wode wolde he.

296 They cryed out on Robyn Hode,
And grete hornēs gan they blowe :
'Wo worth the, treason !' sayd Robyn,
'Full euyl thou art to knowe.

297 'And wo be thou ! thou proudē sheryf,
Thus gladdynge thy gest ;

- Other wyse thou behotē me
In yonder wylde forest.
- 298 'But had I the in grenē wode,
Under my trystell-tre,
Thou sholdest leue me a better wedde
Than thy trewe lewtē.'
- 299 Full many a bowē there was bent,
And arowēs let they glyde;
Many a kyrtell there was rent,
And hurt many a syde.
- 300 The outlawes shot was so stronge
That no man myght them dryue,
And the proud[ē] sheryfēs men,
They fled away full blyue.
- 301 Robyn sawe the busschement to-broke,
In grenē wode he wolde haue be;
Many an arowe there was shot
Amonge that company.
- 302 Lytell Johan was hurte full sore,
With an arowe in his kne,
That he myght neyther go nor ryde;
It was full grete pytē.
- 303 'Mayster,' then sayd Lytell Johan,
'If euer thou loue[d]st me,
And for that ylkē lordēs loue
That dyed vpon a tre,
- 304 'And for the medes of my seruyce,
That I haue serued the,
Lete neuer the proudē sheryf
Alyue now fyndē me.
- 305 'But take out thy brownē swerde,
And smyte all of my hede,
And gyue me woundēs depe and wyde;
No lyfe on me be lefte.'
- 306 'I wolde not that,' sayd Robyn,
'Johan, that thou were slawe,
For all the golde in mery Englonde,
Though it lay now on a rawe.'
- 307 'God forbede,' sayd Lytell Much,
'That dyed on a tre,
That thou sholdest, Lytell Johan,
Parte our company.'
- 308 Up he toke hym on his backe,
And bare hym well a myle;
Many a tyme he layd hym downe,
And shot another whyle.
- 309 Then was there a fayre castell,
A lytell within the wode;
Double-dyched it was about,
And walled, by the rode.
- 310 And there dwelled that gentyll knyght,
Syr Rychard at the Lee,
That Robyn had lent his good,
Under the grenē-wode tree.
- 311 In he toke good Robyn,
And all his company:
'Welcome be thou, Robyn Hode,
Welcome arte thou to me;
- 312 'And moche [I] thanke the of thy confort,
And of thy curteysye,
And of thy gretē kyndēnesse,
Under the grenē-wode tre.
- 313 'I loue no man in all this worlde
So much as I do the;
For all the proud[ē] sheryf of Notyngham,
Ryght here shalt thou be.
- 314 'Shyt the gates, and drawe the brydge,
a. And let no man come in,
And arme you well, and make you redy,
And to the walles ye wynne.
- 315 'For one thyng, Robyn, I the behote;
I swere by Saynt Quynntyne,
These forty dayes thou wonnest with me,
To soupe, ete, and dyne.'
- 316 Bordes were layde, and clothes were spredde,
Redely and anone;
Robyn Hode and his mery men
To metē can they gone.

THE VI. FYTTE.

- 317 Lythe and lysten, gentylmen,
And herkyn to your songe;
Howe the proudē shyref of Notyngham,
And men of armys stronge,

- 318 Full fast cam to the hye shyref,
The contré vp to route,
And they besette the knyghtës castell,
The wallës all aboute.
- 319 The proudë shyref loude gan crye,
And sayde, Thou traytour knight,
Thou kepest here the kynges enemys,
Agaynst the lawe and right.
- 320 'Syr, I wyll auowe that I haue done,
The dedys that here be dyght,
Vpon all the landës that I haue,
As I am a trewë knyght.
- 321 'Wende furth, sirs, on your way,
And do no more to me
Tyll ye wyt oure kyngës wille,
What he wyll say to the.'
- 322 The shyref thus had his answee,
Without any lesynge;
[Fu]rth he yede to London towne,
All for to tel our kinge.
- 323 Ther he telde him of that knight,
And eke of Robyn Hode,
And also of the bolde archars,
That were soo noble and gode.
- 324 'He wyll auowe that he hath done,
To mayntene the outlawes stronge;
He wyll be lorde, and set you at nought,
In all the northe londe.'
- 325 'I wil be at Notyngham,' saide our kyng,
'Within this fourteenyght,
And take I wyll Robyn Hode,
And so I wyll that knight.
- 326 'Go nowe home, shyref,' sayde our kyng,
'And do as I byd the;
And ordeyn gode archers ynowe,
Of all the wydë contré.'
- 327 The shyref had his leue i-take,
And went hym on his way,
And Robyn Hode to grenë wode,
Vpon a certen day.
- 328 And Lytel John was hole of the arowe
That shot was in his kne,
And dyd hym streyght to Robyn Hode,
Vnder the grenë-wode tree.
- 329 Robyn Hode walked in the forest,
Vnder the leuys grene;
The proudë shyref of Notyngham
Thereof he had grete tene.
- 330 The shyref there fayled of Robyn Hode,
He myght not haue his pray;
Than he awayted this gentyll knyght,
Bothe by nyght and day.
- 331 Euer he wayted the gentyll knyght,
Syr Richarde at the Lee,
As he went on haukyng by the ryuer-syde,
And lete [his] haukës flee.
- 332 Toke he there this gentyll knight,
With men of armys stronge,
And led hym to Notyngham warde,
Bounde bothe fote and hande.
- 333 The sheref sware a full grete othe,
Bi hym that dyed on rode,
He had leuer than an hundred pound
That he had Robyn Hode.
- 334 This harde the knyghtës wyfe,
A fayr lady and a free;
She set hir on a gode palfrey,
To grenë wode anone rode she.
- 335 Whanne she cam in the forest,
Vnder the grenë-wode tree,
Fonde she there Robyn Hode,
And al his fayre menë.
- 336 'God the sauë, godë Robyn,
And all thy company;
For Our derë Ladyes sake,
A bonë graunte thou me.
- 337 'Late neuer my wedded lorde
Shamefully slayne be;
He is fast bowne to Notyngham warde,
For the loue of the.'
- 338 Anone than saide goode Robyn
To that lady so fre,
What man hath your lorde [i-]take?
.

- 339
 'For soth as I the say;
 He is nat yet thre mylës
 Passed on his way.'
- 340 Vp than sterte gode Robyn,
 As man that had ben wode:
 'Buske you, my mery men,
 For hym that dyed on rode.
- 341 'And he that this sorowe forsaketh,
 By hym that dyed on tre,
 Shall he neuer in grenë wode
 No lenger dwel with me.'
- 342 Sone there were gode bowës bent,
 Mo than seuen score;
 Hedge ne dyche spared they none
 That was them before.
- 343 'I make myn auowe to God,' sayde Robyn,
 'The sherif wolde I fayne see;
 And if I may hym take,
 I-quyte shall it be.'
- 344 And whan they came to Notingham,
 They walked in the strete;
 And with the proudë sherif i-wys
 Sonë can they mete.
- 345 'Abyde, thou proudë sherif,' he sayde,
 'Abyde, and speke with me;
 Of some tidinges of oure kinge
 I wolde fayne here of the.
- 346 'This seuen yere, by dere worthy God,
 Ne yede I this fast on fote;
 I make myn auowe to God, thou proudë
 sherif,
 It is nat for thy gode.'
- 347 Robyn bent a full goode bowe,
 An arrowe he drowe at wyll;
 He hit so the proudë sherife
 Vpon the grounde he lay full still.
- 348 And or he myght vp aryse,
 On his fete to stonde,
 He smote of the sherifs hede
 With his bright[ë] bronde.
- 349 'Lye thou there, thou proudë sherife,
 Enyll mote thou cheue!

- There myght no man to the truste
 b. The whyles thou were a lyue.'
- 350 His men drewe out theyr bryght swerdes,
 That were so sharpe and kene,
 And layde on the sheryues men,
 And dryued them downe bydene.
- 351 Robyn stert to that knyght,
 And cut a two his bonde,
 And toke hym in his hand a bowe,
 And bad hym by hym stonde.
- 352 'Leue thy hors the behynde,
 And lerne for to renne;
 Thou shalt with me to grenë wode,
 Through myrë, mosse, and fenne.
- 353 'Thou shalt with me to grenë wode,
 Without ony leasyng,
 Tyll that I haue gete vs grace
 Of Edward, our comly kyng.'

THE VII. FYTTE.

- 354 The kyng came to Notynghame,
 With knyghtës in grete araye,
 For to take that gentyll knyght
 And Robyn Hode, and yf he may.
- 355 He asked men of that countrë
 After Robyn Hode,
 And after that gentyll knyght,
 That was so bolde and stout.
- 356 Whan they had tolde hym the case
 Our kyng vnderstode ther tale,
 And seased in his honde
 The knyghtës londës all.
- 357 All the passe of Lancasshyre
 He went both ferre and nere,
 Tyll he came to Plomton Parke;
 He faylyd many of his dere.
- 358 There our kyng was wont to se
 Herdës many one,
 He coud vnneth fynde one dere,
 That bare ony good horne.
- 359 The kyng was wonder wroth withall,
 And swore by the Trynytë,

- 'I wolde I had Robyn Hode,
 With eyen I myght hym se.
- 360 'And he that wolde smyte of the knyghtës
 hede,
 And brynge it to me,
 He shall haue the knyghtës londes,
 Syr Rycharde at the Le.
- 361 'I gyue it hym with my charter,
 And sele it [with] my honde,
 To haue and holde for euer more,
 In all mery Englonde.'
- 362 Than bespake a fayre olde knyght,
 That was treue in his fay :
 A, my leegë lorde the kynge,
 One worde I shall you say.
- 363 There is no man in this countrë
 May haue the knyghtës londes,
 Whyle Robyn Hode may ryde or gone,
 And bere a bowe in his hondes,
- 364 That he ne shall lese his hede,
 That is the best ball in his hode :
 Giue it no man, my lorde the kynge,
 That ye wyll any good.
- 365 Half a yere dwelled our comly kynge
 In Notyngham, and well more ;
 Coude he not here of Robyn Hode,
 In what countrë that he were.
- 366 But alway went good Robyn
 By halke and eke by hyll,
 And alway slewe the kyngës dere,
 And welt them at his wyll.
- 367 Than bespake a proude fostere,
 That stode by our kyngës kne :
 Yf ye wyll se good Robyn,
 Ye must do after me.
- 368 Take fyue of the best knyghtës
 That be in your lede,
 And walke downe by yon abbay,
 And gete you monkës wede.
- 369 And I wyll be your ledës-man,
 And lede you the way,
 And or ye come to Notyngham,
 Myn hede then dare I lay,
- 370 That ye shall mete with good Robyn,
 On lyue yf that he be ;
 Or ye come to Notyngham,
 With eyen ye shall hym se.
- 371 Full hast[ë]ly our kynge was dyght,
 So were his knyghtës fyue,
 Euerych of them in monkës wede,
 And hasted them thyder blyve.
- 372 Our kynge was grete aboue his cole,
 A brode hat on his crowne,
 Ryght as he were abbot-lyke,
 They rode up in-to the towne.
- 373 Styf botës our kynge had on,
 Forsoth as I you say ;
 He rode syngynge to grenë wode,
 The couent was clothed in graye.
- 374 His male-hors and his gretë somers
 Folowed our kynge behynde,
 Tyll they came to grenë wode,
 A myle vnder the lynde.
- 375 There they met with good Robyn,
 Stondynge on the waye,
 And so dyde many a bolde archere,
 For soth as I you say.
- 376 Robyn toke the kyngës hors,
 Hastëly in that stede,
 And sayd, Syr abbot, by your leue,
 A whyle ye must abyde.
- 377 'We be yemen of this foreste,
 Vnder the grenë-wode tre ;
 We lyue by our kyngës dere,
 [Other shyft hāue not wee.]
- 378 'And ye haue chyrches and rentës both,
 And gold full grete plentë ;
 Gyue vs some of your spendynge,
 For saynt[ë] charytë.'
- 379 Than bespake our cumly kynge,
 Anone than sayd he ;
 I brought no more to grenë wode
 But forty pounde with me.
- 380 I haue layne at Notyngham
 This fourtynyght with our kynge,

- And spent I haue full moche good,
On many a grete lordynge.
- 381 And I haue but forty pounde,
No more than haue I mè;
But yf I had an hondred pounde,
I wolde vouch it safe on the.
- 382 Robyn toke the forty pounde,
And departed it in two partye;
Halfendell he gaue his mery men,
And bad them mery to be.
- 383 Full curteysly Robyn gan say;
Syr, haue this for your spendyng;
We shall mete another day;
'Gramercy,' than sayd our kynge.
- 384 'But well the greteth Edward, our kynge,
And sent to the his seale,
And byddeth the com to Notyngham,
Both to mete and mele.'
- 385 He toke out the brodë targe,
And sone he lete hym se;
Robyn coud his courtesy,
And set hym on his kne.
- 386 'I loue no man in all the worlde
So well as I do my kynge;
Welcome is my lordës seale;
And, monke, for thy tydynges,
- 387 'Syr abbot, for thy tydynges,
To day thou shalt dyne with me,
For the loue of my kynge,
Under my trystell-tre.'
- 388 Forth he lad our comly kynge,
Full fayre by the honde;
Many a dere there was slayne,
And full fast dyghtande.
- 389 Robyn toke a full grete horne,
And loude he gan blowe;
Seuen score of wyght yonge men
Came redy on a rowe.
- 390 All they kneled on theyr kne,
Full fayre before Robyn;
The kynge sayd hym selfe vntyll,
And swore by Saynt Austyn,
- 391 'Here is a wonder semely syght;
Me thynketh, by Goddës pyne,
His men are more at his byddynges
Then my men be at myn.'
- 392 Full hast[ë]ly was theyr dyner idyght,
And therto gan they gone;
They serued our kynge with al theyr myght,
Both Robyn and Lytell Johan.
- 393 Anone before our kynge was set
The fattë venyson,
The good whyte brede, the good rede wyne,
And therto the fyne ale and browne.
- 394 'Make good chere,' said Robyn,
'Abbot, for charytë;
And for this ylkë tydynges,
Blyssed mote thou be.
- 395 'Now shalte thou se what lyfe we lede,
Or thou hens wende;
Than thou may enfourme our kynge,
Whan ye togyder lende.'
- 396 Up they stertë all in hast,
Theyr bowës were smartly bent;
Our kynge was neuer so sore agast,
He wende to haue be shente.
- 397 Two yerdës there were vp set,
Thereto gan they gange;
By fyfty pase, our kynge sayd,
The merkës were to longe.
- 398 On euery syde a rose-garlonde,
They shot vnder the lyne:
'Who so fayleth of the rose-garlonde,' sayd
Robyn,
'His takyll he shall tyne,
- 399 'And yelde it to his mayster,
Be it neuer so fyne;
For no man wyll I spare,
So drynke I ale or wyne:
- 400 'And bere a buffet on his hede,
I-wys ryght all bare:'
And all that fell in Robyns lote,
He smote them wonder sare.
- 401 Twyse Robyn shot aboute,
And euer he cleued the wande,

- And so dyde good Gylberte
With the Whytë Hande.
- 402 Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke,
For nothyng wolde they spare ;
When they fayled of the garlonde,
Robyn smote them full sore.
- 403 At the last shot that Robyn shot,
For all his frendës fare,
Yet he fayled of the garlonde
Thre fyngers and mare.
- 404 Than bespake good Gylberte,
And thus he gan say ;
'Mayster,' he sayd, 'your takyll is lost,
Stande forth and take your pay.'
- 405 'If it be so,' sayd Robyn,
'That may no better be,
Syr abbot, I delyuer the myn arowe,
I pray the, syr, serue thou me.'
- 406 'It falleth not for myn ordre,' sayd our kynge,
'Robyn, by thy leue,
For to smyte no good yeman,
For doute I sholde hym greue.'
- 407 'Smyte on boldely,' sayd Robyn,
'I giue the largë leue :'
Anone our kynge, with that worde,
He folde vp his sleue,
- 408 And sych a buffet he gaue Robyn,
To grounde he yede full nere :
'I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn,
'Thou arte a stalworthe frere.
- 409 'There is pith in thyn arme,' sayd Robyn,
'I trowe thou canst well shete :'
Thus our kynge and Robyn Hode
Togeder gan they mete.
- 410 Robyn behelde our comly kynge
Wystly in the face,
So dyde Syr Rycharde at the Le,
And kneled downe in that place.
- 411 And so dyde all the wylde outlawes,
Whan they se them knele :
'My lorde the kynge of Englonde,
Now I knowe you well.
- 412 'Mercy then, Robyn,' sayd our kynge,
'Vnder your trystyll-tre,
Of thy goodnesse and thy grace,
For my men and me !'
- 413 'Yes, for God,' sayd Robyn,
'And also God me saue,
I askë mercy, my lorde the kynge,
And for my men I craue.'
- 414 'Yes, for God,' than sayd our kynge,
'And therto sent I me,
With that thou leue the grenë wode,
And all thy company ;
- 415 'And come home, syr, to my courte,
And there dwell with me.'
'I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn,
'And ryght so shall it be.
- 416 'I wyll come to your courte,
Your seruyse for to se,
And brynge with me of my men
Seuen score and thre.
- 417 'But me lykë well your seruyse,
I [wyll] come agayne full soone,
And shote at the donnë dere,
As I am wonte to done.'

THE VIII. FYTTE.

- 418 'Haste thou ony grenë cloth,' sayd our kynge,
'That thou wylte sell nowe to me ?'
'Ye, for God,' sayd Robyn,
'Thyrtý yerdës and thre.'
- 419 'Robyn,' sayd our kynge,
'Now pray I the,
Sell me some of that cloth,
To me and my meynë.'
- 420 'Yes, for God,' then sayd Robyn,
'Or elles I were a fole ;
Another day ye wyll me clothe,
I trowe, ayenst the Yole.'
- 421 The kynge kest of his colë then,
A grene garment he dyde on,
And euery knyght also, i-wys,
Another had full sone.

- 422 When they were clothed in Lyncolne grene,
 They keste away theyr graye;
 'Now we shall to Notyngham,'
 All thus our kynge gan say.
- 423 They bente theyr bowes, and forth they went,
 Shotynge all in-fere,
 Towarde the towne of Notyngham,
 Outlawes as they were.
- 424 Our kynge and Robyn rode togyder,
 For soth as I you say,
 And they shote plucke-buffet,
 As they went by the way.
- 425 And many a buffet our kynge wan
 Of Robyn Hode that day,
 And nothyng spared good Robyn
 Our kynge in his pay.
- 426 'So God me helpē,' sayd our kynge,
 'Thy game is nought to lere;
 I sholde not get a shote of the,
 Though I shote all this yere.'
- 427 All the people of Notyngham
 They stode and behelde;
 They sawe nothyng but mantels of grene
 That couered all the felde.
- 428 Than euery man to other gan say,
 I drede our kynge be slone;
 Comē Robyn Hode to the towne, i-wys
 On lyue he lefte neuer one.'
- 429 Full hast[ē]ly they began to fle,
 Both yemen and knaues,
 And olde wyues that myght euyll goo,
 They hypped on theyr staues.
- 430 The kynge l[o]ughe full fast,
 And commaunded theym agayne;
 When they se our comly kynge,
 I-wys they were full fayne.
- 431 They ete and dranke, and made them glad,
 And sange with notēs hye;
 Than bespake our comly kynge
 To Syr Rycharde at the Lee.
- 432 He gaue hym there his londe agayne,
 A good man he bad hym be;
- Robyn thanked our comly kynge,
 And set hym on his kne.
- 433 Had Robyn dwelled in the kynges courte
 But twelue monethes and thre,
 That [he had] spent an hondred ponde,
 And all his mennes fe.
- 434 In euery place where Robyn came
 Euer more he layde downe,
 Both for knyghtes and for squyres,
 To gete hym grete renowne.
- 435 By than the yere was all agone
 He had no man but twayne,
 Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke,
 With hym all for to gone.
- 436 Robyn sawe yonge men shote
 Full fayre vpon a day;
 'Alas!' than sayd good Robyn,
 'My welthe is went away.
- 437 'Somtyme I was an archere good,
 A styffe and eke a stronge;
 I was compted the best archere
 That was in mery Englonde.
- 438 'Alas!' then sayd good Robyn,
 'Alas and well a woo!
 Yf I dwele lenger with the kynge,
 Sorowe wyll me sloo.'
- 439 Forth than went Robyn Hode
 Tyll he came to our kynge:
 'My lorde the kynge of Englonde,
 Graunte me myn askynge.
- 440 'I made a chapell in Bernysdale,
 That semely is to se,
 It is of Mary Magdaleyne,
 And thereto wolde I be.
- 441 'I myght neuer in this seuen nyght
 No tyme to slepe ne wynke,
 Nother all these seuen dayes
 Nother ete ne drynke.
- 442 'Me longeth sore to Bernysdale,
 I may not be therfro;
 Barefote and wolwarde I haue hyght
 Thyder for to go.'

- 443 'Yf it be so,' than sayd our kyng,
 'It may no better be,
 Seuē nyght I gyue the leue,
 No lengre, to dwell fro me.'
- 444 'Gramercy, lorde,' then sayd Robyn,
 And set hym on his kne;
 He toke his leuē full courteysly,
 To grenē wode then went he.
- 445 Whan he came to grenē wode,
 In a mery mornynge,
 There he herde the notēs small
 Of byrdēs mery syngynge.
- 446 'It is ferre gone,' sayd Robyn,
 'That I was last here;
 Me lystē a lytell for to shote
 At the donnē dere.'
- 447 Robyn slewe a full grete harte;
 His horne than gan he blow,
 That all the outlawes of that forest
 That horne coud they knowe,
- 448 And gadred them togyder,
 In a lytell throwe.
 Seuē score of wyght yonge men
 Came redy on a rowe,
- 449 And fayre dyde of theyr hodes,
 And set them on theyr kne:
 'Welcome,' they sayd, 'our [derē] mayster,
 Under this grenē-wode tre.'
- 450 Robyn dwelled in grenē wode
 Twenty yere and two;
 For all drede of Edwardē our kyng,
 Agayne wolde he not goo.
- 451 Yet he was begyled, i-wys,
 Through a wycked woman,
 The pryoresse of Kyrkēsly,
 That nye was of hys kynne:
- 452 For the loue of a knyght,
 Syr Roger of Donkesly,
 That was her ownē speciall;
 Full euyl motē they the!
- 453 They toke togyder theyr counsell
 Robyn Hode for to sle,
 And how they myght best do that dede,
 His banis for to be.
- 454 Than bespake good Robyn,
 In place where as he stode,
 'To morow I muste to Kyrke[s]ly,
 Craftely to be leten blode.'
- 455 Syr Roger of Donkestere,
 By the pryoresse he lay,
 And there they betrayed good Robyn Hode,
 Through theyr falsē playe.
- 456 Cryst haue mercy on his soule,
 That dyed on the rode!
 For he was a good outlawe,
 And dyde pore men moch god.
-
- a. Here begynneth a gest of Robyn Hode.
 1-12. *Printed without division of stanzas or verses.*
 22³. *Deficiency supplied from b.*
 4¹. gooe. 4². milsers. 4³. yuch.
 6⁴. vnkoutg. 7¹. *lacking in all.*
 8⁴. .iij. messis. 9³. The .iij. 9⁴. all ther.
 13⁴. tillet. 15⁴. mynge. 18³. vnknoth.
 32³. ynought. 33¹. felsautes. 37¹. wened.
 38³. Late for Litell, which all the others have.
 39². of for haue. 39³. but .xx.: see 42⁴.
 41¹. nowne. 41³. .xx. felinges.
 46². in strocte. 46³. And.
 47³. And. 47⁴. haue bene.
 50^{2,3}. *The verses are transposed.*
 50². God had. 54². Vutyll. 66³. to may.
- 68⁴. Bo .xxviii. 70⁴. To helpe: cf. 194⁴.
 77³. betes. 78². clere. 79³. .xij. 82¹. ou.
 82³. bernedtale. 83⁴. for he.
 83⁴-118³. *wanting; supplied from b.*
 119¹. a .M. 120⁴. Euen .cccc. 121². thon.
 123⁴. Bi god . . . on tree. *The tops of d*
and of th, and a part of dy, remain.
 124¹. Sir . . . n of lawe.
 124². *Only the top of N remains.*
 124²-127³. *wanting, being torn away; supplied from b.*
 128². Ha. 130³. .cccc. li. 131^{1,3}. an .C.
 131³. aros we. 132¹. an ille.
 132³. Worked all.
 133^{1,2}. He purneyed hym an. *Only a part of*
n in the last word remains. Well harness.

Only a part of n and the tops of ess remaining.

133^s-136^s. *wanting*; *supplied from b.*
 138^s. Bnd. 143¹. louge. 143^s. doue.
 150⁴. tho thy. 160^s. Thought: an C.
 160⁴. he be go. 161^s. And therefore.
 162^s. gyne. 163^s. he wol be.
 164^s. *read hyne?* 165^s. anowe.
 168⁴. mountnauce. 175^s. wasars.
 179^s. sende the. *Perhaps sent the, as in*
 384² (b).

180¹. abowe. 181^s. v myle.
 182^s. Hnntyng. 183^s. Rrynolde.
 185^s. vij. score. 187¹. shyrel.
 199¹. this xij. 201^s. thy best. 202^s. scade.
 206¹. Johū. 206⁴. pray.
 208⁴-314¹. *wanting*; *supplied from b.*
 315^s. These xl.: with men. 321^s. welle.
 330¹. fayles. 331^s. ryner. 333^s. an C. li.
 339^s. myeles. 349^s. to thy.

From 349⁴ wanting; supplied from b.

b. *Title-page*: Here begynneth a lytell geste of Robyn hode. *At the head of the poem*: Here begynneth a lytell geste of Robyn hode and his meyne, And of the proude Sheryfe of Notyngham.

2⁴. y-founde. 3^s. Iohan: *and always*.
 4¹. Scathelock. 4^s. no. 5¹. be spake hym.
 5^s. yf ye. 6¹. hym *wanting*. 6^s. I haue.
 6^s. that *wanting*. 6⁴. vnketh.
 7¹. *wanting*. 7^s. knygot or some squyere.
 8⁴. Thre. 9². The other.
 9^s. was of. 9⁴. all other moste.
 11^s. that *wanting*: gone. 11⁴. that *wanting*.
 13¹. than *wanting*. 13⁴. tylleth.
 14⁴. wolde. 15⁴. ye *wanting*.
 16¹. beholde: Ihoan. 16^s. shall we.
 17¹. Robyn. 17^s. Scathelocke.
 18^s. vnketh. 20. vnto. 20². yemen.
 21¹. to *wanting*. 21^s. came there.
 22¹. then was all his semblaunte.
 23¹. hangyng ouer. 23⁴. somers.
 24¹. full *wanting*. 24⁴. you. 26¹. is your.
 26^s. is a. 27². all thre. 28¹. went that.
 29¹. vnto. 29². gan hym. 30². thou arte.
 30^s. abyde. 32². set tyll.
 32^s. right *wanting*. 33^s. neuer so.
 35⁴. that *wanting*. 36². whan I haue.
 38^s. Lytell Iohan: Robyn hode.
 39¹. than *wanting*. 39². god haue.
 39^s, 41^s. but .x. s. 40¹. thou haue.
 40⁴. len. 41⁴. Not one. 42⁴. halfe a.
 43². full lowe. 43^s. tydyng. 43⁴. inough.

44⁴. clothynge: thynne. 45¹. one worde.
 45^s. thou were. 46². in stroke.
 46⁴. hast thou. 47¹. of them.
 47^s. An .C. wynter. 47⁴. haue be.
 49¹. within two or thre. 49^s. hondreth.
 50^s. *The verses are transposed.*
 50². hath shapen.
 51¹. than *wanting*. 53¹. of Lancastshyre.
 53⁴. both. 54¹. beth. 56². What shall.
 57⁴. may not. 58^s. frendes.
 59^s. knowe me. 60⁴. had *wanting*.
 61^s. Scathelocke and Much also.
 62¹. frendes. 62². borowes that wyll.
 62⁴. on a. 63¹. waye: than *wanting*.
 63^s. I wyll. 64^s. me *wanting*.
 67⁴. loke that it well tolde.
 68², 74¹, 77^s, 83². Scathelocke.
 68⁴. By eyghtene. 69¹. lytell Much.
 69². greueth. 70⁴. To helpe. 71². many a.
 72². it well mete it be. 73¹. And of.
 73². lept ouer. 73^s. deuylykyns.
 73⁴. for *wanting*. 74^s. hym the better.
 74⁴. Bygod it cost him. 75¹. than *wanting*.
 75². All vnto Robyn. 75^s. an hors.
 75⁴. al this. 76⁴. God leue. 78². clere.
 80^s. Without. 81¹. lene. 82¹. went on.
 82². he thought. 83¹. bethought.
 87¹. *wanting*. 88^s. hondrde.
 89². he is ryght. 98¹. *wanting*.
 113². gan loke. 118⁴. grete ye.
 119². were thou. 121⁴. Rewarde.
 123⁴. By god that dyed on a tree.
 124¹. Syr abbot, and ye men of lawe.
 128². of my. 128^s. not be.
 130^s. got foure hondreth. 131². dyght.
 132^s. I nocked.
 133^{1,2}. purueyed hym an hondreth men
 Well harneysed in that stede.
 135¹. *Qy?* But at Wentbrydge ther was.
 136². bulle I vp pyght. 137². in good fay.
 137^s. that *wanting*. 138^s. frend bestad.
 138⁴. I-slayne. 139². where that.
 140². hondred: fere for free. 145². shote.
 146¹. shot. 146². sleste. 146⁴. gan.
 147⁴. euer *wanting*: I me. 148⁴. wan.
 149¹. sir *wanting*: bore. 150². Wolte.
 151^s. gete leue. 153². Ge gyue.
 155¹. befell. 156^s. to *wanting*.
 156⁴. me to dyne. 157². so longe to be.
 157^s. sir *wanting*. 157⁴. gyue thou.
 159^s. the *wanting*. 160¹. a rap.
 160². yede nygh on two. 160^s. an .c. wynter.
 160⁴. wors he sholde go. 161². went vp.

- 161³. there: made a. 161⁴. and wyne.
 163¹. *second* John *wanting*.
 163². whyle he. 164³. an householde to.
 165³. to God *wanting*.
 165⁴. lyketh: me *wanting*. 166¹. and an.
 167¹. ful *wanting*. 168². well *wanting*.
 169⁴. I me. 170⁴. I-chaunged.
 173⁴. same day. 174³. of full *wanting*.
 175³. and spones. 175⁴. they none.
 176¹. they toke. 176³. dyde hym.
 176⁴. wode tre. 178¹. And also.
 179². sende the: *cf.* 384².
 181¹. hym there. 181². whyle.
 181⁴. at his. 182². hounde. 182³. coud his.
 184¹. syght. 185¹. I se. 185³. an herde.
 186¹. His tynde. 188³. afore.
 188⁴. sir *wanting*. 189⁴. now be trayed.
 191². well *wanting*. 191³. se his.
 192¹. Make good. 192⁴. lyfe is graunted.
 193². a gone. 193³. commaunded.
 194¹. cote a pye. 194². well fyne.
 194³. toke. 195³. They shall lay: sote.
 196¹. laye that. 196⁴. sydes do smerte.
 199¹. All these.
 200¹. Or I here a nother nyght sayd.
 200². I praye. 200³. to-morne.
 201³. the best. 201⁴. That yet had the.
 202³. Thou shalt neuer a wayte me scathe.
 203². or by. 204¹. haue: I-swore.
 205². that he was gone. 205³. had his.
 206⁴. pay. 207⁴. trusty. 208³. Scathelock.
 209³. after such.
 210^{3,4}. Or yf he be a pore man
 Of my good he shall haue some.
 214⁴. these *wanting*.
 215². frese our: leese your? dress your?
 216¹. .lii.: men *wanting*. 218². you for yon.
 224¹. .lii. 231⁴. serued them.
 240³. ryghtwysman. 240⁴. his name.
 242¹. art nade. 243⁴. Also.
 245¹. more sayd *wanting*.
 247⁴. hondred *wanting*. 267¹. gayne.
 272¹. I toke it I twyse: *the second I is probably a misprint*.
 279¹. thy .cccc. li. 280². all of this.
 283³. all ther best. 284¹. all theyre best.
 292². they slist. 293². acchers. 299¹. beut.
 305³. dede, *second d inverted*.
 314⁴. walle. 315³. These twelue: with me.
 316¹. were *wanting*. 316⁴. gan they.
 317². vnto. 319³. enemye.
 319⁴. Agayne the lawes. 320². dedes thou.
 321². doth. 322³. yode. 323¹. tolde.
 323⁴. That noble were.
 324¹. He wolde: had. 324³. He wolde.
 325¹. woll: sayd the.
 326¹. nowe *wanting*: thou proud sheryf:
 sayde our kynge *wanting*.
 326². the bydde. 329⁴. Therefore.
 330¹. fayled. 330⁴. and by.
 331¹. a wayted that. 331⁴. let his.
 332³. hym home. 332⁴. honde and fote.
 333². on a tre.
 334¹. harde *wanting*: This the lady, the.
 334². and fre. 335¹. to the. 335². tre tre.
 336¹. God the good: saue *wanting*.
 336³. lady loue. 337¹. Late thou neuer.
 337². Shamly I slayne be.
 337³. fast I-bounde. 338². lady fre.
 338³. I take. 338⁴, 339¹. *wanting*.
 339⁴. on your. 340². As a: be.
 340³. yonge men. 340⁴. on a. 341². on a.
 341³. wode be. 341⁴. Nor. 342¹. i bent.
 342³. spare. 343¹. The knyght.
 343⁴. I-quyt than. 344⁴. gan. 346². so fast.
 346⁴. At is. 347¹. full *wanting*.
 347². at his. 349². thou thryue.
 349³. to the. 351². his hoode.
 356². vnder-stonde. 363². hane.
 368³. walked; *gy?* walketh: by your.
 371⁴. blyth.
 377⁴ *repeats verse 2*: Other shyft haue not
 we, *Copland and Ed. White's copies*.
 381⁴. I vouch it halfe on the. *f and g*: I
 would geue it to thee.
 385¹. brode tarpe. *Copland and Ed. White's*
 copies: seale for tarpe.
 400². A wys. 401⁴. the good whyte.
 402⁴. sore. 409². shote.
 409⁴. than they met. *f*, they gan: *g*, gan
 they mete.
 412^{1,4}. *Copland and Ed. White*: sayd Robyn
 to our king, Vnder this.
 417². *Copland and Ed. White*: I wyll come.
 421³. had so I wys: so *Copland and Ed.*
 White.
 423¹. Theyr bowes bente: *cf. f, g*.
 433². .xii.
 433³. he had in *Copland and Ed. White*.
 436². ferre: fayre in *c*, *Copland and Ed.*
 White.
 437³. was commyttd. *Copland and Ed.*
 White: was commended for.
 440¹. bernysdade. 441². *Qy?* No tymē slepe.
 443¹. he so. 449³. our dere in *e*.
 454². places.

Explycit. kynged Edwarde and Robyn hode
and Lytell Johan Enprented at London
in fletestrete at the sygne of the sone By
Wynken de Worde.

a bode, a gast, a gone, a nother, a vowe, be
fore, be gan, be spake, for gone, i brought,
launs gay, out lawes, to gyder, vnder take,
etc., etc., are printed abode, etc., etc.; I
wys, i-wys; & and.

*It will be understood that not all probable
cases of ð have been indicated.*

- c. 26⁴. myche. 28⁴. ere for lere.
29². hym gan, *as in a*. 29⁸. he *wanting*.
30⁸. a byde. 30⁴. oures. 32¹. wesshe.
32². sat tyll. 32⁴. ryght inough, *as in a*.
33⁸. non so lytell, *as in a*. 34². Garmercy.
34⁴. all this. 35⁴. that *wanting*, *as in b*.
36². it *wanting*. 37². Me thynke.
38⁸. Lytell Johan, *as in b*.
39¹. then sayd, *as in a*.
39². haue parte of the. 39⁸, 41⁸. .x. s. .
40¹. haue, *as in b*. 40⁴. len, *as in b*.
41⁴. Not one, *as in b*. 42⁴. halfe a.
43². full lowe, *as in b*.
43⁸. tydyng, *as in b*. 44⁸. Myche, thyket.
45¹. one worde, *as in b*. 45⁸. were, *as in b*.
46¹. haste be. 46². stroke.
46⁸. And, *as in a*. 46⁴. hast led, *as in a*.
47¹. nene of tho. 47⁸. An .c. wynter.
47⁴. haue be. 48⁸. that syt.
49¹. this two yere, *as in a*. 49². well knowe.
50^{2,3}. order *as in a, b*.
50². hath shapen, *as in b*.
51¹. than *wanting*, *as in b*. 51². thou lose.
53¹. lancasseshyre. 53⁴. bothe, *as in a, b*.
54¹. bothe, *as in a*.
56². shall fall, *as in b*. 57¹. wher.
57⁴. noo better, *as in a*.
58¹. eyen *has fallen into the next line* (eyen
way).
58⁸. frende, *as in a*.
58⁴. I ne haue noo nother. 59¹. the frendes.
d. 280². all of this, *as in b*. 281⁴. full styll.
282². [her] keneth. 283⁸. all thee beste.
284¹. all there beste. 286⁸. ye *wanting*.
287⁴, 288^{1,2,3}. *cut off*. 289^{1,2}. *transposed*.
290⁸. I bent. 291¹. can bende.
291⁴. as he. 292¹. shet. 292². they clyft.
293¹. Scathelocke. 293². good in fere.
295⁴. then wolde. 296². can they.
296⁸. the *wanting*.
297. *cut off, except ylde forest in line 4*.
302². on his. 302⁸. go. ne. 303². louest.

305¹. all out. 305⁸. woundes depe.

306¹⁻³. *cut off*.

306⁴. now *wanting*: *only the lower part of
the words of this line remains*.

307². vpon. 310⁸. Robyn hode lente.

312¹. myche thanket he of the.

312⁸. the grete. 314⁴. walle, *as in b*.

315. *nearly all cut away*. 317². herkeneth to.

319⁸. enmye, *as in b*. 319⁴. lawes, *as in b*.

320². [t]hou here, *as in b*.

323^{8,4}, 324^{1,2}. *wanting*.

324⁸. He wolde, *as in b*.

326¹. Goo home thou proude sheryf, *as in b*.

326². the bydde, *as in b*.

329⁴. Therefore, *as in b*.

331¹. wayted thys gentyll. 331⁴. his haukes.

332^{8,4}, 333^{1,2}. *wanting*.

334². and a, *as in a*. 334⁸. a *wanting*.

336⁸. ladye loue, *as in b*.

337⁸. bounde, *as in b*.

338². so *wanting*. 338⁸. I take.

338⁴, 339¹. *wanting*, *as in a, b*.

339⁴. *has only* [y]our way. 340². be wode.

340⁸. mery yonge men, *as in b*.

340⁴. on rode, *as in a*.

341². *only* [th]at dyed on *preserved*.

342. *wanting*. 343⁴. then shall, *as in b*.

344⁴. can they, *as in a*.

346². so faste, *as in b*.

346⁴. It is not, *as in a*.

347¹. full godd, *as in a*.

347². at wyll, *as in a*.

349². thryue, *as in b*. 349⁸. to the struste.

350². bothe sharp.

e. 436². Full fayre. 436⁴. is gone.

437⁸. cōmitted. 441². to slepe.

441⁸. Nor of all. 441⁴. Noutter ete nor.

442¹. longeth so sore to be in.

442^{8,4}, 443^{1,2}. *wanting*. 446⁴. donde.

447². can he. 447⁸. outlawes in.

449⁸. our dere.

f. *Title*: A mery geste of Robyn Hooode and of
hys lyfe, wyth a newe playe for to be played
in Maye games, very plesaunte and full of
pastyme. *At the head of the poem*: Here
begynneth a lyttell geste of Robyn hooode
and his mery men, and of the proude
Shyryfe of Notyngnam.

*Insignificant variations of spelling are not
noted.*

1². freborne. 2⁴. yfounde.

3². lened vpon a. 3⁸. stode *wanting*.

4¹. Scathelocke: *and always*. 4². mylners.

- 4³. was no. 5³. if ye. 6¹. hym *wanting*.
 6⁴. vnketh. 7¹. *wanting*.
 7³. or some squyer. 9². The other.
 9³. was of. 9⁴. of all other.
 11³. that *wanting*: shall gone.
 11⁴. that *wanting*. 13¹. than *wanting*.
 13³. husbandeman. 13⁴. with the.
 14⁴. That would. 15⁴. ye *wanting*.
 16². shall we. 16³. farre.
 18¹. Nowe walke ye vp vnto the Sayle.
 18³. vnketh. 18⁴. By chaunce some may ye.
 19¹. cearle *misprinted for earle*.
 19³. hym then to. 20¹. went anone vnto.
 21¹. loked in B.
 21². deme (*for derne*) strate.
 21³. there *wanting*.
 22¹. droufli (drouffi?) than: semblaunt.
 23¹. hanged ouer: eyes. 23⁴. on sommers.
 24¹. full *wanting*. 24⁴. are you.
 25³. you *wanting*. 26¹. is your.
 26³. is a. 26⁴. haue I harde.
 27¹. graunt the: wynde.
 27². brethren all three. 28¹. went that.
 28³. eyes. 29¹. vnto. 29². gan hym.
 29⁴. downe on. 30². thou art.
 30³. you *wanting*. 32³. right *wanting*.
 33³. fayleth neuer so. 33⁴. was spred.
 35⁴. that *wanting*.
 36¹. I thank the, knyght, then said.
 36². when I haue.
 36³. By god I was neuer so gredy.
 37³. dere *wanting*.
 38³. Lytell John: Robyn hoode.
 39¹. than *wanting*. 40¹. thou haue.
 40³. I shall lende. 41⁴. Not any penny.
 42⁴. halfe a. 43². full lowe.
 43⁴. inowe *wanting*. 45¹. me one.
 45³. thou were. 46¹. Or yls els: haste by.
 46². stroke. 46⁴. thou *wanting*.
 47¹. of them. 47³, 49³, 55³, etc. hundreth.
 48². hat be. 49¹. two or three yerers.
 49². *wanting*. 50^{2,3}. *transposed*.
 50². hath shopen. 50⁴. god it amende.
 51¹. than *wanting*. 51². lost thy.
 52³. wenters. 53¹. Lancastshyre.
 56². What shall. 58¹. eyes. 58³. frendes.
 58⁴. ne *wanting*. 59². knowe mee.
 59³. Whyles. 59⁴. boste that.
 60⁴. had *wanting*: neuer me.
 61². Much also. 62¹. frendes.
 62². borowes: wyll. 62³. than *wanting*.
 62⁴. on a. 63¹. than *wanting*.
 63³. I haue. 64¹. made me.
 64³. me *wanting*. 65³. yf *wanting*.
 67⁴. it well tolde. 68⁴. eyghten score.
 69¹. lyttell Much. 69². greueth.
 70⁴. To wrappe. 71². muche ryche.
 72². that well mete it. 73¹. And of.
 73². lept ouer. 73³. What the deuils.
 73⁴. for *wanting*. 74¹. lought.
 74². hym the better. 74⁴. By god it cost.
 75¹. than *wanting*. 75². All unto R.
 75³. that knight an. 75⁴. al this.
 76⁴. God lende that it. 78¹. shal.
 78². clene. 78⁴. out *wanting*.
 79⁴. Under the. 81³. may stande.
 82². he thought. 83⁴. came.
 84¹. spake the. 86³. xij monethes.
 87¹. *wanting*. 87². his lande and fee.
 87⁴, 95⁴. Disherited. 89². is his.
 89⁴. sore. 91³. came. 92⁴. poundes.
 93³. The highe. 94². taken.
 96¹. not *wanting*. 96³. teme to.
 98¹. *wanting*. 100³. corese.
 101³. The shal. 102⁴. saluted.
 103³. that the. 103⁴. me my.
 104². hath made. 105⁴. To desyre you of.
 106⁴. defend me from. 111¹. then *wanting*.
 112². Sende. 112³. a assaye.
 113¹. on then gan. 113². *wanting*.
 115⁴. canst not. 118⁴. Ye get ye it.
 119². were thou. 120³. of *wanting*.
 121². Haddest thou.
 121⁴. I would haue rewarded thee.
 122². royall chere. 122⁴. fast gan.
 123⁴. on a. 124³. I shall.
 128³. not be. 129². is *wanting*.
 129⁴. came. 130³. got.
 131². stringes were well dyght.
 132³. And nocked y^e were with.
 133³. sute. 134³. And rode.
 135¹. But *wanting*: by a bridg was.
 136². vp ypyght. 136⁴. burnished.
 137². in good fay. 137³. that *wanting*.
 138³. fayre and frend. 139². where y^e he.
 140¹. the *wanting*. 140². him in fere.
 141¹. sholdreth and: come for rome.
 142². laye than. 142⁴. And drynke.
 143⁴. the *wanting*. 145². shute.
 146². alway cleft. 146⁴. gan.
 147². a *wanting*.
 147⁴. That euer I dyd see. 148¹. me thou.
 148³. thou wast. 148⁴. wining.
 149¹. sir *wanting*. 150². Wylt.
 151³. gete leue. 152³. gaue to him anone.
 153². He geue vs. 154¹. me *wanting*.

- 154⁴. he had yete. 156³. to *wanting*.
 156⁴. me meate. 157¹. to long.
 157². Fasting so long to. 157³. sir *wanting*.
 157⁴. geue thou. 158⁴. had lere.
 160¹. rappe. 160². backe yede nygh into.
 160³. lyueth an hundreth wynter.
 160⁴. worse he should go. 161². went vp.
 161³. And there: a *wanting*.
 161⁴. of *wanting*. 162³. liue this.
 162⁴. shall ye. 163¹. and also dronke.
 163². that he. 164². hyne, *perhaps rightly*.
 164³. an householde to. 164⁴. For *wanting*.
 165³. to God *wanting*.
 165⁴. do lyke wel me. 166¹. a hardy.
 167¹. ful *wanting*. 167³. for *wanting*.
 168². wel *wanting*. 169⁴. I me.
 170⁴. Chaunged it should.
 173⁴. same day at nyght. 174¹. The hyed.
 175¹. the *wanting*. 175³. masers and.
 175⁴. they non. 176¹. they toke.
 176². and three. 176³. And hyed.
 176⁴. wode tree.
 177⁴. Welcome thou art to me.
 178¹. And so is that good.
 178². That thou hast brought wyth the.
 179². And he hath send the.
 179³. His cope. 180¹. advow.
 181¹. there *wanting*. 181⁴. at his.
 182³. coulde his. 184¹. haue nowe.
 185¹. I se. 185³. of *wanting*: a.
 186¹. tyndes be. 187³. Buske the.
 188³. afore. 188⁴. sir *wanting*.
 189³. worthe the. 189⁴. now betrayed.
 191². well *wanting*. 192¹. good chere.
 192⁴. lyfe is graunted. 193³. commaunded.
 194¹. cote a pye. 194³. toke.
 195¹. wight yemen.
 195³. shall: in that sorte.
 196¹. that proude. 196⁴. sydes do smarte.
 197¹. chere *wanting*.
 198⁴. dwel longe. 199¹. these.
 200¹. Or I here another nyght lye.
 201³. the best.
 202³. Thou shalt neuer wayte me skathe.
 202⁴. nor by. 203². by day. 204¹. swore.
 204². he *wanting*. 204⁴. was any man.
 205². that he was gone.
 206². Hode *wanting*. 206⁴. pay.
 209¹. walke *wanting*: into the.
 209³. And loke for some straunge.
 209⁴. By chance you. 210². a *wanting*.
 210^{3,4}. as in b. 211¹. sterte. 211². fraye.
 212¹. went than vnto. 213¹. as he.
 214². can. 214⁴. these monkes.
 215². And bende we.
 215³. harte. 216¹. but lii men.
 218². Make you yonder preste.
 220¹. An euell. 220². vnder the.
 221¹. What hyght your.
 222². shall sore rewe. 223¹. a bowe.
 223². Redy. 223⁴. gan.
 224¹. twoo and fifty wyght yemen.
 224². abode but. 226². whan he did se.
 229¹. an. 231¹. The made.
 231⁴. serued them.
 234². mote I thryue or the.
 236². Ye nede not so to saye.
 236³. hath brought it. 237¹. And *wanting*.
 238¹. broughte. 238³. the eft agayne.
 238⁴. of me. 240³. right wise.
 241². mayest. 242¹. made *wanting*.
 242³. I do the thanke.
 243⁴. So mote I thryue or the.
 244². not out one. 244³. hast nede.
 244⁴. shall I: to *wanting*.
 245¹. fyne more sayd.
 245⁴. Thereof I wyll haue.
 247¹. John layd. 247³. he *wanting*.
 247⁴. hundreth poundes. 248⁴. cost.
 249². that tolde. 249³. the trust.
 252¹. And she haue nede of ony.
 256¹. And what is on the other courser.
 256². sothe we must. 256³. than *wanting*.
 259⁴. *second in wanting*.
 263¹. light fro his. 263². can.
 263³. Right curteysly. 265¹. good Robin.
 266⁴. They would. 267¹. agayne.
 267³. than sayd. 267⁴. that *wanting*.
 268¹. no grefe: *printed in two lines*.
 268³. dyd helpe.
 269¹. Now, by my treuthe than sayd.
 269². For that, knight, thanke.
 270¹. poundes. 270³. there.
 270^{3,4}. *printed in one line*.
 271¹. than *wanting*. 271³. her high.
 272¹. And I should take: twyse.
 272⁴. thou art. 273¹. And whan.
 273². laughed and made.
 274⁴. Under this trusty. 275². fethered.
 275³. gentyl knyght.
 276². My wyll done that it be.
 277⁴. bye the a hors.
 277⁴. the *for* thy (*as me, be for my, by*).
 279². I dyd lende. 280². of all his.
 280³. sytteth.
 283³. they that shote al of the best.

- 283⁴. The best. 284¹. al of the best.
 284⁸. of goodly. 285⁸. fethers.
 286². his trusty. 286⁸, 288⁸. wyght yemen.
 287¹. mery yemen. 287⁸. I shall knowe.
 288². Their arowes fethere free.
 289⁸. archers. 289⁴. shote.
 291¹. can. 292². he clefte.
 292⁴. the lylly white. 294¹. Whan that.
 294⁸. than was. 294⁴. good Robin.
 295¹. To him. 295⁸. gyft full.
 295⁴. than would. 296². gan the.
 297². Thus chering.
 297⁸. Another promyse thou made to me.
 297⁴. Within the wyld.
 298¹. And I had y^e in the gr[e]ne forest.
 298². trusty tree. 298⁸. me leue.
 300⁴. away belyue. 301⁴. Amonge the.
 302¹. John he was hort. 302². in the.
 303². loues. 304⁴. nowe to.
 305². smite thou of.
 305⁸. woundes so wyde and longe.
 305⁴. That I after eate no breade.
 306¹. that *wanting*. 306². slayne.
 306⁴. Though I had it all by me.
 307¹. forbyd that: Much then.
 307⁴. Depart. 308⁴. another a whyle.
 312¹. I do the thankes for thy comfort.
 312⁸. And for. 313¹. all the. 314¹. Shutte.
 314⁴. wall. 315¹. the hote.
 315⁸. Thou shalt these xij dayes abide.
 316². Redye. 316⁴. gan. 317². vnto the.
 317⁸. Howe the proude shirife began.
 319¹. can. 319⁸. kepest there. 319⁴. lawes.
 320⁴. am true. 321². do ye no more vnto.
 322⁸. he went. 323⁴. That noble were and.
 324¹. He wolde: had. 324⁸. He wold.
 325¹. the kynge.
 326¹. Go home, thou proude sheryfe.
 326². the bydde. 329⁴. Therefore.
 330¹. Ther he. 330⁸. that gentyl.
 330⁴. and by. 331¹. awayted that.
 331⁴. his hauke. 332¹. *misprinted* To be.
 332⁸. him home to. 332⁴. Ybounde.
 333². on a tree. 333⁴. robin hode had he.
 334¹. Then the lady the. 334². a *wanting*.
 335¹. to the. 335⁸. There she found.
 336¹. Robyn Hode. 336⁸. ladyes loue.
 337¹. Let thou. 337². to be. 337⁸. bound.
 338². so *wanting*. 338⁸. ytake.
 338⁴. The proude shirife than sayd she.
 339. *Only this*: He is not yet passed thre
 myles, You may them ouertake.
 340². a man: ben. 340⁸. mery yemen.
- 340⁴. on a tree. 341². on a tree.
 341⁸. And by him that al thinges maketh
 No lenger shall dwell with me.
 342¹. ybent. 343². The knight would.
 343⁸. And yf ye he may him take.
 343⁴. Yquyte than shall he bee.
 344⁴. gan the. 346². so fast. 346⁴. That is.
 347¹. full *wanting*. 347². at his.
 349². may thou thryue. 349⁸. to the.
 349⁴. thou wast. 351¹. start.
 351². cut into. 354⁴. and *wanting*.
 355¹. them *for* men. 356². vnderstode.
 357¹. the compasse. 357². He wend.
 358². a one. 358⁸. fynde any. 359⁴. eyes.
 360⁸. He should. 361². it with. 364⁸. to no.
 366². By halte. 366⁴. And vsed.
 368⁸. That we be. 368⁴. walked: by your.
 369². on the. 369⁴. I saye. 370⁴. eyes.
 371¹. hastely. 371⁸. They were all in.
 371⁴. thyther blythe. 375². Standinge by.
 376¹. toke *wanting*. 376⁴. you.
 377⁴. Other shyft haue not we.
 378². And good. 380⁸. full *wanting*.
 381⁸. a. 381⁴. I would geve it to the.
 382². And deuyde it than did he.
 382⁸. Half he gaue to. 384². He hath sent.
 384⁸. to *wanting*. 384⁴. and to.
 385¹. brode seale. 385². lete me.
 387⁴. trusty tre. 388¹. he had.
 388⁴. fast was. 389². he can it.
 389⁸. wyght yemen. 389⁴. Came runnyng.
 391². pene. 392¹. hastely: dyght. 392². can.
 394⁴. Blessed may. 395². that thou.
 395⁸. maiest. 395⁴. together by lente.
 396⁴. ben. 397¹. werd. 397². can the.
 397⁸. fifty space. 398². The.
 400¹. A good buffet on his head bare, For
 that shalbe his fyne.
 400⁸. And those: fell to.
 401⁴. the lilly white hande.
 404². And than he. 405⁴. syr *wanting*.
 406¹. the kyng. 407². largely. 407⁴. folded.
 408¹. geue. 408⁴. a tall. 409². can wel.
 409⁴. Togeder they gan. 410¹. Stedfastly in.
 411². they sawe. 411⁴. wele.
 412¹. than sayd Robin. 412². this trusty.
 412⁴. for me.
 413¹. And yet sayd good Robin.
 413². As good god do me. 413⁸. aske the.
 413⁴. I it. 414¹. than *wanting*.
 414². Thy peticion I graunt the.
 414⁸. So y^t thou wylt leue.
 415¹. syr *wanting*. 415². There to.

417¹. But and I lyke not. 417². I wyll.
 417⁴. I was. 418². now sell.
 419². To sel to me. 420¹. for good.
 420². And other. 421¹. his cote.
 421². had so ywys.
 421⁴. They clothed them full soone.
 422². shal we. 422⁴. All this our kyng can.
 423¹. The bent their bowes. 424². and as.
 424⁴. And all they shot.
 425⁴. kyng whan he did paye.
 426¹. the kyng. 428¹. to the other can.
 429¹. hastily. 430². them to come,
 430². sawe. 431⁴. of the. 432². Robin hode.
 433¹. Robin hode : dwelleth.
 433². That he had. 434². lay.
 434². and squyers. 435¹. all gone.
 436⁴. wend. 437². commended for.
 438². Alas what shall I do. 439⁴. my.
 440⁴. And there would I faene be.
 441¹. might no time this seuen nightes.
 441². Neyther all this. 441⁴. eate nor.
 442². wolward haue I. 443². nyghtes.
 446². I haue a lyttell lust. 447². can.
 448². wyght yemen. 448⁴. Came runnyng.
 449⁴. Under the. 450¹. dwelleth.
 450². yeres. 450². Than for all.
 452². Donkester. 452². *wanting*.
 452⁴. For euyll mot thou the.

Thus endeth the lyfe of Robyn hode.

g. *Title and heading as in f.*

1². free borne. 1⁴. yfound.
 2². Whilst : on the. 3². leaned vpon a.
 3². stode *wanting*.
 4¹. Scathlock, *and always*. 4². milners.
 4². was no. 5¹. bespake him. 5². if you.
 6¹. hym *wanting* : Robin hood. 6². I haue.
 6². that *wanting*. 6⁴. vnketh. 7¹. *wanting*.
 7². or some squire. 9². The other.
 9². was of. 9⁴. of all other. 10¹. he loued.
 11². what way we : gone. 11⁴. that *wanting*.
 13¹. than *wanting*. 13². you : husbandman.
 13⁴. with the. 14¹. you. 14⁴. That would.
 15¹. These *wanting*. 15⁴. ye *wanting*.
 16¹. be *wanting*. 16⁴. shall we.
 17². goe with.
 18¹. Now walke ye vp vnto the shore.
 18⁴. By chance some may ye meet.
 19². him then. 20¹. went anon vnto.
 21¹. looked in. 21². a deme.
 21². came there.
 22¹. All drouflye, *perhaps (wrongly)* droulye :
 semblant.

22². on the. 22⁴. The other.
 23¹. ouer his eyes. 23⁴. on summers.
 24¹. full *wanting*. 24⁴. you.
 25². you *wanting*. 26¹. is your. 26². is a.
 26⁴. haue I. 27². bretheren all three.
 28¹. went that. 28². eyes. 29¹. vnto the.
 29². gan him. 29². he did. 29⁴. downe on.
 30². thou art. 30². you *wanting*.
 32². right *wanting*. 33². neuer so.
 33⁴. was spread. 35⁴. that *wanting*.
 36¹. I thanke thee knight then said.
 36². when I haue.
 36². By God I was neuer so greedy.
 37¹. ere you. 37². Me thinke is.
 37². dere *wanting*.
 38². Little John : Robin hood.
 39¹. than *wanting*. 40¹. thou haue.
 40⁴. I shall. 41⁴. Not any penny.
 42⁴. halfe a. 43². full lowe.
 43⁴. inowe *wanting*. 45¹. one word.
 45². thou wert : a *wanting*. 46¹. hast be.
 46². stroke. 46⁴. With whores hast thou.
 47¹. of these. 47². An hundreth winters.
 47⁴. haue be. 48¹. of it. 48². disgrast.
 49¹. Within 2 or 3 yeares : said he.
 49². *wanting*. 49², 55², 67², etc. hundreth.
 50². *transposed*. 50². hath shapen.
 50⁴. God it amend. 51¹. than *wanting*.
 51². lost. 52². winters. 53¹. Lancashire.
 54¹. landes be. 56². What shall. 58¹. eyes.
 58². friends. 58⁴. ne *wanting*.
 59². a one : knowe me. 59². Whiles.
 60⁴. had *wanting*.
 61¹. *misprinted* ruthe they went.
 61². Much also. 62¹. friends.
 62². borrowes : will. 62². than *wanting*.
 62⁴. on a. 63¹. thy iest : than *wanting*.
 63². I will. 63². will God. 64¹. made me.
 64². doth *misprinted* for both.
 64². me *wanting*. 65². yf *wanting*.
 65⁴. faileth. 67⁴. it well tolde.
 68². tolde forth. 68⁴. eightene score.
 69¹. little much. 69². griued. 69⁴. fallen.
 70⁴. To wrap. 71². much rich.
 72². that well ymet it. 73¹. And of.
 73². leped ouer. 73⁴. for *wanting*.
 74¹. full *wanting* : laught.
 74². the better measure. 74⁴. By God it cost.
 75¹. than *wanting*. 75². All vnto R.
 75². an. 75⁴. all his good.
 76¹. God lend that it be. 78². clene.
 78⁴. bring them. 79². months.
 79⁴. Vnder the. 81². the *wanting*.

- 82². he thought.
 83⁴. came. 84¹. spake the.
 85². vpon *wanting*.
 86². months: there *wanting*. 87¹. *wanting*.
 87². land and fee. 87⁴, 95⁴. Dishherited.
 88⁴. a. 88⁴. lay it. 89². is his. 89⁴. sore.
 90⁴. You doe him. 92⁴. pounds.
 93¹. and high. 93². Stert. 93³. The high.
 94². taken. 95³. comes. 96¹. not *wanting*.
 96³. to them. 98¹. *wanting*.
 100³. best corse. 100⁴. I *wanting*.
 101¹. them to. 101³. come there.
 102⁴. saluted. 103⁴. me my.
 104². hath made. 105⁴. To desire of.
 106⁴. defend me against. 109². *wanting*.
 110³. thy lande. 111¹. then *wanting*.
 112². Send. 113¹. on them. 113². *wanting*.
 113⁴. Step thee: of the. 116¹. tournaments.
 116². farre that. 117². a *wanting*.
 117³. Or else: safely say.
 118⁴. Ye get not my land so.
 119¹. thousand pound more.
 119². were thou. 121². that *wanting*.
 121³. Hadst.
 121⁴. I would haue rewarded thee.
 122². royall cheere. 122⁴. gan.
 123². to thee. 123⁴. on a.
 124¹. and you. 124². held.
 128³. had not. 129². is *wanting*.
 129⁴. came on the. 130³. got.
 132³. And nocked they were with.
 133³. suite. 134³. And rode.
 135¹. As he went vp a bridge was.
 136^{1,2}. *wanting*. 136³. with a.
 137². in good. 137³. that *wanting*.
 138³. friend bested. 138⁴. Yslaine.
 139². where that. 139³. the yeoman.
 139⁴. the loue. 140². him in feare.
 141¹. all *wanting*. 142¹. markes.
 142⁴. And drinke. 143². that the.
 143⁴. the *wanting*. 146². alway claue.
 146⁴. gan. 147⁴. euer I did see.
 148¹. me thou. 148³. wast thou.
 148⁴. wonning. 149¹. sir *wanting*.
 149². al *wanting*. 150². Wilt.
 151³. ye get leave. 152³. to him anon.
 153². He giue vs. 154¹. me *wanting*.
 154⁴. he had yet. 155¹. befell. 155⁴. forgot.
 156². the *wanting*. 156³. to *wanting*.
 156⁴. me meat. 157². Fasting so long to.
 157³. sir *wanting*. 157⁴. giue thou.
 158¹. Shalt neither eat nor drinke.
 159¹. was vncourteous. 159². on the.
 160¹. a rappe. 160². backe yede nigh.
 160³. liueth: winters. 160⁴. he still shall goe.
 161². ope. 161³. there: a large.
 161⁴. and wine. 162¹. you.
 162³. you liue this. 162⁴. shall ye.
 163¹. eat and also drunke. 163³. in the.
 164¹. my. 164². hine: *perhaps rightly*.
 164³. an housholde for.
 165³. to God *wanting*. 165⁴. doe like well.
 166¹. and a. 167¹. ful *wanting*.
 167². toke *wanting*. 167³. for *wanting*.
 168². well *wanting*. 169⁴. euer I saw yet.
 170⁴. changed it should. 171⁴. we will.
 173³. ylke day at. 174¹. They hied.
 174². they could. 174³. full *wanting*.
 174⁴. euery one. 175¹. the *wanting*.
 175³. masers and. 175⁴. they none.
 176¹. Also they. 176². and three.
 176³. And hied them to. 176⁴. wood tree.
 177³. And thou.
 177⁴. Welcome thou art to me.
 178¹. And so is that good yeoman.
 178². That thou hast brought with.
 179². He hath sent thee here. 179³. His cup.
 180². And by. 181¹. there *wanting*.
 181³. he ran *wanting*. 181⁴. at his.
 182². hound. 182³. could his.
 183¹. saue thee. 183². you saue.
 183⁴. haue you. 184¹. haue now be in the.
 185¹. I see. 185³. of *wanting*.
 186¹. tindes be. 187¹. my.
 187³. Buske thee. 188². A foote.
 188³. afore. 188⁴. sir *wanting*.
 189³. worth thee. 189⁴. nowe *wanting*.
 190¹. Litell *wanting*. 191². well *wanting*.
 192¹. Make good. 192². of *for for*.
 192⁴. life is graunted. 193¹. had all.
 193³. commanded. 193⁴. hose and shoone.
 194¹. coate a pie. 194³. tooke.
 195¹. wight yeomen.
 195³. That they shall lie in that sorte.
 196¹. lay that. 196⁴. sides doe smart.
 197¹. chere *wanting*. 198⁴. dwell long.
 199¹. All this.
 200¹. Or I heere an other night lie.
 200². I pray. 200³. my: to morne.
 200⁴. *wanting*. 201³. the best.
 202³. Thou shalt: wait: scath. 202⁴. nor by.
 203². or else by. 204². home againe to.
 204³. as *wanting*. 204⁴. was any man.
 205². that he was gon. 206². But Robin said.
 206⁴. pay. 207³. dare swears.
 209¹. walke *wanting*: into the.

- 209³. And looke for some strange.
 209⁴. By chance you. 210². a *wanting*.
 210^{3,4}. as in b, *excepting* goods for good.
 211². in a fray. 212¹. went then vnto.
 213¹. as they. 213³. They were ware.
 214⁴. These monkes. 215². And bend we.
 215³. looke our.
 216¹. hath but fifty and two man.
 216⁴. royall. 217¹. Bretheren.
 218². Make you yonder priest. 220¹. An.
 221¹. What hight your. 222². sore rue.
 223¹. a bowe. 223². Ready.
 223⁴. ground he gan.
 224¹. two and fiftie wight yeomen.
 224². abode but. 225³. Hode *wanting*.
 226¹. downe. 226². when he did.
 226⁴. let it. 229¹. blowe we.
 231⁴. serued him. 232³. you.
 234². So mote I thriue of thee.
 236². You neede not so to say.
 236³. hath brought it. 237¹. And *wanting*.
 238¹. hast the mony brought.
 238³. eft againe. 238⁴. need of. 240¹. my.
 241². not deny. 242¹. made *wanting*.
 242³. I doe thee thanke. 243². Truth.
 243⁴. So mought I thriue and thee.
 244². not take one. 244³. hast need of.
 244⁴. shall I: to *wanting*.
 245¹. finde more said. 245³. spending-money.
 245⁴. Thereof I will haue.
 246⁴. penny let me. 247¹. John laid.
 247². he *wanting*. 247⁴. Eight hundreth.
 248³. true now. 248⁴. cost.
 249². Monke that. 251¹. and to.
 251³. need of. 252¹. haue need of any.
 256¹. And what is in y^e other coffer.
 256². we must. 256³. than *wanting*.
 258². he *wanting*. 259⁴. or D.
 263¹. light from his. 263². can.
 263³. Right for So: down.
 265¹. bespake good Robin: Hode *wanting*.
 266³. For *wanting*. 266⁴. They would.
 267³. then said. 267⁴. And that.
 268¹. take no grieffe. 268³. did I helpe.
 268⁴. they put. 269¹. Now by my truth then.
 269². For that knight thanke.
 270¹. than *wanting*.
 270³. there is: also *wanting*.
 271¹. then said. 271³. her hie.
 272¹. And I should take it twice.
 272². for me. 273¹. And when.
 273². He laughed and made. 274⁴. this trusty.
 275¹. do he said. 275². fethered.
 275³. the gentle.
 276². My will doone that it be.
 276³. Go and fetch me foure: pounds.
 277³. buye thee. 278³. shalt not.
 278⁴. Whilste I. 279¹. well for.
 279². I did send. 280². of all his.
 280³. sitteth. 281¹. take. 281². wend.
 283³. And they that shoote all of the best.
 283⁴. The best. 284¹. all of the best.
 284³. of goodly. 285¹. he should.
 285³. and feathers. 285⁴. the like.
 286². his trusty.
 286³. ye ready you wight yeomen.
 287¹. merry yeomen. 287³. I shall know.
 288². Their takles.
 288³. of *wanting*: wight yeomen.
 289³. were: archers. 289⁴. shot.
 291¹. The first. 291⁴. the buttes where.
 292². he claue. 292⁴. lilly-white.
 293⁴. they would. 294³. then was.
 295¹. To him. 295³. guift full.
 295⁴. then would. 296². A great horn gan he.
 297¹. be to thee. 297². Thus cheering.
 297³. An other promise thou madest to me.
 297⁴. Within the greene.
 298¹. But and I had thee there againe.
 298². the trusty. 298³. giue me.
 299³. was torne. 300⁴. away belue.
 301¹. broke. 301⁴. the *for* that.
 302¹. he was. 302². on the knee.
 303². you loued. 305². thou off.
 305³. wounds so wide and long.
 305⁴. That I after eat no bread.
 306¹. that *wanting*. 306². wert slaine.
 306⁴. Though I had it all by me.
 307¹. forbid that: Much then.
 307⁴. Depart.
 308³. he set. 310². of the.
 311³. be thou *wanting*.
 312¹. I do thee thanke for.
 312^{2,3}. And for. 313¹. all the.
 314⁴. the wall. 315¹. thee hite.
 315². And sweare.
 315³. Thou shalt these twelue daies abide with
 me.
 316². Ready and. 316⁴. gan.
 317². hearken vnto the. 317³. sheriffe began.
 319³. there: enemies. 319⁴. all law.
 320¹. what I. 320⁴. a *wanting*.
 321². doe ye. 321³. you wit your.
 322³. he went. 323⁴. noble were and.
 324¹. He would: had. 324³. He would.
 325¹. said the. 325⁴. will I.

326¹. Goe home thou proude : sayde our kynge
wanting.

326². I you bid. 329⁴. Therefore had.

330¹. there he. 330³. that gentle.

331¹. Euer awaited that. 331². of the.

331⁴. his hauke.

332¹. To betray this gentle knight.

332³. him home. 332⁴. Ybound.

333². on a tree. 333³. had rather then a.

333⁴. That Robin hood had hee.

334¹. Then the lady the. 334². a *wanting*.

335¹. to the. 335³. There found she.

335⁴. merry meny. 336³. loue *for* sake.

337¹. Let thou. 337³. bound.

338². so *wanting*. 338³. thy lord ytake.

338⁴. The proud sheriffe then said she.

339. he is not yet passed three miles,
you may them ouertake :

340. Vp then start good Robin,
as a man that had been wake :

Buske ye, my merry yeomen,
for him that dyed on a tree.

341². on a tree.

341³. And by him that all things maketh.

341⁴. shall dwell. 342¹. ybent. 342². More.

342³. they spared none. 343². The knight.

343³. if ye may him ouertake.

343⁴. then shall he. 344⁴. gan.

345². so fast. 345⁴. thy boote.

347¹. full *wanting*. 347². at his.

349¹. the *for* thou. 349². may thou.

349³. to thee.

350³. it on. 350⁴. driue. 351². cut in.

353². leasind. 354⁴. hode if.

355¹. them *for* men. 356². vnderstood.

356⁴. all the knights land.

357¹. The compasse of. 357². wend.

358². many a one. 358³. finde any.

359⁴. eyes. 360². vnto. 360³. He should.

360⁴. of *for* at. 361². it with. 362³. O my.

364². his best. 364³. to no. 366². halt.

366³. he slew. 366⁴. And vsed.

368². now be. 368³. by your.

368⁴. a monks. 369¹. lodesman.

369². on the. 369⁴. come at.

370⁴. eyes. 371¹. hastily.

371³. They were all : monks weeds.

371⁴. thither blithe. 372⁴. to *wanting*.

374¹. sommer. 374³. Vntill. 375². by the.

376³. sayd *wanting*. 376⁴. you.

377⁴. Other shift haue not wee.

378². good *for* gold. 380³. full *wanting*.

381¹. I *wanting*. 381³. an.

381⁴. I would giue it to thee.

382². And deuided it then did he.

382³. Halfe he gaue to. 382⁴. to *wanting*.

383². Syr *wanting*. 384². He hath sent.

385¹. broad seale. 386³. be my.

387¹. tyding. 387⁴. the trusty.

388¹. he had. 388⁴. full was fast.

389². gan it. 389³. wight yeomen.

389⁴. running *for* redy. 392¹. hastily : dight.

392². can. 393⁴. the good ale browne.

394⁴. may thou. 395¹. I *for* we.

395². Or that. 395³. maist. 395⁴. be lend.

396⁴. beene. 397². can.

400^{1,2}. A good buffet on his head beare for
this shall be his fine.

400³. And those : fell in. 401². claue.

401⁴. lilly white. 403². Fore : freends faire.

403³. of *wanting*. 404². then *for* thus.

405⁴. syr *wanting*. 406¹. said y^e.

406². be *for* by, as often. 407². largely.

407⁴. folded. 408⁴. a tall frier. 409². can.

409⁴. gan they meet. 410². Stedfast in.

411¹. the said ! 411². sawe.

412¹. said Robin to. 412². this trusty.

412⁴. and for mee.

413¹. And yet said good R.

413². As good God do me. 413³. aske thee.

413⁴. I it. 414¹. than *wanting*.

414². Thy petition I graunt thee.

414³. So that thou wilt leaue.

415¹. syr *wanting*. 415². There to dwell.

417¹. But and I like not. 417². I will.

417⁴. I was. 418². nowe *wanting*.

419³. To sell. 421¹. his cote.

421³. had so ywis.

421⁴. They clothed them full. 422². the gray.

422³. Now shall we. 422⁴. All this : can.

423¹. They bent their. 424³. And all they.

425⁴. king when he did pay. 426¹. said the.

426⁴. I shot. 428¹. together can.

428⁴. leaueth not one. 429¹. hastily.

430². to come againe. 430³. saw our.

431⁴. of the. 432³. Robin hood.

433¹. Robin hood dwelled.

433³. That he had. 434³. and squires.

434⁴. a great. 435¹. gone.

435⁴. hym *wanting*. 436². faire.

436⁴. wend. 437³. was commended for the.

438². Alas what shall I doe.

440⁴. there would I faine be.

441¹. might no time this : nights.

441². one *for* ne. 441³. all this.

441⁴. nor *for* ne. 442³. haue I.

443³. nights. 446³. I haue a little lust for.
 447². can. 448³. wight yeomen.
 448⁴. running *for* redy. 449⁴. Vnder the.
 450². yeeres. 450³. Then for dred.
 452². Dankastre. 452³. *wanting*.

452⁴. For euill : they thee.
 455³. good *wanting*.

Thus endeth the life of Robin hood

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ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE

‘Guye of Gisborne,’ Percy MS., p. 262 ; Hales and Furnivall, II, 227.

FIRST printed in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 1765, I, 74, and, with less deviation from the original, in the fourth edition, 1794, I, 81. Reprinted from the *Reliques* in *Ritson’s Robin Hood*, 1795, I, 114.

Robin Hood has had a dream that he has been beaten and bound by two yeomen, who have taken away his bow. He vows that he will have vengeance, and sets out in search of them with Little John. Robin and John shoot as they go, till they come to the greenwood and see a yeoman leaning against a tree, clad in a horse-hide, with head, tail, and mane. John proposes to go to the yeoman to ask his intentions. Robin considers this to be forward of John, and speaks so roughly to him that John parts company, and returns to Barnsdale. Things are in a bad way there: the sheriff of Nottingham has attacked Robin’s band; two have been slain; Scarlett is flying, and the sheriff in pursuit with seven score men. John sends an arrow at the pursuers, which kills one of them; but his bow breaks, and John is made prisoner and tied to a tree.

Robin learns from the man in horse-hide that he is seeking Robin Hood, but has lost his way. Robin offers to be his guide, and as they go through the wood proposes a shooting-match. Both shoot well, but Robin so much the better that the other breaks out into

expressions of admiration, and asks his name. Tell me thine first, says Robin. “I am Guy of Gisborne;” “and I Robin Hood, whom thou long hast sought.” They fight fiercely for two hours; Robin stumbles and is hit, but invokes the Virgin’s aid, leaps up and kills Guy. He nicks Guy’s face so that it cannot be recognized, throws his own green gown over the body, puts on the horse-hide, and blows Guy’s horn. The sheriff hears in the sound tidings that Guy has slain Robin, and thinks it is Guy that he sees coming in the horse-hide. The supposed Guy is offered anything that he will ask, but will take no reward but the boon of serving the knave as he has the master. Robin hies to Little John, looses him, and gives him Sir Guy’s bow. The sheriff takes to flight, but cannot outrun John’s arrow, which cleaves his heart.

The beginning, and perhaps the development, of the story might have been more lucid but for verses lost at the very start. Robin Hood dreams of two yeomen that beat and bind him, and goes to seek them, “in greenwood where they be.” Sir Guy being one, the other person pointed at must of course be the sheriff of Nottingham (who seems to be beyond his beat in Yorkshire,* but outlaws can raise no questions of jurisdiction), in league with Sir Guy (a Yorkshireman, who has done

* The sheriff flees from Barnsdale “towards his house in Nottingham,” in stanza 57. In fact, though these places

are fifty miles apart, this ballad treats them as adjacent. See p. 50 f.

many a curst turn) for the capture or slaying of Robin. The dream simply foreshadows danger from two quarters. But Robin Hood is nowhere informed, as we are, that the sheriff is out against him with seven score men, has attacked his camp, and taken John prisoner. He knows nothing of this so far on as stanza 45³, where, after killing Guy, he says he will go to Barnsdale to see how his men are faring. Why then does he make his arrangements in stanzas 42-45², before he returns to Barnsdale, to pass himself off for Sir Guy? Plainly this device is adopted with the knowledge that John is a prisoner, and as a means of delivering him; which all that follows shows. Our embarrassment is the greater because we cannot point out any place in the story at which the necessary information could have been conveyed; there is no cranny where it could have been thrust in. It will not be enough, therefore, to suppose that verses have dropped out; there must also have been a considerable derangement of the story.

The abrupt transition from the introductory verses, 1, 2^{1,2}, is found in Adam Bell, and the like occurs in other ballads.

A fragment of a dramatic piece founded on the ballad of Guy of Gisborne has been preserved in manuscript of the date of 1475, or earlier.* In this, a knight, not named, engages to take Robin Hood for the sheriff, and is promised gold and fee if he does. The knight accosts Robin, and proposes that they shoot together. They shoot, cast the stone, cast the axle-tree, perhaps wrestle (for the

knight has a fall), then fight to the utterance. Robin has the mastery, cuts off the knight's head, and dons his clothes, putting the head into his hood. He hears from a man who comes along that Robin Hood and his men have been taken by the sheriff, and says, Let us go kill the sheriff. Then follows, out of the order of time, as is necessary in so brief a piece, the capture of Friar Tuck and the others by the sheriff. The variations from the Percy MS. story may be arbitrary, or may be those of another version of the ballad. The friar is called Tuck, as in the other play: see Robin Hood and the Potter.

'Syr sheryffä, for thy sakë,
Robyn Hode wull Y takë.'
'I wyll the gyffë golde and fee, .
This behesteð pou holdë me.'

'Robyn Hode, ffayre and fre,
Vndre this lyndë shotë we.'
'With the shote Y wyll,
Alle thy lustës to full fyll.'

'Have at the pryke!'
'And Y cleuë the stykë.'
'Late vs castë the stone.'
'I grauntë well, be Seynt John.'
'Late vs castë the exaltre.'
'Have a foote be-forë the!
Syr knyght, ye haue a falle.'
'And I the, Robyn, qwyte shall.'
'Owte on the! I blowë myn horne.'
'Hit warë better be vnborne.'
'Lat vs fyght at ottrauncë.'
'He that fleth, God gyfe hym myschauncë!

* Formerly among Sir John Fenn's papers (for the history of which see Gairdner, Paston Letters, I, vii. ff); now in the possession of Mr William Aldis Wright, of Trinity College, Cambridge. The fragment, Mr Wright informs me, is written on a paper which was evidently the last half-leaf of a folio MS. On the back are various memoranda, and among them this: It^m. R^d of Rechard Wytway, penter [or penter], for hes hosse rent, in full payment, lx [ix ?] s', the vij day of November, a^o Ed. iiijth xv [1475]. The grammatical forms of themselves warrant our putting the composition further back. This interesting relic has already been printed in Notes and Queries, First Series, XII, 321, from a very incorrect copy made by Dr Stukely. It is given here from a transcript made for me by Henry Bradshaw, of honored memory. Mr Wright has compared this with the

original, and given me the history of the paper, so far as known.

This paper, as far as we can see, came into Sir John Fenn's hands in company with the Paston Letters. In a letter of the date 1473, Sir John Paston writes: W. Woode, whyche promysed . . . he wold never goo fro me, and ther uppon I have keypyd hym thys iii yer to pleye Seynt Jorge, and Robyn Hod and the Shryff off Nottyngham, and now, when I wolde have good horse, he is gone into Bernysdale, and I without a keeper. Fenn, Original Letters, etc., 1787, II, 134, cited by Ritson; Gairdner, Paston Letters, III, 89. The play cited above might be called one of Robin Hood and the Sheriff of Nottingham, and may possibly have been the very one in which William Wood was used to perform, before he went "into Barnysdale," that is, ran away from service.

Now I hauē the maystry herē,
 Off I smytē this sory swyrē.
 This knyghtys clothis wolle I werē,
 And in my hode his hede woll berē.
 Welle mete, felowē myn :
 What herst pou of gode Robyn ?
 'Robyn Hode and his menyē
 With the sheryff takyn be.'
 'Sette on footē with gode wyll,
 And the sheryffē wull we kyll.'

'Beholde wele Ffrere Tukē,
 Howe he dothe his bowē plukē.
 Zeld yow, syrs, to the sheryff[ē],
 Or elles shall your bowēs clyffē.'
 'Nowe we be bownden alle in samē ;
 Frere [T]uke, pis is no gamē.'
 'Co[m]e pou forth, pou fals outlawē :
 Pou shall b[e] hangyde and ydrawē.'
 'Now, alas ! what shall we doo !
 We [m]ostē to the prysone goo.'
 'Opy[n] the yatis faste anon,
 An[d] [d]oo theys thevys ynnē gon.'*

Ritson pointed out that Guy of Gisborne is named with "other worthies, it is conjectured of a similar stamp," in a satirical piece of William Dunbar, 'Of Sir Thomas Norray.'

Was never vyld Robeine wnder bewch,
 Nor ȝet Roger of Clekkinskewch,
 So bauld a bairne as he ;
 Gy of Gysburne, na Allan Bell,
 Nor Simones sonnes of Quhynfell,
 At schot war nevyr so slie.†

Ed. John Small, Part II, p. 193.

Gisburne is in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the borders of Lancashire, seven miles from Clitheroe.

He that had neither beene a kithe nor kin
 Might haue seene a full fayre sight, 36^{1,2},

anticipates Byron : —

By heaven, it is a splendid sight to see,
 For one who hath no friend, no brother, there.
 Childe Harold, I, 40^{1,2}.

Translated, after Percy's Reliques, by Bodmer, II, 128 ; La Motte Fouqué, in Büsching's Erzählungen, p. 241 ; Doenniges, p. 174 ; Anastasius Grün, p. 103 ; Cesare Cantù, Documenti, etc., p. 799 (the first thirty-seven stanzas).

1 WHEN shawes beene sheene, and shradds full
 fayre,
 And leenes both large and longē,
 Itt is merrry, walking in the fayre fforrest,
 To heare the small birds songē.

2 The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
 Amongst the leaues a lyne :
 And it is by two wight yeomen,
 By deare God, *that* I meane.

* * * * *

3 'Me thought they did mee beate and binde,
 And tooke my bow mee froe ;
 If I bee Robin a-liue in this lande,
 I'le be wrocken on both them towe.'

4 'Sweauens are swift, *master*,' quoth Iohn,
 'As the wind *that* blowes ore a hill ;
 Ffor if itt be neuer soe lowde this night,
 To-morrow it may be still.'

5 'Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
 Ffor Iohn shall goe with mee ;
 For I'le goe seeke yond wight yeomen
 In greenwood where the bee.'

6 Thé cast on their gowne of greene,
 A shooting gone are they,
 Vntill they came to the merry greenwood,
 Where they had gladdest bee ;
 There were the ware of [a] wight yeoman,
 His body leaned to a tree.

* The [d]oo in the last line is not quite certain. I am not sure that the parts are always rightly assigned in the third dialogue.

† Norray should be Nornee, or Norny, the name of a

court fool. He is mentioned in James IV's Treasurer's Accounts, 1503-12. See Laing's Dunbar, II, 307 f. Allan Bell being sly at shot, it is probable that Allan is miswritten in the MS. for Adam.

- 7 A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Had beene many a mans bane,
And he was cladd in his capull-hyde,
Topp, and tayle, and mayne.
- 8 'Stand you still, *master*,' quoth Litle Iohn,
'Vnder this trusty tree,
And I will goe to yond wight yeoman,
To know his meaning trulye.'
- 9 'A, Iohn, by me thou setts noe store,
And *that's* a ffarley thinge;
How oft send I my men beffore,
And tarry my-selfe behinde?
- 10 'It is noe cunning a knaue to ken,
And a man but heare him speake;
And itt were not for bursting of my bowe,
Iohn, I wold thy head breake.'
- 11 But often words they breeden bale,
That parted Robin and Iohn;
Iohn is gone to Barn[e]sdale,
The gates he knowes eche one.
- 12 And when hee came to Barnesdale,
Great heaunesse there hee hadd;
He ffound two of his fellowes
Were slaine both in a slade,
- 13 And Scarlett a ffoote flyinge was,
Ouer stockes and stone,
For the sheriffe with seuen score men
Fast after him is gone.
- 14 'Yett one shoote I'le shoote,' sayes Litle Iohn,
'With Crist his might and mayne;
I'le make yond fellow *that* flyes soe fast
To be both glad and ffaine.
- 15 Iohn bent vp a good veiwe bow,
And ffetteled him to shoote;
The bow was made of a tender boughe,
And fell downe to his foote.
- 16 'Woe worth thee, wicked wood,' sayd Litle Iohn,
That ere thou grew on a tree!
Ffor this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee!'
- 17 This shoote it was but looselye shott,
The arrowe flew in vaine,
- And it mett one of the sheriffes men;
Good *William* a Trent was slaine.
- 18 It had beene better for *William* a Trent
To hange vpon a gallowe
Then for to lye in the greenwoode,
There slaine with an arrowe.
- 19 And it is sayd, when men be mett,
Six can doe more then three:
And they haue tane Litle Iohn,
And bound him ffast to a tree.
- 20 'Thou shalt be drawn by dale and downe,'
quoth the sheriffe,
'And hanged hye on a hill: '
'But thou may ffayle,' quoth Litle Iohn,
'If itt be Christs owne will.'
- 21 Let vs leaue talking of Litle Iohn,
For hee is bound fast to a tree,
And talke of Guy and Robin Hood,
In the green woode where they bee.
- 22 How these two yeomen together they mett,
Vnder the leaues of lyne,
To see what marchandise they made
Euen at that same time.
- 23 'Good morrow, good fellow,' quoth Sir Guy;
'Good morrow, good ffellow,' quoth hee;
'Methinkes by this bow thou beares in thy
hand,
A good archer thou seems to bee.'
- 24 'I am wilfull of my way,' quoth Sir Guye,
'And of my morning tyde: '
'I'le lead thee through the wood,' quoth Robin,
'Good ffellow, I'le be thy guide.'
- 25 'I seeke an outlaw,' quoth Sir Guye,
'Men call him Robin Hood;
I had rather meet with him vpon a day
Then forty pound of golde.'
- 26 'If you tow mett, itt wold be seene whether
were better
Afore yee did *part* awaye;
Let vs some other pastime find,
Good ffellow, I thee pray.
- 27 'Let vs some other masteryes make,
And wee will walke in the woods euen;

- Wee may chance mee[t] with Robin Hood
Att some vnsett steven.'
- 28 They cutt them downe the summer shroggs
Which grew both vnder a bryar,
And sett them three score rood in twinn,
To shoote the prickes full neare.
- 29 'Leade on, good ffellow,' sayd Sir Guye,
'Lead on, I doe bidd thee :'
'Nay, by my faith,' quoth Robin Hood,
'The leader thou shalt bee.'
- 30 The first good shoot *that* Robin ledd
Did not shoote an inch the pricke ffroe ;
Guy was an archer good enough,
But he cold neere shoote soe.
- 31 The second shoote Sir Guy shott,
He shott within the garlande ;
But Robin Hood shott it better then hee,
For he cloue the good pricke-wande.
- 32 'Gods blessing on thy heart!' sayes Guye,
'Goode ffellow, thy shooting is goode ;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hands,
Thou were better then Robin Hood.
- 33 'Tell me thy name, good ffellow,' quoth Guy,
'Vnder the leaues of lyne :'
'Nay, by my faith,' quoth good Robin,
'Till thou haue told me thine.'
- 34 'I dwell by dale and downe,' quoth Guye,
'And I haue done many a curst turne ;
And he *that* calles me by my right name
Calles me Guye of good Gysborne.'
- 35 'My dwelling is in the wood,' sayes Robin ;
'By thee I set right nought ;
My name is Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
A ffellow thou has long sought.'
- 36 He *that* had neither beene a kithe nor kin
Might haue seene a full fayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen went,
With blades both browne and bright.
- 37 To haue seene how these yeomen together
foug[ht],
Two howers of a summers day ;
Itt was neither Guy nor Robin Hood
That ffettilled them to flye away.
- 38 Robin was reacheles on a roote,
And stumbled at *that* tyde,
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,
And hitt him ore the left side.
- 39 'Ah, deere Lady!' sayd Robin Hood,
'Thou art both mother and may !
I thinke it was neuer mans destinye
To dye before his day.'
- 40 Robin thought on Our Lady deere,
And soone leapt vp againe,
And thus he came with an awkwarde stroke ;
Good Sir Guy hee has slayne.
- 41 He tooke Sir Guys head by the hayre,
And sticked itt on his bowes end :
'Thou hast beene traytor all thy liffe,
Which thing must haue an ende.'
- 42 Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,
And nicked Sir Guy in the fface,
That hee was neuer on a woman borne
Cold tell who Sir Guye was.
- 43 Saies, Lye there, lye there, good Sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe ;
If thou haue had the worse stroakes at my
hand,
Thou shalt haue the better cloathe.
- 44 Robin did off his gowne of greene,
Sir Guye hee did it throwe ;
And hee put on *that* capull-hyde,
That cladd him topp to toe.
- 45 'The bowe, the arrowes, and litle horne,
And with me now I'le beare ;
Ffor now I will goe to Barn[e]sdale,
To see how my men doe ffare.'
- 46 Robin sett Guyes horne to his mouth,
A lowd blast in it he did blow ;
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned vnder a lowe.
- 47 'Hearken ! hearken !' sayd the sheriffe,
'I heard noe tydings but good ;
For yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blowe,
For he hath slaine Robin Hood.
- 48 'For yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blow,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,

- For yonder comes *that* wighty yeoman,
Cladd in his capull-hyde.
- 49 'Come hither, thou good Sir Guy,
Aske of mee what thou wilt haue : '
'I'le none of thy gold,' sayes Robin Hood,
'Nor I'le none of itt haue.
- 50 'But now I haue slaine the *master*,' he sayd,
'Let me goe strike the knaue ;
This is all the reward I aske,
Nor noe other will I haue.'
- 51 'Thou art a madman,' said the shiriffe,
'Thou sholdest haue had a knights ffee ;
Seeing thy asking [hath] beene soe badd,
Well granted it shall be.'
- 52 But Litle Iohn heard his *master* speake,
Well he knew *that* was his steuen ;
'Now shall I be loset,' quoth Litle Iohn,
'With Christs might in heauen.'
- 53 But Robin hee hyed him towards Litle Iohn,
Hee thought hee wold loose him beline ;
The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him did driue.
- 54 'Stand abacke ! stand abacke !' sayd Robin ;
'Why draw you mee soe neere ? '
Itt was neuer the vse in our countrye
One's shrift another shold heere.'
- 55 But Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffe,
And losed Iohn hand and ffoote,
And gaue him Sir Guyes bow in his hand,
And bade it be his boote.
- 56 But Iohn tooke Guyes bow in his hand —
His arrowes were rawstye by the roote — ;
The sherriffe saw Litle Iohn draw a bow
And ffettle him to shoote.
- 57 Towards his house in Nottingham
He fled full fast away,
And soe did all his companye,
Not one behind did stay.
- 58 But he cold neither soe fast goe,
Nor away soe fast runn,
But Litle Iohn, with an arrow broade,
Did cleaue his heart in twinn.

1¹. When shales beeene. 1⁴. birds singe.

2¹. woodweete. 2³. by 2. 11¹. ball.

12³. 2 of. 13³. with 7.

15¹. veiwe. *The word is partly pared away.*

15⁴. footte. 18¹. a william. 19². 6 can . . . 3.

21⁴. in they green. 22¹. these 2.

23⁴. archer : *an e has been added at the end.*
Furnivall.

25⁴. 40¹.

27⁴. *a stroke before the v of steven.* *Furnivall.*

28³. 3 score. 31¹. 2⁴. 32³. for on.

37³. 2 howers. 44¹. did on. 55¹. kniffee.

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ROBIN HOOD AND THE MONK

a. MS. of about 1450: Cambridge University Library,
Ff. 5. 48, fol. 128 b. b. One leaf of a MS. of the

same age, containing stanzas 69³-72, 77²-80²: Bag-
ford Ballads, vol. i, art. 6, British Museum.

a is printed from the manuscript in Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 54, 1806; Hartshorne's Ancient Metrical Tales, p. 179, 1829; Ritson's Robin Hood, ed. 1832, II, 221,

collated by Sir Frederic Madden. Here printed from a fresh transcript, carefully revised by Rev. Professor Skeat.

On a bright Whitsuntide morning, Robin Hood, not having "seen his Savior" for more than a fortnight, resolves to go to mass at Nottingham. Much advises that he take twelve yeomen with him for safety, but Robin will have only Little John. They improve the time, while on their way to church, by shooting for a wager. Robin scornfully offers John three to one; but John nevertheless wins five shillings of his master, at which Robin loses his temper, and strikes John. John will be his man no more, and returns to the wood. Robin, sorry for this consequence of his bad humor, goes on to Nottingham alone. A monk at Saint Mary's church recognizes Robin, and gives information to the sheriff, who comes with a large force to arrest the king's felon. Robin kills or wounds many of the posse, but his sword breaks upon the sheriff's head. In some way which we do not learn, owing to verses lost,* Robin's men hear that their master has been taken. They are all out of their wits but Little John. Mild Mary, he tells his comrades, will never forsake one who has been so long devoted to her, and he, with her help, will see to the monk. The next day John and Much waylay the monk, who is carrying letters to the king conveying the tidings of Robin's capture; they kill him, take the letters, and carry them to the king themselves. The king gives them twenty pounds for their news, and makes them yeomen of the crown; he sends his privy seal to the sheriff by John, commanding that Robin Hood shall be brought to him unhurt. The sheriff, upon receiving the seal, makes John good cheer, and goes to bed heavy with wine. John and Much, while the sheriff is sleeping,

make their way to the jail. John rouses the porter, runs him through,† and takes his keys, unbinds Robin Hood, and puts a good sword in his hand; they leap from the wall where it is lowest. The sheriff finds the jailer dead in the morning, and searches the town for his captive; but Robin is in merry Sherwood. Farewell now, says John; I have done thee a good turn for an ill. Nay, says Robin, I make thee master of my men and me. So shall it never be, answers John; I care only to be a comrade. The king hears that Robin has escaped, and that the sheriff is afraid to show himself. Little John has beguiled us both, says the king. I made them yeomen of the crown, and gave them pay with my own hand! Little John loves Robin Hood better than he does us. Say no more. John has beguiled us all.

Too much could not be said in praise of this ballad, but nothing need be said. It is very perfection in its kind; and yet we have others equally good, and beyond doubt should have had more, if they had been written down early, as this was, and had not been left to the chances of tradition. Even writing would not have saved all, but writing has saved this (in large part), and in excellent form.

The landscape background of the first two stanzas has been often praised, and its beauty will never pall. It may be called landscape or prelude, for both eyes and ears are addressed, and several others of these woodland ballads have a like symphony or setting: Adam Bell, Robin Hood and the Potter, Guy of Gisborne, even the much later ballad of The Noble Fisherman. It is to be observed that the story of the outlaw Fulk Fitz Warine, which has other traits in common with Robin Hood ballads, begins somewhat after the same fashion.‡

* The gap at 30² occurs between two pages, and is peculiarly regrettable. The former reading of "Robyns men" in 30¹ made matters much worse, since there was no way of accounting for the appearance of his men at this point. We must suppose that some one of Robin's many friends carries the news of his capture to his band, and not simply that; with this there must have come information that their leader was to be held to await knowledge of the king's pleasure, otherwise delay would be dangerous, and summary measures for his deliverance be required.

† The porter or warden, in such cases, may commonly look to have his neck wrung, to be thrown over the wall, into a well, etc.: compare Adam Bell, st. 65; Jock o the Side, B 13, 14; the Tale of Gamelyn, Skeat, v. 303-05; Fulk Fitz Warine, Wright, pp 44, 82 f; King Horn, ed. Wissmann, vv 1097-99; Romance de don Gaiferos, F. Wolf, Ueber eine Sammlung spanischer Romanzen, p. 76, Wolf y Hofmann, Primavera, II, 148, No 174; etc.

‡ En le temps de Aveyr e May, quant les prees e les herbes reverdisent, et chescune chose vivaunte recovre ver-

Robin Hood's devotion to the Virgin, st. 34, is a feature which reappears in Robin Hood and the Potter, Guy of Gisborne, Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar, and above all in *The Gest*. His profound piety, as evinced in stanzas 6, 7, and again in 8, 9 of *The Gest*, is commemorated by Bower in a passage in the *Scotichronicon*, of about the same date as the manuscript of the present ballad (1450), which we have every reason to assume to be derived from a lost ballad.* Robin Hood had mass regularly sung at Barnsdale, nor would he suffer the office to be interrupted for the most pressing occasion. (We know from *The Gest*, st. 440, that he had a pretty chapel there, dedicated to Mary Magdalen.) One day, while so engaged, he was informed that the sheriff and his men, old foes of his, had tracked him to the very retired part of the forest where the service was going on, and was urged to fly with his best speed. This, for reverence of the sacrament, which he was then most devoutly adoring, he utterly refused to do, and then, while the rest were fearing for their lives, trusting in him whom he worshipped, fell upon his enemies, with a few of his followers who had rallied to him, and easily put them to rout. Enriched with their spoil and ransom, he was led to hold the ministers of the church (but apparently not "bishops and archbishops," *Gest*, st. 15) and masses in greater veneration than ever, mindful of the common saw, God hears the man who often hears the mass.†

There is a general resemblance between the rescue of Robin Hood in stanzas 61-81 and that of William of Cloudesly in Adam Bell,

56-94, and the precaution suggested by Much in the eighth stanza corresponds to the warning given by Adam in the eighth stanza of the other ballad. There is a verbal agreement in stanzas 71 of the first and 66 of the second.‡ Such agreements or repetitions are numerous in the Robin Hood ballads, and in other traditional ballads, where similar situations occur.

Robin Hood's rescue of Little John, in Guy of Gisborne, after quarrelling with him on a fanciful provocation, is a partial offset for Little John's heart-stirring generosity in this ballad. We have already had several cases of ballads in which the principal actors exchange parts.

That portion of 'Robin Hood's Death' in which Robin Hood gets angry with Scarlet, and shoots with Little John on his way to be let blood, may have been transferred, at least in part, from Robin Hood and the Monk.

It is hardly worth the while to ask whether the monk in this ballad is the same who is pillaged in *The Gest*. So rational a suggestion as that more than one monk must have fallen into Robin's hands, in the course of his long and lucrative career, may not be conclusive, but we may rest certain that there were many Robin Hood ballads besides the few old ones which have come down to us; and if so, there would be many variations upon so agreeable a topic as the depleting of overstocked friars.

Translated, after Jamieson, by Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, p. 148, No 24; by Anastasius Grün, p. 89.

tue, beaute e force, les mountz e les valeys retentissent des douce chauntz des oseylouns, e les cuers de chescune gent, pur la beaute du temps e la sesone, mountent en haut e s'enjolyvent, etc.: Wright, Warton Club, 1855, p. 1; Stevenson, Radulphi de Coggeshall *Chronicon Anglicanum*, etc., p. 277.

* Already cited at p. 41. Bower wrote 1441-47, and died 1449: Skene, *Johannis de Fordun Chronica*, pp xv, xli.

† Par cest exemple bien veons
Que li dous Deux en qui creons
Ame et chierist et honneure

Celui qui volentiers demeure
Pour oïr messe en sainte eglise, etc.

'Du chevalier qui ooit la messe, et Notre-Dame estoit pour lui au tournoïement,' Barbazan et Méon, *Fabliaux*, 1808, I, 86.

‡ These resemblances are noted by Fricke, *Die Robin Hood Balladen*, a dissertation, reprinted in *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen* (vol. 69), in which the relations of the ballads in question are discussed with sagacity and vigilance.

- 1 In somer, when þe shawes be sheyne,
And leves be large and long,
Hit is full mery in feyre foreste
To here þe foulys song :
- 2 To se þe dere draw to þe dale,
And leve þe hilles hee,
And shadow hem in þe levës grene,
Vnder the grene-wode tre.
- 3 Hit befel on Whitsontide,
Erly in a May mornynge,
The son vp feyre can shyne,
And the briddis mery can syng.
- 4 'This is a mery mornynge,' seide Litull
John,
'Be hym þat dyed on tre ;
A more mery man þen I am one
Lyves not in Cristiantē.
- 5 'Pluk vp þi hert, my dere mayster,'
Litull John can sey,
'And thynk hit is a full fayre tyme
In a mornynge of May.'
- 6 '3e, on thyng greves me,' seide Robyn,
'And does my hert mych woo ;
þat I may not no solem day
To mas nor matyns goo.
- 7 'Hit is a fourtnet and more,' seide he,
'Syn I my sauour see ;
To day wil I to Notyngham,' seide Robyn,
'With þe myght of mylde Marye.'
- 8 Than spake Moche, þe mylner sun,
Euer more wel hym betyde !
'Take twelue of þi wyght zemen,
Well weppynd, be þi side.
Such on wolde þi selfe slon,
þat twelue dar not abyde.'
- 9 'Of all my mery men,' seide Robyn,
'Be my feith I wil non haue,
But Litull John shall beyre my bow,
Til þat me list to drawe.'
- 10 'þou shall beyre þin own,' seide Litull Jon,
'Maister, and I wyl beyre myne,
And we well shete a peny,' seide Litull Jon,
'Vnder þe grene-wode lyne.'
- 11 'I wil not shete a peny,' seide Robyn Hode,
'In feith, Litull John, with the,
But euer for on as þou shetis,' seide Robyn,
'In feith I holde þe thre.'
- 12 Thus shet þei forth, pese zemen too,
Bothe at buske and brome,
Til Litull John wan of his maister
Fiue shillings to hose and shone.
- 13 A ferly strife fel þem betwene,
As they went bi the wey ;
Litull John seide he had won fiue shillings,
And Robyn Hode seide schortly nay.
- 14 With þat Robyn Hode lyed Litull Jon,
And smote hym with his hande ;
Litull Jon waxed wroth perwith,
And pulled out his bright bronde.
- 15 'Were þou not my maister,' seide Litull John,
'þou shuldis by hit ful sore ;
Get þe a man wher þou w[ilt],
For þou getis me no more.'
- 16 þen Robyn goes to Notyngham,
Hym selfe mornynge allone,
And Litull John to mery Scherwode,
The pathes he knew ilkone.
- 17 Whan Robyn came to Notyngham,
Sertenly withouten layn,
He prayed to God and myld Mary
To bryng hym out saue agayn.
- 18 He gos in to Seynt Mary chirch,
And kneled down before the rode ;
Alle þat euer were þe church with-in
Beheld wel Robyn Hode.
- 19 Beside hym stod a gret-hedid munke,
I pray to God woo he be !
Fful sone he knew gode Robyn,
As sone as he hym se.
- 20 Out at þe durre he ran,
Fful sone and anon ;
Alle þe zatis of Notyngham
He made to be sparred euerychon.
- 21 'Rise vp,' he seide, 'þou prowde schereff,
Buske þe and make þe þowne ;

- I haue spyed þe kynggis felon,
Ffor sothe he is in þis town.
- 22 'I haue spyed þe false felon,
As he stondis at his masse;
Hit is long of þe,' seide þe munke,
'And euer he fro vs passe.
- 23 'Þis traytur name is Robyn Hode,
Vnder þe grene-wode lynde;
He robbyt me onys of a hundred pound,
Hit shalle neuer out of my mynde.'
- 24 Vp þen rose þis prowde shereff,
And radly made hym zare;
Many was þe moder son
To þe kyrk with hym can fare.
- 25 In at þe durres þei throly thrast,
With staves ful gode wone;
'Alas, alas!' seide Robyn Hode,
'Now mysse I Litull John.'
- 26 But Robyn toke out a too-hond sworde,
þat hangit down be his kne;
þer as þe schereff and his men stode thyckust,
Thedurwarde wolde he.
- 27 Thryes thorowout þem he ran þen,
For soþe as I yow sey,
And woundyt mony a moder son,
And twelue he slew þat day.
- 28 His sworde vpon þe schireff hed
Sertanly he brake in too;
'þe smyth þat þe made,' seide Robyn,
'I pray to God wyrke hym woo!
- 29 'Ffor now am I weppynlesse,' seide Robyn,
'Alasse! agayn my wylle;
But if I may fle pese traytors fro,
I wot þei wil me kyll.'
- 30 Robyn in to the churchē ran,
Throout hem euerilkon,
* * * *
- 31 Sum fel in swonyng as þei were dede,
And lay stil as any stone;
Non of theym were in her mynde
But only Litull Jon.
- 32 'Let be your rule,' seide Litull Jon,
'Ffor his luf þat dyed on tre,
3e þat shulde be dusty men;
Het is gret shame to se.
- 33 'Oure maister has bene hard bystode
And ȝet scapyd away;
Pluk vp your hertis, and leue þis mone,
And harkyn what I shal say.
- 34 'He has seruyd Oure Lady many a day,
And ȝet wil, securly;
þerfor I trust in hir specialy
No wyckud deth shal he dye.
- 35 'þerfor be glad,' seide Litul John,
'And let þis mournyng be;
And I shal be þe munkis gyde,
With þe myght of mylde Mary.
- 36
'We will go but we too;
And I mete hym,' seide Litul John,
.
- 37 'Loke þat ȝe kepe wel owre tristil-tre,
Vnder þe levys smale,
And spare non of this venyson,
þat gose in thys vale.'
- 38 Fforþe þen went these ȝemen too,
Litul John and Moche on fere,
And lokid on Moch emys hows,
þe hye way lay full nere.
- 39 Litul John stode at a wyndow in þe mornyng,
And lokid forþ at a stage;
He was war wher þe munke came ridyng,
And with hym a litul page.
- 40 'Be my feith,' seide Litul John to Moch,
'I can þe tel tithyngus gode;
I se wher þe munke cumys rydyng,
I know hym be his wyde hode.'
- 41 They went in to the way, pese ȝemen boþe,
As curtes men and hende;
þei spyrrred tithyngus at þe munke,
As they hade bene his frende.
- 42 'Ffro whens come ȝe?' seide Litull Jon,
'Tel vs tithyngus, I yow pray,

- Off a false owtlay, [callid Robyn Hode,
Was takyn ysterday.
- 43 'He robbyt me and my felowes bope
Of twenti marke in serten;
If pat false owtlay be takyn,
Ffor sope we wolde be fayn.'
- 44 'So did he me,' seid pe munke,
'Of a hundred pound and more;
I layde furst hande hym apon,
3e may thonke me perfore.'
- 45 'I pray God thanke you,' seid Litull John,
'And we wil when we may;
We wil go *with* you, *with* your leve,
And bryng yow on your way.
- 46 'Ffor Robyn Hode hase many a wilde felow,
I tell you in certen;
If pei wist 3e rode pis way,
In feith 3e shulde be slayn.'
- 47 As pei went talking be pe way,
The munke and Litull John,
John toke pe munk's horse be pe hede,
Fful sone and anon.
- 48 Johne toke pe munk's horse be pe hed,
Ffor sope as I yow say;
So did Much pe litull page,
Ffor he shulde not scape away.
- 49 Be pe golett of pe hode
John pulled pe munke down;
John was nothyng of hym agast,
He lete hym falle on his crown.
- 50 Litull John was so[re] agrevyd,
And drew owt his swerde in hye;
This munke saw he shulde be ded,
Lowd mercy can he crye.
- 51 'He was my maister,' seid Litull John,
'Pat pou hase browzt in bale;
Shalle pou neuer cum at our kyng,
Ffor to telle hym tale.'
- 52 John smote of pe munk's hed,
No longer wolde he dwell;
So did Moch pe litull page,
Ffor ferd lest he wolde tell.
- 53 per pei beryed hem bope,
In nouper mosse nor lyng,
And Litull John and Much infere
Bare pe letturs to oure kyng.
- 54
He knelid down vpon his kne:
'God 3ow saue, my lege lorde,
Ihesus yow saue and se!
- 55 'God yow saue, my lege kyng!'
To speke John was full bolde;
He gaf hym pe letturs in his hond,
The kyng did hit vnfold.
- 56 pe kyng red pe letturs anon,
And seid, So mot I the,
per was neuer 3oman in mery Inglond
I longut so sore to se.
- 57 'Wher is pe munke pat pese shuld haue
brouzt?'
Oure kyng can say:
'Be my trouth,' seid Litull John,
'He dyed after pe way.'
- 58 pe kyng gaf Moch and Litul Jon
Twenti pound in serten,
And made peim 3emen of pe crown,
And bade peim go agayn.
- 59 He gaf John pe seel in hand,
The sheref for to bere,
To bryng Robyn hym to,
And no man do hym dere.
- 60 John toke his leve at oure kyng,
pe sothe as I yow say;
pe next way to Notyngham
To take, he 3ede pe way.
- 61 Whan John came to Notyngham
The 3atis were sparred ychon;
John callid vp pe porter,
He answerid sone anon.
- 62 'What is pe cause,' seid Litul Jon,
'Pou sparris pe 3ates so fast?'
'Because of Robyn Hode,' seid [pe] porter,
'In depe prison is cast.
- 63 'John and Moch and Wyll Scathlok,
Ffor sothe as I yow say,

- pei slew oure men vpon our wallis,
And sawten vs euery day.'
- 64 Litull John spyrryd after þe schereff,
And sone he hym fonde;
He oppyned þe kyngus priue seell,
And gaf hym in his honde.
- 65 Whan þe scheref saw þe kyngus seell,
He did of his hode anon:
'Wher is þe munke þat bare þe letturs?'
He seid to Litull John.
- 66 'He is so fayn of hym,' seid Litul John,
'Ffor soþe as I yow say,
He has made hym abot of Westmynster,
A lorde of þat abbay.'
- 67 The scheref made John gode chere,
And gaf hym wyne of the best;
At nyȝt þei went to her bedde,
And euery man to his rest.
- 68 When þe scheref was on slepe,
Dronken of wyne and ale,
Litul John and Moch for soþe
Toke þe way vnto þe jalle.
- 69 Litul John callid vp þe jayler,
And bade hym rise anon;
He seyde Robyn Hode had brokyn prison,
And out of hit was gon.
- 70 The porter rose anon serten,
As sone as he herd John calle;
Litul John was redy *with* a swerd,
And bare hym to þe walle.
- 71 'Now wil I be porter,' seid Litul John,
'And take þe keyes in honde:'
He toke þe way to Robyn Hode,
And sone he hym vnbonde.
- 72 He gaf hym a gode swerd in his hond,
His hed [ther] *with* for to kepe,
And ther as þe walle was lowyst
Anon down can þei lepe.
- 73 Be þat þe cok began to crow,
The day began to spryng;
The scheref fond þe jaylier ded,
The comyn bell made he ryng.
- 74 He made a crye thoroout al þe tow[n],
Wheder he be ȝoman or knave,
þat cowþe bryng hym Robyn Hode,
His warison he shuld haue.
- 75 'Ffor I dar neuer,' said þe scheref,
'Cum before oure kyng;
Ffor if I do, I wot serten
Ffor soþe he wil me heng.'
- 76 The scheref made to seke Notyngham,
Bothe be strete and styte,
And Robyn was in mery Scherwode,
As list as lef on lynde.
- 77 Then bespake gode Litull John,
To Robyn Hode can he say,
I haue done þe a gode turne for an euill,
Quyte þe whan pou may.
- 78 'I haue done þe a gode turne,' seid Litull
John,
'Ffor sothe as I yow say;
I haue brouȝt þe vnder grene-wode lyne;
Ffare wel, and haue gode day.'
- 79 'Nay, be my trouth,' seid Robyn Hode,
'So shall hit neuer be;
I make þe maister,' seid Robyn Hode,
'Off alle my men and me.'
- 80 'Nay, be my trouth,' seid Litull John,
'So shalle hit neuer be;
But lat me be a felow,' seid Litull John,
'No noder kepe I be.'
- 81 Thus John gate Robyn Hod out of prison,
Serten *withoutyn* layn;
Whan his men saw hym hol and sounde,
Ffor sothe they were full fayne.
- 82 They filled in wyne, and made hem glad,
Vnder þe levys smale,
And ȝete pastes of venyson,
þat gode was *with* ale.
- 83 Than worde came to oure kyng
How Robyn Hode was gon,
And how þe scheref of Notyngham
Durst neuer loke hym vpon.
- 84 Then bespake oure cumly kyng,
In an angur hye:

- Litull John hase begyled pe schereff,
In faith so hase he me.
- 85 Litul John has begyled vs bothe,
And pat full wel I se ;
Or ellis pe schereff of Notyngham
Hye hongut shulde he be.
- 86 'I made hem ȝemen of pe crowne,
And gaf hem fee with my hond ;
I gaf hem grith,' seid oure kyng,
'Thorowout all mery Ingland.
- 87 'I gaf theym grith,' pen seid oure kyng ;
'I say, so mot I the,
Ffor sothe soch a ȝeman as he is on
In all Ingland ar not thre.
- 88 'He is trew to his maister,' seid our kyng ;
'I sey, be swete Seynt John,
He louys better Robyn Hode
Then he dose vs ychon.
- 89 'Robyn Hode is euer bond to hym,
Bothe in strete and stalle ;
Speke no more of this mater,' seid oure kyng,
'But John has begyled vs alle.'
- 90 Thus endys the talkyng of the munke
And Robyn Hode i-wysse ;
God, pat is euer a crowned kyng,
Bryng vs all to his blisse !
- a. *A curl over final n, as in Robyn, John, on, sawten, etc. ; a crossed h, as in John, mych, etc. ; crossed ll, as in full, litull, well, etc. ; a hooked g, as in mornyng, kyng, etc., have been treated as not significant. As to Robyn, cf. 7^s, 11^{1,3}, 13⁴, 14¹, etc., where there is simple n ; as to John, 10^{1,3}, 14³, 31⁴, etc., where we have Jon ; as to Litull, 14^{1,3}, 39¹, 68³, 69¹, 70³, 71¹, where we have Litul. And is printed for & ; be twene, be fore, be side, be held, be spake, per with, thorow out, with outen, etc., are joined.*
- 3¹. tide no longer legible.
- 7¹. seid h . . . , illegible after h.
- 8^{s,6}. xij. 10¹. pⁱ nown. 12⁴, 13³. v s'.
- 14¹. lyed before Robyn struck through.
- 23³. of a C li.
- 27¹. thorow at : but cf. 30². 27⁴. xij.
- 30¹. Robyns men to the churche ran : *Madden.*
There are no men with Robin. "This line is almost illegible. It certainly begins with Robyn, and the second word is not men.
- I read it, Robyn into the churche ran."*
Skeat.
- 30². *A gap here between two pages, and there are commonly six stanzas to a page. At least six are required for the capture of Robin Hood and the conveying of the tidings to his men."*
- 43². Of xx.
- 44¹. me me in my copy, probably by inadvertence.
- 44². Of a C li.
- 53¹. hym. 56¹. p^s kyng. 58². xx li.
- 77⁴. b has Quit me, which is perhaps better.
- 78². perhaps saie ; nearly illegible.
- 90². I wysse.
- b. 69³. pe prison. 70⁴. throw to. 71¹. be jayler.
- 71². toke. 72². hed ther with.
- 72³. wallis were. 72⁴. down ther they.
- 77². [t]hen for can (?). 77⁴. Quit me.
- 78². the saye. 78³. pe grene.
- 79^{1,3}. Hode wanting.

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ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH

A. 'Robin Hood's Death,' Percy MS., p. 21; Hales and Furnivall, I, 53.

B. 'Robin Hood's Death and Burial.' a. The English Archer, Paisley, John Neilson, 1786: Bodleian

Library, Douce, F. F. 71 (6), p. 81. b. The English Archer, York, printed by N. Nickson, in Feasegate, n. d.: Bodleian Library, Douce, F. F. 71 (4), p. 70.

B is given in Ritson's *Robin Hood*, 1795, II, 183, "from a collation of two different copies" of a York garland, "containing numerous variations, a few of which are retained in the margin."

A. Robin Hood is ailing, and is convinced that the only course for him is to go to Kirklees priory for blooding. Will Scarlet cannot counsel this, unless his master take fifty bowmen with him; for a yeoman lives there with whom there is sure to be a quarrel. Robin bids Scarlet stay at home, if he is afraid. Scarlet, seeing that his master is wroth, will say no more.* Robin Hood will have no one go with him but Little John, who shall carry his bow. John proposes that they shall shoot for a penny along the way, and Robin assents.

The opening of the ballad resembles that of *Robin Hood and the Monk*. There Robin's soul is ill at ease, as here his body, and he resolves to go to Nottingham for mass; Much, the Miller's son, advises a guard of twelve yeomen; Robin will take none with him except John, to bear his bow;† and John suggests that they shall shoot for a penny as they go.

A very interesting passage of the story here

* "You shall never hear more of me" might mean something stronger, but it is unlikely that Will is so touchy as to throw up fealty for a testy word from a sick man. A stanza or more seems to be lost here. Arthur is equally hasty with Gawain. He makes his vow to be the bane of Cornwall King. It is an unadvised vow, says Gawain.

And then bespake him noble Arthur,
And these were the words said he:

followed, of which we can barely guess the contents, owing to nine stanzas having been torn away. Robin Hood and John keep up their shooting all the way, until they come to a black water, crossed by a plank. On the plank an old woman is kneeling, and banning Robin Hood. Robin Hood asks why, but the answer is lost, and it is not probable that we shall ever know: out of her proper malignancy, surely, or because she is a hired witch, for Robin is the friend of lowly folk. But if this old woman is banning, others, no doubt women, are weeping, for somehow they have learned that he is to be let blood that day at the priory, and foresee that ill will come of it. Robin is disturbed by neither banning nor weeping; the prioress is his cousin, and would not harm him for the world. So they shoot on until they come to Kirklees.

Robin makes the prioress a present of twenty pound, with a promise of more when she wants, and she falls to work with her bleeding-irons. The thick blood comes, and then the thin, and Robin knows that there has been treason. John asks, What cheer? Robin answers, Little good. Nine stanzas are again wanting, and again in a place where we are not helped by the other version. John

Why, if thou be afraid, Sir Gawaine the gay,
Goe home, and drink wine in thine own country.
I, 285, sts 33-35.

† John is again his sole companion when Robin goes in search of Guy of Gisborne. The yeoman in stanza 3 should be Red Roger; but a suspicion has more than once come over me that the beginning of this ballad has been affected by some version of *Guy of Gisborne*. ✓

must call from the outside of the building, judging by what follows. An altercation seems to pass between Robin and some one; we should suppose between Robin and Red Roger. Robin slips out of a shot-window, and as he does so is thrust through the side by Red Roger. Robin swoops off Red Roger's head, and leaves him for dogs to eat. Then Red Roger must be below, and John is certainly below. He would have seen to Red Roger had they both been within. But John must be under a window on a different side of the building from that whence Robin issues, for otherwise, again, he would have seen to Red Roger. We are driven to suppose that the words in st. 19 pass between Robin above and Roger below.

Though Robin is near his last breath, he has, he says, life enough to take his housel. He must get it in a very irregular way, but he trusts it will "bestand" him.* John asks his master's leave to set fire to Kirklees, but Robin will not incur God's blame by harming any woman ["widow"] at his latter end. Let John make his grave of gravel and greet, set his sword at his head, his arrows at his feet, and lay his bow by his side.†

B, though found only in late garlands, is in the fine old strain. Robin Hood says to Little John that he can no longer shoot matches, his arrows will not flee; he must go to a cousin to be let blood. He goes, alone, to Kirkley nunnery, and is received with a show of cordiality. His cousin bloods him, locks him up in the room, and lets him bleed all the livelong day, and until the next day at noon. Robin bethinks himself of escaping through a casement, but is not strong enough. He sets his horn to his mouth and blows thrice, but so wearily that Little John, hearing, thinks his master must be nigh to death. John comes to Kirkley, breaks the

locks, and makes his way to Robin's presence. He begs the boon of setting fire to Kirkley, but Robin has never hurt woman in all his life, and will not at his end. He asks for his bow to shoot his last shot, and where the arrow lights there his grave shall be.‡ His grave is to be of gravel and green, long enough and broad enough, a sod under his head, another at his feet, and his bow by his side, that men may say, Here lies bold Robin Hood.

The account of Robin Hood's death which is given in *The Gest*, agrees as to the main items with what we find in A. The prioress of Kirkesly, his near kinswoman, betrayed him when he went to the nunnery to be let blood, and this she did upon counsel with Sir Roger of Donkester, with whom she was intimate. The *Life of Robin Hood in the Sloane MS*, which is mostly made up from *The Gest*, naturally repeats this story.

Grafton, in his *Chronicle*, 1569, citing "an olde and auncient pamphlet," says: For the sayd Robert Hood, beyng afterwarde troubled with sicknesse, came to a certain nonry in Yorkshire, called Bircklies, where, desiryng to be let blood, he was betrayed and bled to death: edition of 1809, p. 221. So the *Harleian MS*, No 1233, article 199, of the middle of the seventeenth century, and not worth citing, but cited by Ritson. According to Stanishurst, in *Holinshed's Ireland* (p. 28 of ed. of 1808), after Robin Hood had been betrayed at a nunnery in Scotland called Bricklies, Little John was fain to flee the realm, and went to Ireland, where he executed an extraordinary shot, by which he thought his safety compromised, and so removed to Scotland, and died there.

Martin Parker's *True Tale of Robin Hood*, which professes to be collected from chronicles, ascribes Robin Hood's death to a faith-

* I can make nothing of "give me mood," in 231² 'Give me God,' or 'Give me my God,' may seem a bold suggestion, but we have 'yeve me my sayvour' in *Rom. of the Rose*, 6436.

† A few verses are wanting at the end. The "met-yard" of the last line is one of the last things we should think Robin would care for.

‡ It seemed to me at one time that there was a direction to shoot an arrow to determine the place of a grave also in No 16, A 3, I, 185.

Now when that ye hear me gie a loud cry,
Shoot frae thy bow an arrow, and there let me lye.

But upon considering the corresponding passage in 16 B, C, and in 15 B, the idea seems rather to be, that the arrow is to leave the bow at the moment when the soul shoots from the body.

less friar, who pretended "in love to let him blood," when he had a fever, and allowed him to bleed to death. Robin Hood and the Valiant Knight, a late and thoroughly worthless broadside ballad, says simply, He sent for a monk to let him blood, who took his life away.

A Russian popular song has an interesting likeness to the conclusion of Robin Hood's Death. The last survivor of a band of brigands, feeling death to be nigh, exclaims :

Bury me, brothers, between three roads,
The Kief, and the Moscow, and the Murom famed
in story.

At my feet fasten my horse,
At my head set a life-bestowing cross,
In my right hand place my keen sabre.
Whoever passes by will stop;
Before my life-bestowing cross will he utter a
prayer,

At the sight of my black steed will he be startled,
At the sight of my keen sword will he be terrified.
'Surely this is a brigand who is buried here,
A son of the brigand, the bold Stenka Razín.'

Sakharof, *Skazaniya Russkago Naroda*, I, iii, 226.*

Dimos, twenty years a Klepht, tells his comrades to make his tomb wide and high enough for him to fight in it, standing up, and to leave a window, so that the swallows may tell him that spring has come and the nightingales that it is May: Fauriel, I, 56; Zambelios, p. 607, 13; Passow, p. 85. This is a song of the beginning of the present century.

B is translated in *Le Magasin Pittoresque*, 1838, p. 126 f; by Loève-Weimars, p. 223; by Cantù, *Documenti alla Storia Universale*, V, III, p. 801; Anastasius Grün, p. 200; Knortz, *L. u. R. Alt-Englands*, No 20.

A

Percy MS., p. 21; Hales and Furnivall, I, 53.

1 'I WILL neuer eate nor drinke,' Robin Hood
said,

'Nor meate will doo me noe good,
Till I haue beene att merry Churchlees,
My vaines for to let blood.'

2 'That I reade not,' said Will Scarlett,
'Master, by the assente of me,
Without halfe a hundred of your best bowmen
You take to goe with yee.

3 'For there a good yeoman doth abide
Will be sure to quarrell with thee,
And if thou haue need of vs, master,
In faith we will not flee.'

4 'And thou be feard, thou William Scarlett,
Att home I read thee bee:'
'And you be wrothe, my deare master,
You shall neuer heare more of mee.'

* Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 46, who cites B 17, 18. Mr Ralston observes that most of the so-styled Robber Songs of the Russians are reminiscences of the revolt of the Don Cossacks against Tsar Alexis Mikhailovich.

* * * * *

5 'For there shall noe man with me goe,
Nor man with mee ryde,
And Litle Iohn shall be my man,
And beare my benbow by my side.'

6 'You'st beare your bowe, master, your selfe,
And shoote for a peny with mee:'
'To that I doe assent,' Robin Hood sayd,
'And soe, Iohn, lett it bee.'

7 They two bolde children shotten together,
All day theire selfe in ranke,
Vntill they came to blacke water,
And over it laid a planke.

8 Vpon it there kneeled an old woman,
Was banning Robin Hoode;
'Why dost thou bann Robin Hoode?' said
Robin,

.

* * * * *

Stenka Razín, the chief of the insurgents, after setting for several years the forces of the Tsar at defiance, was put to a cruel death in 1672: p. 45, as above.

- 9
 'To giue to Robin Hoode;
 Wee weepen for his deare body,
That this day must be lett bloode.'
- 10 'The dame prior is my aunts daughter,
 And nie vnto my kinne;
 I know shee wold me noe harme this day,
 For all the world to winne.'
- 11 Forth then shotten these children two,
 And they did neuer lin,
 Vntill they came to merry Churchlees,
 To merry Churchlee[s] with-in.
- 12 And when they came to merry Churchlees,
 They knoced vpon a pin;
 Vpp then rose dame prioresse,
 And lett good Robin in.
- 13 Then Robin gaue to dame prioresse
 Twenty pound in gold,
 And bad her spend while that wold last,
 And shee shold haue more when shee wold.
- 14 And downe then came dame prioresse,
 Downe she came in that ilke,
 With a *pair* off blood-irons in her hands,
 Were wrapped all in silke.
- 15 'Sett a chaffing-dish to the fyer,' said dame
 prioresse,
 'And stripp thou vp thy sleeue:.'
 I hold him but an vnwise man
That will noe warning leeue.
- 16 Shee laid the blood-irons to Robin Hoods vaine,
 Alacke, the more pitye!
 And pearct the vaine, and let out the bloode,
 That full red was to see.
- 17 And first it bled, the thicke, thicke bloode,
 And afterwards the thinne,
 And well then wist good Robin Hoode
 Treason there was within.
- 18 'What cheere my *master*?' said Litle Iohn;
 'In faith, Iohn, litle goode;'

- * * * * *
- 19 'I haue upon a gowne of greene,
 Is cut short by my knee,
 And in my hand a bright browne brand
That will well bite of thee.'
- 20 But forth then of a shot-windowe
 Good Robin Hood he could glide;
 Red Roger, with a grounden glaue,
 Thrust him through the milke-white side.
- 21 But Robin was light and nimble of foote,
 And thought to abate his pride,
 Ffor betwixt his head and his shoulders
 He made a wound full wide.
- 22 Says, Ly there, ly there, Red Roger,
 The doggs they must thee eate;
 'For I may haue my houzle,' he said,
 'For I may both goe and speake.
- 23 'Now giue me mood,' Robin said to Litle
 Iohn,
 'Giue me mood with thy hand;
 I trust to God in heauen soe hye
 My houzle will me bestand.'
- 24 'Now giue me leaue, giue me leaue, *master*,'
 he said,
 'For Christs loue giue leaue to me,
 To set a fier within this hall,
 And to burne vp all Churchlee.'
- 25 'That I reade not,' said Robin Hoode then,
 'Litle Iohn, for it may not be;
 If I shold doe any widow hurt, at my latter
 end,
 God,' he said, 'wold blame me;
- 26 'But take me vpon thy backe, Litle Iohn,
 And beare me to yonder streete,
 And there make me a full fayre graue,
 Of grauell and of greete.
- 27 'And sett my bright sword at my head,
 Mine arrowes at my feete,
 And lay my vew-bow by my side,
 My met-yard wi

B

a. The English Archer, Paisley, printed by John Neilson for George Caldwell, Bookseller, near the Cross, 1786, p. 81, No 24. b. The English Archer, York, printed by N. Nickson, in Feasegate, n. d., p. 70.

- 1 WHEN Robin Hood and Little John
Down a down a down a down
Went oer yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood bold to Little John,
We have shot for many a pound.
Hey, etc.
- 2 But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My broad arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me.
- 3 Now Robin he is to fair Kirkly gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.
- 4 And when he came to fair Kirkly-hall,
He knockd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.
- 5 'Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin,'
she said,
'And drink some beer with me?'
'No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee.'
- 6 'Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,' she said,
'Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be.'
- 7 She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
While one drop of blood would run down.
- 8 She blooded him in a vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
Then did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon.
- 9 He then bethought him of a casement there,
Thinking for to get down;
But was so weak he could not leap,
He could not get him down.
- 10 He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his kneæ;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.
- 11 Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under a tree,
'I fear my master is now near dead,
He blows so wearily.'
- 12 Then Little John to fair Kirkly is gone,
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkly-hall,
He broke locks two or three:
- 13 Until he came bold Robin to see,
Then he fell on his knee;
'A boon, a boon,' cries Little John,
'Master, I beg of thee.'
- 14 'What is that boon,' said Robin Hood,
'Little John, [thou] begs of me?'
'It is to burn fair Kirkly-hall,
And all their nunnery.'
- 15 'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,
'That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor men in woman's company.'
- 16 'I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at mine end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be.
- 17 'Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.
- 18 'Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead
Here lies bold Robin Hood.'
- 19 These words they readily granted him,
Which did bold Robin please:
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Within the fair Kirkleys.

- A. 1^s. church Lees: cf. 11^s. 2^s. halfe 100^d.
 3^l. there is. 6^l. nor shoote. 7^l, 11^l. 2.
 8^s, 18^s, 27^l. *half a page gone*.
 12^l. church lees. 13^s. 20^y.
 20^l. shop for shot. 20^s. grounding.
 24^l. church lee.

B. a. Robin Hood's death and burial: shewing how he was taken ill, and how he went to his cousin at Kirkly-hall, in Yorkshire, who let him blood, which was the cause of his death. Tune of Robin Hood's last farewell, etc.

2^l. fly. 15^s. burnt for hurt. 19^l. Kirkly.
The ballad, as Ritson says, "is made to conclude with some foolish lines (adopted from the London copy" of R. H. and the Valiant Knight) in order to introduce the epitaph.

20 Thus he that never feard bow nor spear
 Was murderd by letting blood;
 And so, loving friends, the story it ends
 Of valiant Robin Hood.

21 There's nothing remains but his epitaph now,
 Which, reader, here you have,
 To this very day which read you may,
 As it is upon his grave.
 Hey down a derry derry down

The epitaph, however, does not follow.

- b. *Title as in a, omitting in Yorkshire and Tune of, etc. Printed in stanzas of two long lines. The burden is wanting.*
 1². over. 1^s. bold wanting.
 2². broad wanting: flee. 3^l. he wanting.
 3². coud wen. 4^l. when that.
 4². knocked at. 5^l. I blood letted be.
 6^l. You blood shall letted be.

7². let him into. 7^l. Whilst: down wanting.
 8^l. in the vein. 8². in a. 8^s. There.
 9^l. casement door. 9². to be gone.
 9^l. Nor he: him wanting.
 10^l. strong blasts. 11². under the.
 11^s. now wanting. 12². he could.
 13^l. see wanting. 14^l. quoth for said.
 14². thou begs. 15. wanting. 16^l. neer.
 16². at my. 16^l. my broad arrows.
 17^l. *To go with 16^s 4.*

With verdant sods most neatly put,
 Sweet as the green wood tree.

19^l. promisd him. 19^l. Near to: Kirkleys.
 20^l. that feard neither. 20^s. it wanting.
 20^l. valiant bold. 21^l. There is.
 21^l. it was upon the.

After 19.

Kirkleys was beautiful of old,
 Like Winifrid's of Wales,
 By whose fair well strange cures are told
 In legendary tales.
 Upon his grave was laid a stone,
 Declaring that he dy'd,
 And tho so many years ago,
 Time can't his actions hide.

At the end is the epitaph, wanting in a.

Robin Hood's Epitaph, set on his tomb by the
 Prioress of Kirkley Monastery, in Yorkshire.

Robert Earl of Huntington
 Lies under this little stone.
 No archer was like him so good,
 His wildness nam'd him Robin Hood.
 Full thirteen years and something more
 These no[r]thern parts he vexed sore:
 Such out-laws as he and his men
 May England never know again.

121

ROBIN HOOD AND THE POTTER

Library of the University of Cambridge, MS. E e. 4. 35, fol. 14 b, of about 1500.

PRINTED from the manuscript in Ritson's *Robin Hood*, 1795, I, 81; here from a transcript of the original, carefully revised by Rev. Professor Skeat.

Robin Hood sees a potter driving over the lea; the potter has been in the habit of passing that way, and never has paid toll. Little John has had a brush with the potter, and offers to lay forty shillings that no man can make him leave a pledge. Robin accepts the wager, stops the potter, and demands a "pledge"; the potter refuses to leave pledge or pay toll, takes a staff from his cart, knocks Robin's buckler out of his hand, and, ere Robin can recover it, fells him with a blow in the neck. Robin owns that he has lost. The potter says it is no courtesy to stop a poor yeoman thus; Robin agrees heartily, and proposes fellowship, also to change clothes with the potter and sell his ware at Nottingham. The potter is willing; John warns his master to beware of the sheriff. Robin takes his stand near the sheriff's gate, and offers his pots so cheap that soon there are but five left; these he sends as a gift to the sheriff's wife, who in return asks him to dinner. While they are at their meal, two of the sheriff's men talk of a shooting-match for forty shillings: this the potter says he will see, and after a good dinner goes with the rest to the butts. All the archers come half a bow's length short of the mark; Robin, at his wish, gets a bow from the sheriff, and his first shot misses the mark by less than a foot, his second cleaves the central pin in three. The sheriff applauds; Robin says there is a bow in his cart which he had of Robin Hood. The sheriff wishes he could see Robin Hood, and the potter offers to gratify this wish on

the morrow. They go back to the sheriff's for the night, and early the next day set forth; the sheriff riding, the potter in his cart. When they come to the wood, the potter blows his horn, for so they shall know if Robin be near; the horn brings all Robin's men. The sheriff would now give a hundred pound not to have had his wish; had he known his man at Nottingham, it would have been a thousand year ere the potter had come to the forest. I know that well, says Robin, and therefore shall you leave your horse with us, and your other gear. Were it not for your wife you would not come off so lightly. The sheriff goes home afoot, but with a white palfrey, which Robin presents to his wife. Have you brought Robin home? asks the dame. Devil speed him, answers her spouse, he has taken everything from me; all but this fair palfrey, which he has sent to thee. The merry dame laughs, and swears that the pots have been well paid for. Robin asks the potter how much his pots were worth, gives him ten pounds instead of the two nobles for which they could have been sold, and a welcome to the wood whenever he shall come that way.

The Play of Robin Hood, an imperfect copy of which is printed at the end of Copland's and of White's edition of *The Gest*, is founded on the ballads of Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar and of Robin Hood and the Potter. The portion which is based on the ballad of Robin and the Potter is given in an appendix.

Robin Hood and the Butcher, No 122, repeats many of the incidents of the present ballad. The sheriff is enticed into the forest (by Little John instead of Robin Hood) in

The Gest, 181 ff. This part of the story, in Robin Hood and the Butcher, is much more like that of The Gest than it is in Robin Hood and the Potter. We shall have only too many variations of the adventure in which Robin Hood unexpectedly meets his match in a hand-to-hand fight, now with a pinder, then with a tanner, tinker, shepherd, beggar, etc. His adversaries, after proving their mettle, are sometimes invited and induced to join his company: not so here. In some broadside ballads of this description, with an extravagance common enough in imitations, Robin Hood is very badly mauled, and made all but contemptible.* In Robin Hood and the Potter, Little John is willing to wager on the result of a trial, from his own experience. Will Scadlock is equally confident in Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar, perhaps for the same reason, although this is not said. In Robin Hood and the Shepherd, Little John takes his turn *after* his master, and so with three of Robin's men in Robin Hood and the Beggar, No 133.

Hereward the Saxon introduces himself into the Norman court as a potter, to obtain information of an attack which William the Conqueror was thought to intend on his stronghold at Ely: *De Gestis Herwardi*

Saxonis, 24, in Michel, *Chroniques Anglo-Normandes*, II, 69, attributed to the twelfth century. Wallace, in like manner, to scout in the English camp: Blind Harry's poem, ed. Moir, Book Six, v. 435 ff, p. 123 ff. This is also one of the many artifices by which Eustace the Monk deceives his enemy, the Count of Boulogne: Roman d'Eustache le Moine, ed. Michel, p. 39, v. 1071 ff, a poem of the thirteenth century. See, for Hereward and Eustace, T. Wright's *Essays on Subjects connected with the Literature, etc., of England in the Middle Ages*, II, 108 ff, 135.

Disguise is the wonted and simplest expedient of an outlaw mixing among his foes, "wherein the pregnant enemy does much." Fulk Fitz Warine takes the disguise of an old monk, a merchant, a charcoal-burner; Hereward, that of a potter, a fisherman; Eustace the Monk, of a potter, shepherd, pilgrim, charcoal-burner, woman, leper, carpenter, minstrel, etc.; Wallace, of a potter, pilgrim, woman (twice), etc., in Blind Harry's poem, of a beggar in ballads; Robin Hood, of a potter, butcher, beggar, shepherd, an old woman, a fisherman (?), Guy of Gisborne.

Translated by Anastasius Grün, p. 76.

1 In schomer, when the leves spryng,
The bloschoms on euery bowe,
So merey doyt the berdys syng
Yn wodys merey now.

2 Herkens, god yemen,
Comley, corteys, and god,
On of the best pat yeuer bare bowe,
Hes name was Roben Hode.

3 Roben Hood was the yeman's name,
That was boyt corteys and ffre;
Ffor the loffe of owre lady,
All wemen werschepyd he.

4 Bot as the god yeman stod on a day,
Among hes mery maney,
He was ware of a prowde potter,
Cam dryfyng owyr the ley.

5 'Yonder comet a prod potter,' seyde Roben,
'That long hayt hantyd þis wey;
He was neuer so corteys a man
On peney of pawage to pay.'

6 'Y met hem bot at Went-breg,' seyde Lytyll
John,
'And therefore yeffell mot he the!
Seche thre strokes he me gafe,
Yet by my seydys cleffe pey.

* The personage may have been varied in the broadside ballads to catch the pence of tanners, tinkers, and the rest; or possibly some member of the respective fraternities might do this for the glory of his craft. A parallel case seems to be afforded by the well-known German ballad,

'Der Zimmergesell und die junge Markgräfin,' which is also sung of a journeyman shoemaker, tailor, locksmith, etc.; as remarked by A. Grün, *Robin Hood, Ein Balladenkranz*, p. 47 f.

- 7 'Y ley forty shillings,' seyde Lytyll John,
 'To pay het thes same day,
 Ther ys nat a man among hus all
 A wed schall make hem ley.'
- 8 'Here ys forty shillings,' seyde Roben,
 'More, and thow dar say,
 þat y schall make þat prowde potter,
 A wed to me schall he ley.'
- 9 There thes money they leyde,
 They toke het a yeman to kepe;
 Roben beffore the potter he breyde,
 A[nd] bad hem stond stell.
- 10 Handys apon hes hors he leyde,
 And bad the potter stonde foll stell;
 The potter schorteley to hem seyde,
 Ffelow, what ys they well?
- 11 'All thes thre yer, and more, potter,' he
 seyde,
 'Thow hast hantyd thes wey,
 Yet were tow neuer so cortys a man
 On peney of pauage to pay.'
- 12 'What ys they name,' seyde þe potter,
 'Ffor pauage thow aske of me?'
 'Roben Hod ys mey name,
 A wed schall thow leffe me.'
- 13 'Wed well y non leffe,' seyde þe potter,
 'Nor pavag well y non pay;
 Away they honde ffro mey hors!
 Y well the tene eyls, be mey ffay.'
- 14 The potter to hes cart he went,
 He was not to seke;
 A god to-hande staffe þerowt he hent,
 Beffore Roben he leppyd.
- 15 Roben howt *with* a swerd bent,
 A bokeler en hes honde;
 The potter to Roben he went,
 And seyde, Ffelow, let mey hors go.
- 16 Togeder then went thes to yemen,
 Het was a god seyt to se;
 Thereof low Robyn hes men,
 There they stod onder a tre.
- 17 Leytell John to hes ffelowhe[s] seyde,
 'Yend potter well steffeley stonde:'
- The potter, *with* a acward stroke,
 Smot the bokeler owt of hes honde.
- 18 A[nd] ar Roben meyt get het agen
 Hes bokeler at hes ffette,
 The potter yn the neke hem toke,
 To the gronde sone he yede.
- 19 That saw Roben hes men,
 As thay stod onder a bow;
 'Let vs helpe owre master,' seyde Lytell John,
 'Yonder potter,' seyde he, 'els well hem
 slo.'
- 20 Thes yemen went *with* a breyde,
 To ther mast[er] they cam.
 Leytell John to hes mast[er] seyde,
 Ho haet the wager won?
- 21 'Schall y haffe yowre forty shillings,' seyde
 Lytl John,
 'Or ye, master, schall haffe myne?'
 'Yeff they were a hundred,' seyde Roben,
 'Y ffeythe, they ben all theyne.'
- 22 'Het ys fol leytell cortesei,' seyde þe potter,
 'As y haffe harde weyse men saye,
 Yeffe a pore yeman com drywyng on the wey,
 To let hem of hes gorney.'
- 23 'Be mey trowet, thow seys soyt,' seyde Roben,
 'Thow seys god yeme[n]rey;
 And thow dreyffe fforthe yeuery day,
 'Thow schalt neuer be let ffor me.
- 24 'Y well prey the, god potter,
 A ffelischepe well thow haffe?
 Geffe me they cloth yng, and þow schalt hafe
 myne;
 Y well go to Notynggam.'
- 25 'Y gra[n]t thereto,' seyde the potter,
 'Thow schalt ffeynde me a ffelow gode;
 Bot thow can sell mey pottys well,
 Com ayen as thow yode.'
- 26 'Nay, be mey trowt,' seyde Roben,
 'And then y bescro mey hede,
 Yeffe y bryng eny pottys ayen,
 And eney weyffe well hem chepe.'
- 27 Than spake Leytell John,
 And all hes ffelowhes heynd,

- ‘Master, be well ware of the screffe of Not-
ynggam,
Ffor he ys leytell howr ffrende.’
- 28 ‘Heyt war howte!’ seyde Roben,
‘Ffelowhes, let me a lone;
Thorow the helpe of Howr Ladey,
To Notynggam well y gon.’
- 29 Robyn went to Notynggam,
Thes pottys ffor to sell;
The potter abode *with* Robens men,
There he ffered not eyll.
- 30 Tho Roben droffe on hes wey,
So merey ower the londe:
Her es more, and after ys to saye,
The best ys beheynde.
- 31 When Roben cam to Notynggam,
The soyt yef y scholde saye,
He set op hes hors anon,
And gaffe hem hotys and haye.
- 32 Yn the medys of the towne,
There he schowed hes ware;
‘Pottys! pottys!’ he gan crey foll sone,
‘Haffe hansell ffor the mare!’
- 33 Ffoll effen agenest the screffeyes gate
Schowed he hes chaffare;
Weyffes and wedowes abowt hem drow,
And chepyd ffast of hes ware.
- 34 Yet, ‘Pottys, gret chepe!’ creyed Robyn,
‘Y loffe yeffell thes to stonde;’
And all that say hem sell
Seyde he had be no potter long.
- 35 The pottys that were werthe pens ffeyffe,
He solde tham ffor pens thre;
Preveley seyde man and weyffe,
‘Ywnder potter schall neuer the.’
- 36 Thos Roben solde ffoll ffast,
Tell he had pottys bot ffeyffe;
Op he hem toke of hes care,
And sende hem to the screffeyes weyffe.
- 37 Thereof sche was ffoll ffayne,
‘Gereamarsey, *ser*,’ than seyde sche;
- ‘When ye com to thes contre ayen,
Y schall bey of the[y] pottys, so mot y the.’
- 38 ‘Ye schall haffe of the best,’ seyde Roben,
And sware be the Treneytë;
Ffoll corteysley [*sc*]he gan hem call,
‘Com deyne *with* the screfe and me.’
- 39 ‘God amarsey,’ seyde Roben,
‘Yowre bedyng schall be doyn;’
A mayden yn the pottys gan bere,
Roben and pe screffe weyffe ffolowed anon.
- 40 Whan Roben yn to the hall cam,
The screffë sone he met;
The potter cowed of corteysley,
And sone the screffe he gret.
- 41 ‘Lo, ser, what thes potter hayt geffe yow and
me;
Ffeyffe pottys smalle and grete!’
‘He ys ffol wellcom,’ seyd the screffe;
‘Let os was, and go to mete.’
- 42 As they sat at her mēthe,
With a nobell chere,
To of the screffes men gan speke
Off a gret wager;
- 43 Off a schotyng, was god and ffeyne,
Was made the thother daye,
Off forty shillings, the soyt to saye,
Who scholde thes wager wen.
- 44 Styl than sat thes prowde potter,
Thos than thowt he;
As y am a trow ceerstyn man,
Thes schotyng well y se.
- 45 Whan they had ffared of the best,
With bred and ale and weyne,
To the bottys the made them prest,
With bowes and boltys ffol ffeyne.
- 46 The screffes men schot ffoll ffast,
As archares *pat* weren godde;
There cam non ner ney the marke
Bey halffe a god archares bowe.
- 47 Stell then stod the prowde potter,
Thos than seyde he;
And y had a bow, be the rode,
On schot scholde yow se.

- 48 'Thow schall haffe a bow,' seyde the screffe,
 'The best pat thow well cheys of thre;
 Thou semyst a stalward and a stronge,
 Asay schall thow be.'
- 49 The screffe commandyd a yeman pat stod hem
 bey
 After bowhes to weynde;
 The best bow pat the yeman browthe
 Roben set on a stryng.
- 50 'Now schall y wet and thow be god,
 And polle het op to they nere;'
 'So god me helpe,' seyde the prowde potter,
 'pys ys bot ryg;t weke gere.'
- 51 To a quequer Roben went,
 A god bolt owthe he toke;
 So ney on to the marke he went,
 He ffayled not a fothe.
- 52 All they schot abowthe agen,
 The screffes men and he;
 Off the marke he welde not ffayle,
 He cleffed the preke on thre.
- 53 The screffes men thowt gret schame
 The potter the mastry wan;
 The screffe lowe and made god game,
 And seyde, Potter, thow art a man.
- 54

 Thow art worthey to bere a bowe
 Yn what plas that pow goe.
- 55 'Yn mey cart y haffe a bowe,
 Ffor soyt,' he seyde, 'and that a godde;
 Yn mey cart ys the bow
 That gaffe me Robyn Hode.'
- 56 'Knowest thow Robyn Hode?' seyde the
 screffe,
 'Potter, y prey the tell thow me;'
 'A hundred torne y haffe schot wth hem,
 Vnder hes tortyll-tre.'
- 57 'Y had leuer nar a hundred ponde,' seyde pe
 screffe,
 'And sware be the Trenitē,

 pat the ffals outelawe stod be me.'
- 58 'And ye well do aftyr mey red,' seyde pe
 potter,
 'And boldeley go wth me,
 And to morow, or we het bred,
 Roben Hode well we se.'
- 59 'Y wel queyt the,' kod the screffe,
 'Y swere be God of meythe;'
 Schetyng thay left, and hom pey went,
 Her soper was reddi deythe.
- 60 Vpon the morow, when het was day,
 He boskyd hem fforthe to reyde;
 The potter hes cart fforthe gan ray,
 And wolde not leffe beheynde.
- 61 He toke leffe of the screffys wyffe,
 And thankyd her of all thyng:
 'Dam, ffor mey loffe and ye well pys were,
 Y geffe yow here a golde ryng.'
- 62 'Gramarsey,' seyde the weyffe,
 'Ser, god eyld e het the;'
 The screffes hart was neuer so leythe,
 The ffeyre fforeyst to se.
- 63 And when he cam yn to the fforeyst,
 Yonder the leffes grene,
 Berdys there sange on bowhes prest,
 Het was gret goy to se.
- 64 'Here het ys merey to be,' seyde Roben,
 'Ffor a man that had hawt to spende;
 Be mey horne I schall awet
 Yeff Roben Hode be here.'
- *
 65 Roben set hes horne to hes mowthe,
 And blow a blast pat was ffol god;
 pat herde hes men pat pere stode,
 Ffer downe yn the wodde.
- 66 'I her mey master blow,' seyde Leytell John,

 They ran as thay were wode.
- 67 Whan thay to thar master cam,
 Leytell John wold not spare;
 'Master, how haffe yow ffare yn Notynggam?
 How haffe yow solde yowre ware?'
- 68 'Ye, be mey trowthe, Leyty[ll] John,
 Loke thow take no care;

- Y haffe browt the screffe of Notynggam,
Ffor all howre chaffare.'
- 69 'He ys ffol wellcom,' seyde Lytyll John,
'Thes tydyng ys ffol godde;
The screffe had leuer nar a hundred ponde
He had [neuer sene Roben Hode.]
- 70 '[Had I] west pat befforen,
At Notynggam when we were,
Thow scholde not com yn ffeyre fforest
Of all thes thowsande eyre.'
- 71 'That wot y well,' seyde Roben,
'Y thanke God that ye be here;
Therefore schall ye leffe yowre hors with hos,
And all yowre hother gere.'
- 72 'That ffend I Godys fforbod,' kod the screffe,
'So to lese mey godde;
.
.
- 73 'Hether ye cam on hors ffol hey,
And hom schall ye go on ffote;
And gret well they weyffe at home,
The woman ys ffol godde.
- 74 'Y schall her sende a wheyt palfrey,
Het ambellet be mey ffey,
.
.
- 75 'Y schall her sende a wheyt palfrey,
Het hambellet as the weynde;
Nere ffor the loffe of yowre weyffe,
Off more sorow scholde yow seyng.'
- 76 Thes parted Robyn Hode and the screffe;
To Notynggam he toke the waye;
- Hes weyffe ffeyre welcomed hem hom,
And to hem gan sche saye:
- 77 Seyr, how haffe yow ffared yn grene fforeyst?
Haffe ye browt Roben hom?
'Dam, the deyell spede hem, bothe bodey and
bon;
Y haffe hade a ffol gret skorne.
- 78 'Of all the god that y haffe lade to grene wod,
He hayt take het ffro me;
All bot thes ffeyre palfrey,
That he hayt sende to the.'
- 79 With pat sche toke op a lowde lawhyng,
And swhare be hem pat deyed on tre,
'Now haffe yow payed ffor all pe pottys
That Roben gaffe to me.
- 80 'Now ye be com hom to Notynggam,
Ye schall haffe god ynowe;'
Now speke we of Roben Hode,
And of the pottyr ondyr the grene bowhe.
- 81 'Potter, what was they pottys worthe
To Notynggam pat y ledde with me?'
'They wer worthe to nobellys,' seyde he,
'So mot y treyffe or the;
So cowde y [haffe] had ffor tham,
And y had there be.'
- 82 'Thow schalt hafe ten ponde,' seyde Roben,
'Of money ffeyre and ffre;
And yeuer whan thow comest to grene wod,
Wellcom, potter, to me.'
- 83 Thes partyd Robyn, the screffe, and the potter,
Ondernethe the grene-wod tre;
God haffe mersey on Roben Hodys solle,
And saffe all god yemanrey!

2². cortessey. 3⁴. werschep ye.
4⁴. the lefe. 5¹, 6¹. syde. 6³. Seche iij.
6⁴. pey cleffe by my seydyd.
7¹, 8¹, 21¹, 43³. xl s'. 7³. hys all.
7⁴. hem leffe. 11¹. thes iij. 11⁴. I peney.
14². And teke *at the beginning of the line*
struck through.
16¹. thes ij. 17¹. ffelow he seyde.
17³. a caward. 19². onder or ender.
19⁴. hels: sclo. 20¹. went yemen.

20². To thes. 21³, 56³, 57¹. a c.
25. st. 29 *is wrongly put here*.
25⁴. yede. 27². ffelow hes.
28. *The order of the lines is 3, 2, 1, 4.*
30³. Heres. 35¹. pens v.
35². pens iij. d. 36². bot v.
37². Gere amarsey seyde sche than, *with a*
character after sche which is probably an
abbreviation for ser, as in 62².

41⁴. to to. 42¹. methē. 42⁸. ij of.
 43⁸. xl s. 45⁸. the pottys.
 45⁴. bolt yt. 48². of iij. 48⁸. senyst.
 48⁴. A say.
 50². And [thow]? *The ll in polle is crossed ;
 potte may have been intended by the writer.*
 52⁴. on iij.
 54^{1,2}. *No blank here, and none at 57⁸, 66^{2,8},
 72^{8,4}, 74^{8,4}.*
 55^{8,4}. Yn mey cart ys the bow pat Robyn
 gaffe me.
 56⁸. A c. 57¹, 69⁸. a c.
 59². & swere: meythei. 59⁴. / scopē.
 64⁸. he schall. 68¹. I leyty.
 69⁴, 70¹. He had west pat be fforen.

74^{1,2}. *Ought perhaps to be dropped. The
 writer, having got the second verse wrong,
 may have begun the stanza again.*
 80⁸. *After this line is repeated, Ye schall
 haffe god ynowhe.*
 80⁴. bowhes. 81⁸. worthe ij.
 81⁶. be there. 82. hafe x li.
 Expleycyt Robynhode.
*A bowt, a non, be heynde, etc. are joined.
 And for & throughout. Some terminal curls
 rendered with e were, perhaps, mere tricks
 of writing; as marks over final m, n, in
 cam, on, yemen, etc., crossed double l in all,
 etc., a curled n in Roben, have been assumed
 to be.*

APPENDIX

THE PLAYE OF ROBYN HODE (vv. 121 ff.)

As printed by Copland, at the end of his edition of the Gest, with a few corrections from White's edition, 1634: Ritson's Robin Hood, 1795, II, 199. I have not thought it necessary to collate Ritson's reprint with Copland. The collations with White here are made with the undated copy in the Bodleian Library, Z. 3. Art. Seld.

ROBYN HODE

Lysten, to [me], my mery men all, v. 121
 And harke what I shall say;
 Of an adventure I shall you tell,
 That befell this other daye.
 With a proude potter I met,
 And a rose-garlande on his head,
 The floures of it shone marvaylous freshe;
 This seven yere and more he hath used this waye,
 Yet was he never so curteyse a potter
 As one peny passage to paye. 130
 Is there any of my mery men all
 That dare be so bolde
 To make the potter paie passage,
 Either silver or golde?

LYTTEL JOHN

Not I master, for twenty pound redy tolde, 135
 For there is not among us al one
 That dare medle with that potter, man for man.
 I felt his handes not long agone,
 But I had lever have ben here by the;
 Therefore I knowe what he is. 140

Mete him when ye wil, or mete him whan ye shal,
 He is as propre a man as ever you medle[d] withal.

ROBYN HODE

I will lai with the, Litel John, twenti pound so read,
 If I wyth that potter mete,
 I wil make him pay passage, maugre his head. 145

LYTTEL JOHN

I consente therto, so eate I bread;
 If he pay passage, maugre his head,
 Twenti pound shall ye have of me for your mede.

THE POTTERS BOY JACKE

Out alas, that ever I sawe this daye!
 For I am clene out of my waye 150
 From Notyngham towne;
 If I hye me not the faster,
 Or I come there the market wel be done.

ROBYN HODE

Let me se, are the pottes hole and sounde?

JACKE

Yea, meister, but they will not breake the ground. 155

ROBYN HODE

I wil them breke, for the cuckold thi maisters sake;
 And if they will breake the grounde,
 Thou shalt have thre pence for a pound.

JACKE

Out alas! what have ye done?
 If my maister come, he will breke your crown. 160

THE POTTER

Why, thou horeson, art thou here yet?
 Thou shouldst have bene at market.

JACKE

I met with Robin Hode, a good yeman ;
 He hath broken my pottes,
 And called you kuckolde by your name.

165

THE POTTER

Thou mayst be a gentylman, so God me save,
 But thou semest a noughty knave.
 Thou callest me cuckolde by my name,
 And I swere by God and Saynt John,
 Wyfe had I never none :
 This cannot I denye.
 But if thou be a good felowe,
 I wil sel mi horse, mi harneis, pottes and paniers to,
 Thou shalt have the one halfe, and I will have the
 other.

170

If thou be not so content,
 Thou shalt have stripes, if thou were my brother.

175

ROBYN HODE

Harke, potter, what I shall say:
 This seven yere and more thou hast used this way,
 Yet were thou never so curteous to me
 As one penny passage to paye.

180

THE POTTER

Why should I pay passage to thee?

ROBYN HODE

For I am Robyn Hode, chiefe gouvernoure
 Under the grene-woode tree.

THE POTTER

This seven yere have I used this way up and downe,
 Yet payed I passage to no man,
 Nor now I wyl not beginne, to do the worst thou can.

185

ROBYN HODE

Passage shalt thou pai here under the grene-woode tre,
 Or els thou shalt leve a wedde with me.

THE POTTER

If thou be a good felowe, as men do the call,
 Laye away thy bowe,
 And take thy sword and buckeler in thy hande,
 And se what shall befall.

190

ROBYN HODE

Lyttle John, where art thou?

LYTTTEL [JOHN]

Here, mayster, I make God avowe.
 I tolde you, mayster, so God me save,
 That you shoulde fynde the potter a knave.
 Holde your buckeler faste in your hande,
 And I wyl styfly by you stande,
 Ready for to fyghte ;
 Be the knave never so stoute,
 I shall rappe him on the snoute,
 And put hym to flyghte.

195

200

The rest is wanting.

121. to [me], *wanting in White*.
 142. medled, *W*. 153. maryet.
 154. the, *C*.; thy, *W*.

186. to do: to *wanting in W*.
 188. wedded, *C*.; wed, *W*.
 196. your, *C*.; you, *W*.

122

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER

A. 'Robin Hood and the Butcher,' Percy MS., p. 7; Hales and Furnivall, I, 19. **B.** 'Robin Hood and the Butcher.' a. Wood, 401, 19 b. b. Garland of 1663, No 6. c. Garland of 1670, No 5. d. Pepys, II, 102, No 89.

OTHER copies, of the second class, are in the Roxburghe collection, III, 259, and the Douce collection, III, 114. B a was printed, with changes, by Ritson, Robin Hood, 1795, II,

23; a copy resembling the Douce by Evans, Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 106.

The story is a variation of Robin Hood and the Potter. According to A, the sheriff

of Nottingham has resolved to have Robin's head. A butcher is driving through the forest, and his dog flies at Robin, for which Robin kills the dog. The butcher undertakes to let a little of the yeoman's blood for this, and there is a bout between staff and sword, in which we know that the butcher must bear himself well, though just here the first of three considerable gaps occurs. Robin buys the butcher's stock, changes clothes with him, and goes to Nottingham to market his flesh. There he takes up his lodging at the sheriff's, having perhaps conciliated the sheriff's wife with the present of a fine joint. He sells at so low a rate that his stock is all gone before any one else has sold a bit. The butchers ask him to drink, and Robin makes an appointment with them at the sheriff's. A second gap deprives us of the knowledge of what passes here, but we infer that, as in *B*, Robin is so reckless of his money that the sheriff thinks he can make a good bargain in horned beasts with him. Robin is ready; we see that he has come with a well-formed plan. The next day the sheriff goes to view the livestock, and is taken into the depth of the forest; it turns out that the wild deer are the butcher's

horned beasts. Robin's men come in at the sound of his horn; the sheriff is lightened of all his money, and is told that his head is spared only for his wife's sake. All this the sheriff tells his wife, on his return, and she replies that he has been served rightly for not tarrying at home, as she had begged him to do. The sheriff says he has learned wisdom, and will meddle no more with Robin Hood.

B a omits the brush between Robin and the butcher, mostly wanting, indeed, in *A* also, but only because of the damage which the manuscript has suffered.

The passage in which the sheriff is inveigled into Robin's haunts has, as already mentioned, close affinity with the *Gest*, 181 ff.

The first three stanzas of *A* would not be missed, and apparently belong to some other ballad.*

B a is signed T. R., as is also Robin Hood and the Beggar in two editions, and these we may suppose to be the initials of the person who wrote the story over with middle rhyme in the third line of the stanza, a peculiarity which distinguishes a group of ballads which were sung to the tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger: see Robin Hood and Little John, No 125, and also No 128.

A

Percy MS., p. 7; Hales and Furnivall, I, 19.

1 But Robin he walkes in the g[reene] fforrest,
As merry as bird on boughe,
But he that feitches good Robins head,
Hee'le find him game enough.

2 But Robine he walkes in the greene fforrest,
Vnder his trusty-tree;
Sayes, Hearken, hearken, my merrymen all,
What tydings is come to me.

3 The sheriffe he hath made a cry,
Hee'le have my head i-wis;

But ere a tweluemonth come to an end
I may chance to light on his.

4 Robin he marcht in the greene forrest,
Vnder the greenwood scray,
And there he was ware of a proud bucher,
Came driuing flesh by the way.

5 The bucher he had a cut-taild dogg,
And at Robins face he flew;
But Robin he was a good sword,
The bucher's dogg he slew.

6 'Why slayes thou my dogg?' sayes the bucher,
'For he did none ill to thee;

* Fricke, *Die Robin-Hood-Balladen*, p. 20 f, suggests a ballad of Robin Hood and the Sheriff (How Robin took revenge for the sheriff's setting a price on his head), which may have been blended with another, of the Rescue of a

Knight, to form the sixth fit of *The Gest*; and points to st. 329 of the *Gest*, 'Robyn Hode walked in the forest,' etc., as the probable beginning of such a ballad.

- By all the *saints* that are in heaven
Thou shalt haue buffetts three.'
- 7 He tooke his staffe then in his hand,
And he turnd him round about :
'Thou hast a litle wild blood in thy head,
Good fellow, thou 'st haue it letten out.'
- 8 'He that does that deed,' sayes Robin,
'I 'le count him for a man ;
But that while will I draw my sword,
And fend it if I can.'
- 9 But Robin he stroke att the bloody bucher,
In place were he did stand,
* * * * *
- 10 'I [am] a younge bucher,' sayes Robin,
'You fine dames am I come amonge ;
But euer I beseech you, good Mrs Sheriffe,
You must see me take noe wronge.'
- 11 'Thou art verry welcome,' said Master Sher-
riff's wiffe,
'Thy inne heere up [to] take ;
If any good ffellow come in thy companie,
Hee 'st be welcome for thy sake.'
- 12 Robin called ffor ale, soe did he for wine,
And for it he did pay :
'I must to my markett goe,' says Robin,
'For I hold time itt of the day.'
- 13 But Robin is to the markett gone,
Soe quickly and belieu,
He sold more flesh for one peny
Then othe[r] buchers did for fieu.
- 14 The drew about the younge bucher,
Like sheepe into a fold ;
Yea neuer a bucher had sold a bitt
Till Robin he had all sold.
- 15 When Robin Hood had his markett made,
His flesh was sold and gone ;
Yea he had receiued but a litle mony,
But thirty pence and one.
- 16 Seaven buchers, the garded Robin Hood,
Ffull many time and oft ;
Sayes, We must drinke with you, brother
bucher,
It's custome of our crafte.
- 17 'If that be the custome of your crafte,
As heere you tell to me,
Att four of the clocke in the afternoone
At the sheriffs hall I wilbe.'
- * * * * *
- 18
'If thou doe like it well ;
Yea heere is more by three hundred pound
Then thou hast beasts to sell.'
- 19 Robyn sayd naught, the more he thought :
'Mony neere comes out of time ;
If once I catch thee in the greene fforest,
That mony it shall be mine.'
- 20 But on the next day seuen butchers
Came to guard the sheriffe that day ;
But Robin he was the whigh[t]est man,
He led them all the way.
- 21 He led them into the greene fforest,
Vnder the trusty tree ;
Yea, there were harts, and ther were hynds,
And staggs with heads full high.
- 22 Yea, there were harts and there were hynds,
And many a goodly ffawne ;
'Now praised be God,' says bold Robin,
'All these they be my owne.
- 23 'These are my horned beasts,' says Robin,
'Master Sherriffe, which must make the
stake ;'
'But euer alacke, now,' said the sheriffe,
'That tydings comes to late !'
- 24 Robin sett a shrill horne to his mouth,
And a loud blast he did blow,
And then halfe a hundred bold archers
Came rakeing on a row.
- 25 But when the came befor bold Robin,
Even there the stood all bare :
'You are welcome, master, from Nottingham :
How haue you sold your ware ?'
- * * * * *
- 26
.
.
It proues bold Robin Hood.

27 'Yea, he hath robbed me of all my gold
And siluer *that* euer I had ;
But that I had a verry good wife at home,
I shold haue lost my head.

28 'But I had a verry good wife at home,
Which made him gentle cheere,
And therfor, for my wifes sake,
I shold haue better favor heere.

29 'But such favor as he shewed me
I might haue of the devills dam,

That will rob a man of all he hath,
And send him naked home.'

30 'That is very well done,' then says his wiffe,
'Itt is well done, I say ;
You might haue tarryed att Nottingham,
Soe fayre as I did you pray.'

31 'I haue learned wisdom,' sayes the sherriffe,
'And, wife, I haue learned of thee ;
But if Robin walke easte, or he walke west,
He shall neuer be sought for me.'

B

a. Wood, 401, leaf 19 b. b. Garland of 1663, No 6.
c. Garland of 1670, No 5. d. Pepys, II, 102, No 89.

1 COME, all you brave gallants, and listen a while,
With hey down, down, an a down
That are in the bowers within ;
For of Robin Hood, that archer good,
A song I intend for to sing.

2 Upon a time it chancèd so
Bold Robin in forrest did spy
A jolly butcher, with a bonny fine mare,
With his flesh to the market did hye.

3 'Good morrow, good fellow,' said jolly Robin,
'What food hast ? tell unto me ;
And thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost
dwell,
For I like well thy company.'

4 The butcher he answered jolly Robin :
No matter where I dwell ;
For a butcher I am, and to Notingham
I am going, my flesh to sell.

5 'What is [the] price of thy flesh ?' said jolly
Robin,
'Come, tell it soon unto me ;
And the price of thy mare, be she never so dear,
For a butcher fain would I be.'

6 'The price of my flesh,' the butcher repli'd,
'I soon will tell unto thee ;
With my bonny mare, and they are not dear,
Four mark thou must give unto me.'

7 'Four mark I will give thee,' saith jolly Robin,
'Four mark it shall be thy fee ;
Thy mony come count, and let me mount,
For a butcher I fain would be.'

8 Now Robin he is to Notingham gone,
His butcher's trade for to begin ;
With good intent, to the sheriff he went,
And there he took up his inn.

9 When other butchers they opened their meat,
Bold Robin he then begun ;
But how for to sell he knew not well,
For a butcher he was but young.

10 When other butchers no meat could sell,
Robin got both gold and fee ;
For he sold more meat for one peny
Than others could do for three.

11 But when he sold his meat so fast,
No butcher by him could thrive ;
For he sold more meat for one peny
Than others could do for five.

12 Which made the butchers of Notingham
To study as they did stand,
Saying, surely he was some prodigal,
That had sold his father's land.

13 The butchers they stepped to jolly Robin,
Acquainted with him for to be ;
'Come, brother,' one said, 'we be all of one
trade,
Come, will you go dine with me ?'

- 14 'Accurst of his heart,' said jolly Robin,
'That a butcher doth deny ;
I will go with you, my brethren true,
And as fast as I can hie.'
- 15 But when to the sheriff's house they came,
To dinner they hied apace,
And Robin he the man must be
Before them all to say grace.
- 16 'Pray God bless us all,' said jolly Robin,
'And our meat within this place ;
A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood,
And so I do end my grace.
- 17 'Come fill us more wine,' said jolly Robin,
'Let us merry be while we do stay ;
For wine and good cheer, be it never so dear,
I vow I the reckning will pay.
- 18 'Come, brother[s], be merry,' said jolly Robin,
'Let us drink, and never give ore ;
For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way,
If it cost me five pounds and more.'
- 19 'This is a mad blade,' the butchers then said ;
Saies the sheriff, He is some prodigal,
That some land has sold, for silver and gold,
And now he doth mean to spend all.
- 20 'Hast thou any horn-beasts,' the sheriff repli'd,
'Good fellow, to sell unto me ?'
'Yes, that I have, good Master Sheriff,
I have hundreds two or three.
- 21 'And a hundred aker of good free land,
If you please it to see ;
And I'll make you as good assurance of it
As ever my father made me.'
- 22 The sheriff he saddled a good palfrey,
With three hundred pound in gold,
And away he went with bold Robin Hood,
His horned beasts to behold.
- 23 Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride,
To the forrest of merry Sherwood ;
Then the sheriff did say, God bless us this
day
From a man they call Robin Hood !
- 24 But when that a little further they came,
Bold Robin he chanc'd to spy
A hundred head of good red deer,
Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.
- 25 'How like you my hornd beasts, good Master
Sheriff ?
They be fat and fair for to see ;'
'I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,
For I like not thy company.'
- 26 Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
And blew but blasts three ;
Then quickly anon there came Little John,
And all his company.
- 27 'What is your will ?' then said Little John,
'Good master come tell it to me ;'
'I have brought hither the sheriff of Noting-
ham,
This day to dine with thee.'
- 28 'He is welcome to me,' then said Little John,
'I hope he will honestly pay ;
I know he has gold, if it be but well told,
Will serve us to drink a whole day.'
- 29 Then Robin took his mantle from his back,
And laid it upon the ground,
And out of the sheriffe['s] portmantle
He told three hundred pound.
- 30 Then Robin he brought him thorow the wood,
And set him on his dapple gray :
'O have me commended to your wife at
home ;'
So Robin went laughing away.

A. 1². bughe.1². d in head has a tag to it: *Furnivall*.6⁴. 3. After 9², 17⁴, 25⁴, half a page gone.13⁴. 5. 15⁴. 30⁷. 17⁴. 4. 18³. 300¹.19³. caeth: in thy. 20¹. 7. 24³. 100⁴.28³. pro for for.B. a. Robin Hood and the Butcher. To the Tune
of Robin Hood and the Begger.

At the end, T. R.

Colophon. London. Printed for F. Grove on
Snow Hill. F. Grove printed 1620-55:
Chappell.

- 12⁴. hath sold.
 b. Robin Hood and the Butcher; shewing how
 he robbed the sheriff of Nottingham. To
 the Tune of Robin Hood and the Begger.
 4². I do. 5¹. What is price. 10⁴, 11⁴. Then.
 12¹. when *misprinted* for made.
 12⁴. had sold. 18¹. brother. 18³. go on.
 19³. hath sold. 21¹. And an. 21⁴. to me.
 25¹. Sheriff *wanting*. 27⁴. with me.
 29³. sheriffs.
 c. *Title as in b.*
 2, 8, and after 8, *burden*: a hey.
 5¹. is y^e. 10⁴, 11⁴. Then. 12⁴. had sold.
 17². do *wanting*. 18¹. brother. 18³. go on.
 18⁴. costs. 19³. hath sold. 21². it please.
 21³. you *wanting*. 21⁴. did me.
 24³. red *wanting*. 27². pray tell.
 29³. sheriffs.
 d. Robin Hood and the Butcher. To the Tune
 of Robin Hood and the Beggar.

Colophon. Printed for I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger. 1670–86 (?).
Burden. From 2¹ on, With a hey (*not* With hey). Also after the fourth line, With a hey, &c.
 1¹. ye. 1². this bower. 1⁴. for *wanting*.
 2². in the. 5¹. What's the. 5³. be it.
 7³. The. 8³. a good. 9¹. butchers did open.
 10⁴. Then. 12⁴. hath sold. 13³. of a.
 14². will deny. 15³. Robin Hood.
 16⁴. do *wanting*. 17². be merry.
 18¹. brothers. 18⁴. pound or.
 20¹. thou *wanting*: hornd: sheriff then said.
 21¹. A hundred acres. 22². And with.
 22³. And *wanting*. 26². blew out.
 27¹. will master said. 27². I pray you come.
 27³. hither *wanting*. 28¹. then *wanting*.
 28². were it but.
 29⁴. five for three, *wrongly*, see 22³.
 30¹. he *wanting*: through.

123

ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTAL FRIAR

A. 'Robine Hood and Ffryer Tucke,' Percy MS., p. 10; Hales and Furnivall, I, 26.

B. 'The Famous Battel between Robin Hood and the

Curtal Fryer.' a. Garland of 1663, No 11. b.* Pepys, I, 78, No 37. c. Garland of 1670. d. Wood, 401, leaf 15 b. e. Pepys, II, 99, No 86. f. Douce, II, 184.

B also in the Roxburghe collection, III, 16.

B d was printed in Ritson's Robin Hood, 1795, II, 58, corrected by b and compared with e; and in Evans's Old Ballads, 1777–1784, I, 136, probably from the Aldermay garland.

The opening verses of A are of the same description as those with which Nos 117, 118, 119, and others begin. 1 has been corrupted, and 2 also, one would think, as there is no apparent reason for maids weeping and young men wringing hands in the merry month of May. In the first stanza,

But how many merry monthes be in the yeere?
 There are 13 in May;

The midsummer moone is the merriest of all,
 Next to the merry month of May.

month in the first and the fourth line might be changed to moon, to justify thirteen in the second, and to accord with moon in the third. For in May, in the second line, we may read, I say, or many say. The first stanza of No 140, B, runs:

There are twelve months in all the year,
 As I hear many say;
 But the merriest month in all the year
 Is the merry month of May.

* b would have taken precedence of a, having been printed earlier (1607–41), but I am at liberty only to collate Pepys copies. The Wood copies of Robin Hood ballads are generally preferable to the Pepys.

Nearly, or quite, one half of *A* has been torn from the manuscript, but there is no reason to suppose that the story differed much from that of *B*.

Upon Little John's killing a hart at five hundred foot, Robin Hood exclaims that he would ride a hundred mile to find John's match. Scadlock, with a laugh, says that there is a friar at Fountains Abbey who will beat both John and Robin, or indeed Robin and all his yeomen. Robin Hood takes an oath never to eat or drink till he has seen that friar. (Cf. No 30, I, 275, 279.) Robin goes to Fountains Abbey, and ensconces his men in a fern-brake. He finds the friar walking by the water, well armed, and begs [orders, *B*] the friar to carry him over.* The friar takes Robin on his back, and says no word till he is over; then draws his sword and bids Robin carry him back, or he shall rue it. Robin takes the friar on his back, and says no word till he is over; then bids the friar carry him over once more. The friar, without a word, takes Robin on his back, and when he comes to the middle of the stream throws him in. When both have swum to the shore, Robin lets an arrow fly, which the friar puts by with his buckler. The friar cares not for his arrows, though Robin shoots till his arrows are all gone. They take to swords, and fight with them for six good hours, when Robin begs the boon of blowing three blasts on his horn. The friar gives him leave to blow his eyes out: fifty bowmen come raking over the lea. The friar in turn asks a boon, to whistle thrice in his fist. Robin cares not how much he whistles: fifty good bandogs come raking in a row. Here there is a divergence. According to *A*, the friar will match every man with a dog, and himself with Robin. God forbid, says Robin; better be matched with three of the dogs than with thee. Stay thy tikes, and let us be friends. In *B*, two dogs go at Robin and tear his mantle from his back; all the arrows shot

at them the dogs catch in their mouths. Little John calls to the friar to call off his dogs, and enforces his words by laying half a score of them dead on the plain with his bow. The friar cries, Hold; he will make terms. Robin Hood offers the friar clothes and fee to forsake Fountains Abbey for the green-wood. We must infer, as in the parallel case of the Pinder of Wakefield, that the offer is accepted.† But the Curtal Friar, like the Pinder again, plays no part in Robin Hood story out of his own ballad.

Robin Hood and the Friar, in both versions, is in a genuinely popular strain, and was made to sing, not to print. Verbal agreements show that *A* and *B* have an earlier ballad as their common source; but of this, one or the other has retained but little. I cannot think that *B* 33, 34 are of the original matter. It is a derogation from Robin Hood's prowess that he should have his mantle torn from his back, and we may ask why the dogs do not catch Little John's arrows as well as others.

Fountains Abbey, near Ripon, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, was a Cistercian monastery, dating from the twelfth century. (It is loosely called a nunnery in *A* 4.) The friar is called "cutted" in *A* and "curtal" in *B*, and these words have been held to mean short-frocked, and therefore to make the friar a Franciscan. Staveley, *The Romish Horseleech*, speaking of the Franciscans, says at p. 214, Experience shews that in some countrys, where friers used to wear short habits, the order was presently contemned and derided, and men called them curtailed friers. Cited by Douce, *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, I, 61. So, according to Douce, we may probably understand the curtal friar to be a curtailed friar, and in like manner of the curtal dogs. "Cutted" in *A* can signify nothing but short-frocked. In the title of that version, though not in the text, the friar is called Tuck, which means that he is "ytukked hye," like Chau-

* "A wet weary man," *A* 71, should probably be "wel weary." Why should R. H. be wet? And if wet, he may as well be a little wetter.

† Like terms are assured the cook by John in the *Gest*, sts 170, 171, and offered the Tanner by Robin Hood, R. H. and the Tanner, st. 26. Cf. Adam Bell, sts 163-65.

The 'Life' in the Sloane MS., which is put not much before 1600, says: He procurd the Pynner of Wakefeyld to become one of his company, and a freyr called Muchel; though some say he was an other kynd of religious man, for that the order of freyrs was not yet sprung up.

cer's Friar John, but not that he wears a short frock. The friar in the play (see below) has a "long cote," v. 46. But I apprehend that B has the older word in curtal, and that curtal is simply *curtilarius*, and applied to both friar and dogs because they had the care and keeping of the *curtile*, or vegetable garden, of the monastery.*

The title of A in the MS. is Robin Hood and Friar Tuck; from which it follows that the copyist, or some predecessor, considered the stalwart friar of Fountains Abbey to be one with the jocular friar of the May-games and the morris dance. But Friar Tuck, the wanton and the merry, like Maid Marian, owes his association with Robin Hood primarily to these popular sports, and not in the least to popular ballads. In the truly popular ballads Friar Tuck is never heard of, and in only two even of the broadsides, Robin Hood and Queen Katherine and Robin Hood's Golden Prize, is he so much as named; in both no more than named, and in both in conjunction with Maid Marian.

'The Play of Robin Hood,' the first half of which is based on the present ballad, calls the friar Friar Tuck, and represents him accordingly. See the Appendix. He is also called Tuck in the play founded on Guy of Gisborne.

In Munday's Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntington, Friar Tuck is by implication identified with the friar who fell into the well, Dodsley's Old Plays, ed. Hazlitt, VIII, 185; and Mr Chappell is consequently led to say, at p. 390 of his 'Popular Music,' that the ballad of the Friar in the Well was in all probability a tale of "Robin Hood's fat friar." Cavilling at this phrase of Shakspere's only so far as to observe that the friar of the traditional Robin Hood ballad is as little fat as wanton, I need but say that the truth of the case had been already accurately expressed by Mr Chappell at p. 274 of his invaluable work:

* *Curtilarius* (Old English *curtiler*) qui *curtile* curat aut incolit: Ducange.

† I suppose that it must already have been pointed out that the story of King Ramiro, versified by Southey from

"the story is a very old one, and one of the many against monks and friars in which not only England, but all Europe, delighted."

The boon to blow three blasts on his horn, B 25, is also asked by Robin of the Shepherd, No 135, st. 15. The reply made by the Shepherd, st. 16, is, If thou shouldst blow till to-morrow morn, I scorn one foot to flee. In R. H. Rescuing Three Squires, B 25, when Robin, disguised as a beggar, intimates to the sheriff that he may blow his horn, the answer is nearly the same as here: Blow till both thy eyes fall out. In No 127, st. 34 f, Robin asks a boon of the Tinker, without specifying what the boon is; the Tinker refuses; Robin blows his horn while the Tinker is not looking. In No 135, st. 16 f, Robin asks the three keepers to let him blow one blast on his horn, and they refuse. This boon of [three] blasts on a horn is not an important matter in these Robin Hood ballads, but it may be noticed as a feature of other popular ballads in which an actor is reduced to extremity: as in the Swedish ballad *Stolts Signild*, Arwidsson, II, 128, No 97, and the corresponding *Signild og hendes Broder*, Danske Viser, IV, 31, No 170, in both of which the answer to the request is, Blow as much as you will. So in a Russian *bylina*, when Solomon is to be hanged, he obtains permission three several times to blow his horn, and is told to blow as much as he will, and upon the third blast his army comes to the rescue: *Rybnikof*, II, No 52, *Jagić*, in *Archiv für slavische Philologie*, I, 104 ff; *Miss Hapgood's Epic Songs of Russia*, p. 287 f; also *F. Vogt, Salman und Morolf*, p. 104, sts 494 ff. † Three cries take the place of three blasts, upon occasion: as in the case of the unhappy maid in the German forms of No 4, I, 32 ff, where also the maid is sometimes told to cry as much as she wants, and in *Gesta Romanorum*, Oesterley, cap. 108, p. 440.

B is translated by Anastasius Grün, p. 124.

the Portuguese, *Poetical Works*, 1838, VI, 122, is a variety of that of Solomon. There are curious points of resemblance between 'R. H. rescuing Three Squires' and the conclusion of the story of Solomon.

A

Percy MS., p. 10; Hales and Furnivall, I, 26.

- 1 BUT how many merry monthes be in the
yeere?
There are thirteen, I say;
The midsummer moone is the merriest of all,
Next to the merry month of May.
- 2 In May, when mayds beene fast weepand,
Young men their hands done wringe,

* * * * *
- 3 'I'le . . . pe
Over may noe man for villanie:'
'I'le never eate nor drinke,' Robin Hood
sa[id],
'Till I that cutted friar see.'
- 4 He builded his men in a brake of fearne,
A litle from that nunery;
Sayes, If you heare my litle horne blow,
Then looke you come to me.
- 5 When Robin came to Fontaines Abey,
Wheras that fryer lay,
He was ware of the fryer where he stood,
And to him thus can he say.
- 6 A payre of blacke breeches the yeoman had on,
His coppe all shone of steele,
A fayre sword and a broad buckeler
Beseemed him very weell.
- 7 'I am a wet weary man,' said Robin Hood,
'Good fellow, as thou may see;
Wilt beare [me] over this wild water,
Ffor sweete Saint Charity?'
- 8 The fryer bethought him of a good deed;
He had done none of long before;
He hent up Robin Hood on his backe,
And over he did him beare.
- 9 But when he came over *that* wild water,
A longe sword there he drew:
'Beare me backe againe, bold outlawe,
Or of this thou shalt have enoughe.'
- 10 Then Robin Hood hent the fryar on his back,
And neither sayd good nor ill;
- Till he came ore that wild water,
The yeoman he walked still.
- 11 Then Robin Hood wett his fayre greene hoze,
A span aboue his knee;
S[ay]s, Beare me ore againe, thou cutted
f[r]yer
- * * * * *
- 12
good bowmen
[C]ame raking all on a rowe.
- 13 'I beshrew thy head,' said the cutted ffriar,
'Thou thinkes I shall be shente;
I thought thou had but a man or two,
And thou hast [a] whole conuent.
- 14 'I lett thee haue a blast on thy horne,
Now giue me leaue to whistle another;
I cold not bidd thee noe better play
And thou wert my owne borne brother.'
- 15 'Now fute on, fute on, thou cutted fryar,
I pray God thou neere be still;
It is not the futing in a fryers fist
That can doe me any ill.'
- 16 The fryar sett his neave to his mouth,
A loud blast he did blow;
Then halfe a hundred good bandoggs
Came raking all on a rowe.
- 17
'Euery dogg to a man,' said the cutted fryar,
'And I my selfe to Robin Hood.'
- 18 'Over God's forbott,' said Robin Hood,
'*That* euer *that* soe shold bee;
I had rather be mached with three of the tikes
Ere I wold be matched on thee.
- 19 'But stay thy tikes, thou fryar,' he said,
'And freindshipp I 'le haue with thee;
But stay thy tikes, thou fryar,' he said,
'And saue good yeomanry.'
- 20 The fryar he sett his neave to his mouth,
A lowd blast he did blow;

The doggs the coucht downe euery one,
They couched downe on a rowe.

'If that thou will goe to merry greenwood,

* * * * *

- 21 'What is thy will, thou yeoman?' he said,
'Haue done and tell it me;'

B

a. Garland of 1663, No 11. b. Pepys, I, 78, No 37.
c. Garland of 1670, No 10. d. Wood, 401, leaf 15 b.
e. Pepys, II, 99, No 86. f. Douce, II, 184.

1 In summer time, when leaves grow green,
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were disposed to play.

2 Then some would leap, and some would run,
'And some would use artillery:
'Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archer to be?'

3 'Which of you can kill a buck?
Or who can kill a do?
Or who can kill a hart of greece,
Five hundred foot him fro?'

4 Will Scadlock he killd a buck,
And Midge he killd a do,
And Little John killd a hart of greece,
Five hundred foot him fro.

5 'God's blessing on thy heart,' said Robin Hood,
'That hath [shot] such a shot for me;
I would ride my horse an hundred miles,
To finde one could match with thee.'

6 That caud Will Scadlock to laugh,
He laughed full heartily:
'There lives a curtal frier in Fountains Abby
Will beat both him and thee.

7 'That curtal frier in Fountains Abby
Well can a strong bow draw;
He will beat you and your yeomen,
Set them all on a row.'

8 Robin Hood took a solemn oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eat nor drink
Till the frier he did see.

9 Robin Hood put on his harness good,
And on his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weel.

10 He took his bow into his hand,
It was made of a trusty tree,
With a sheaf of arrows at his belt,
To the Fountains Dale went he.

11 And comming unto Fountain[s] Dale,
No further would he ride;
There was he aware of a curtal frier,
Walking by the water-side.

12 The fryer had on a harniss good,
And on his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weel.

13 Robin Hood lighted off his horse,
And tied him to a thorn:
'Carry me over the water, thou curtal frier,
Or else thy life's forlorn.'

14 The frier took Robin Hood on his back,
Deep water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
Till he came at the other side.

15 Lightly leapt Robin Hood off the friers back;
The frier said to him again,
Carry me over this water, fine fellow,
Or it shall breed thy pain.

16 Robin Hood took the frier on's back,
Deep water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
Till he came at the other side.

17 Lightly leapt the fryer off Robin Hoods back;
Robin Hood said to him again,
Carry me over this water, thou curtal frier,
Or it shall breed thy pain.

- 18 The frier took Robin Hood on 's back again,
And stept up to the knee;
Till he came at the middle stream,
Neither good nor bad spake he.
- 19 And coming to the middle stream,
There he threw Robin in:
'And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,
Whether thou wilt sink or swim.'
- 20 Robin Hood swam to a bush of broom,
The frier to a wicker wand;
Bold Robin Hood is gone to shore,
And took his bow in hand.
- 21 One of his best arrows under his belt
To the frier he let flye;
The curtal frier, with his steel buckler,
He put that arrow by.
- 22 'Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,
Shoot on as thou hast begun;
If thou shoot here a summers day,
Thy mark I will not shun.'
- 23 Robin Hood shot passing well,
Till his arrows all were gone;
They took their swords and steel bucklers,
And fought with might and maine;
- 24 From ten oth' clock that day,
Till four ith' afternoon;
Then Robin Hood came to his knees,
Of the frier to beg a boon.
- 25 'A boon, a boon, thou curtal frier,
I beg it on my knee;
Give me leave to set my horn to my
mouth,
And to blow blasts three.'
- 26 'That will I do,' said the curtal frier,
'Of thy blasts I have no doubt;
I hope thou 'lt blow so passing well
Till both thy eyes fall out.'
- 27 Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
He blew but blasts three;
Half a hundred yeomen, with bows bent,
Came raking over the lee.
- 28 'Whose men are these,' said the frier,
'That come so hastily?'
- 'These men are mine,' said Robin Hood;
'Frier, what is that to thee?'
- 29 'A boon, a boon,' said the curtal frier,
'The like I gave to thee;
Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,
And to whute whutes three.'
- 30 'That will I do,' said Robin Hood,
'Or else I were to blame;
Three whutes in a friers fist
Would make me glad and fain.'
- 31 The frier he set his fist to his mouth,
And whuted whutes three;
Half a hundred good ban-dogs
Came running the frier unto.
- 32 'Here's for every man of thine a dog,
And I my self for thee:'
'Nay, by my faith,' quoth Robin Hood,
'Frier, that may not be.'
- 33 Two dogs at once to Robin Hood did go,
The one behind, the other before;
Robin Hoods mantle of Lincoln green
Off from his back they tore.
- 34 And whether his men shot east or west,
Or they shot north or south,
The curtal dogs, so taught they were,
They kept their arrows in their mouth.
- 35 'Take up thy dogs,' said Little John,
'Frier, at my bidding be;'
'Whose man art thou,' said the curtal frier,
'Comes here to prate with me?'
- 36 'I am Little John, Robin Hoods man,
Frier, I will not lie;
If thou take not up thy dogs soon,
I 'le take up them and thee.'
- 37 Little John had a bow in his hand,
He shot with might and main;
Soon half a score of the friers dogs
Lay dead upon the plain.
- 38 'Hold thy hand, good fellow,' said the curtal
frier,
'Thy master and I will agree;
And we will have new orders taken,
With all the haste that may be.'

39 'If thou wilt forsake fair Fountains Dale,
And Fountains Abby free,
Every Sunday throughout the year,
A noble shall be thy fee.

40 'And every holy day throughout the year,
Changed shall thy garment be,

If thou wilt go to fair Nottingham,
And there remain with me.'

41 This curtal frier had kept Fountains Dale
Seven long years or more ;
There was neither knight, lord, nor earl
Could make him yield before.

A. *Half a page is gone after 2³, 11³, 21³.*

1¹. moones? 1². 13 in May.

1⁴. month may pass, though moone is expected.

2^{1,2}. might perhaps be intelligible with the
other half of the stanza.

10⁴, 20³. They. 11¹. eze.

13⁴. counent? comment? F. 15¹. Now fate.

16³. 100⁴. 17^{3,4}. bis {

18¹. Ever. 18³. 3.

B. a. The famous battel between Robin Hood and
the Curtal Fryer, near Fountain Dale.

To a new northern tune.

4¹, 6¹. Sadlock : Scadlock elsewhere.

15¹. sept. Cf. 17¹ : leapt in b, e.

19⁴. sing.

24³. his wanting, and in all but b, e.

24⁴. the wanting, and in all but b, e.

27⁴. ranking : in d, e, f, ranging.

32¹. of thine wanting : found only in b.

34⁴. catcht : kept in b, d. 35³. thon.

b. Title as in a, omitting near Fountain Dale.

Printed at London for H. Gosson. (1607-41.)

2⁴. for to. 3⁴, 4⁴, 5³, 27³, 31³. hundreth.

5³. a for an. 5⁴. with wanting. 7³. and all.

7⁴. all a on a. 8¹. Hood he.

9², 12². And wanting. 10⁴. Fountaine.

11¹. into. 11². he would.

11³. he was : of the. 12¹. a wanting.

14⁴, 16⁴. th' other. 15¹. leapt for sept.

16¹. on his. 18¹. Hood wanting.

18². in for up. 20². wigger. 20⁴. in his.

22¹. Scot : a misprint. 23². gane.

23⁴. They for And. 24¹. of clock of that.

24². four of th'. 24³. to his. 24⁴. of the.

25⁴. But to. 26¹. I will. 27⁴. raking.

28². comes.

29⁴, 30³, 31². whues, *unobjectionable* : in all
the rest whutes.

31¹. he set. 31³. of good band-dogs.

32¹. man of thine. 32³. said for quoth.

34⁴. kept the. 38⁴. that wanting.

40¹. through the. 41². and more.

c. Title as in a, except Dales.

5². hath wanting. 6³, 7¹. Fountain.

8⁴. he the frier did. 15¹. sept. 20¹. swom.

23¹. shot so. 28³. men wanting.

31³. band-dogs. 34⁴. catcht. 35⁴. to me.

40². garments.

d. Title as in b.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, W. Gilbertson.
(1640-80?)

5³. a. 5⁴. with wanting. 7⁴. all in.

11¹. Fountains. 11². farther. 15¹. sept.

16¹. on his. 20². wigger. 23¹. shot so.

23⁴. They for And. 24³. his wanting.

24⁴. the wanting. 27⁴. ranging.

28³. men wanting. 31¹. he wanting.

32¹. of thine wanting. 33². and the other.

34⁴. They kept. 39³. through the.

40². garments.

e. Title as in b.

Printed for W. Thackeray, J. Millet, and A.
Milbourn. (1680-97?)

2⁴. for wanting. 3⁴, 4⁴. hundreth.

5². That shot such a shoot. 5³. a for an.

5⁴. with wanting. 6³. Fountain.

7, 8. wanting. 10². made wanting.

11¹. Fountain's. 11². farther. 11³. he was.

12¹. on wanting. 15¹. leapt for sept.

15³. thou fine. 16¹. on his. 16³. speak.

17³. over the. 20². wigger. 20³. to the.

22². on wanting. 23¹. shot so.

23². were all gane. 23⁴. They for And.

24³. to his. 24⁴. Of the. 26¹. I will.

27². blew out. 27⁴. ranging.

31³. bay dogs. 32¹. Here is.

34³. The cutrtles. 34⁴. caught the.

38¹. Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said.

39^{1,2}, 41¹. Fountain. 40¹. through the.

40². garments. 41². and for or.

f. Title as in b.

London, printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and
J. Wright. (1655-80.)

2². some wanting. 5². shot such a shoot.

5³. a. 5⁴. with wanting. 11¹. Fountains.

11². farther. 11³. ware. 15¹. step'd.
 15³. thou fine. 16¹. on his.
 20². wigger. 20³. to the. 21³, 34³. curtle.
 22². on *wanting*. 23¹. shot so.
 23². Till all his arrows were.
 23⁴. They *for* And. 24³. his *wanting*.
 24⁴. the *wanting*. 27⁴. ranging.

28³. men *wanting*. 30³. fryer.
 31¹. he *wanting*. 31³. bay-dogs.
 32¹. Here is : of thine *wanting*.
 33². and the other. 34⁴. caught the.
 39², 41¹. Fountain. 39³, 40¹. through the.
 40². garments. 41². and more.

APPENDIX

THE PLAY OF ROBIN HOOD

(1-110)

- a. Ritson's Robin Hood, 1795, II, 192, as printed by William Copland, at the end of his edition of the Gest.
 b. As printed by Edward White, at the end of his edition of the Gest: Bodleian Library, Z. 3. Art. Seld.

ROBYN HODE

- Now stand ye forth, my mery men all,
 And harke what I shall say;
 Of an adventure I shal you tell,
 The which befell this other day.
 5 As I went by the hygh way,
 With a stout frere I met,
 And a quarter-staffe in his hande.
 Lyghtely to me he lepte,
 And styll he bade me stande.
 10 There were strypes two or three,
 But I cannot tell who had the worse,
 But well I wote the horeson lept within me,
 And fro me he toke my purse.
 Is there any of my mery men all
 15 That to that frere wyll go,
 And bryng hym to me forth withall,
 Whether he wyll or no?

LYTELL JOHN

- Yes, mayster, I make God avowe,
 To that frere wyll I go,
 20 And bring him to you,
 Whether he wyl or no.

FRYER TUCKE

- Deus hic! deus hic!* God be here!
 Is not this a holy worde for a frere?
 God save all this company!
 25 But am not I a jolly fryer?
 For I can shote both farre and nere,

- And handle the sworde and buckler,
 And this quarter-staffe also.
 If I mete with a gentylman or yeman,
 30 I am not afraide to loke hym upon,
 Nor boldly with him to carpe;
 If he speake any wordes to me,
 He shall have strypes two or thre,
 That shal make his body smarte.
 35 But, maisters, to shew you the matter
 Wherefore and why I am come hither,
 In fayth I wyll not spare.
 I am come to seke a good yeman,
 In Bernisdale men sai is his habitacion,
 40 His name is Robyn Hode.
 And if that he be better man than I,
 His servaunt wyll I be, and serve him truely;
 But if that I be better man than he,
 By my truth my knave shall he be,
 45 And leade these dogges all three.

ROBYN HODE

Yelde the, fryer, in thy long cote.

FRYER TUCKE

I beshrew thy hart, knave, thou hurtest my throt[e].

ROBYN HODE

- I trowe, fryer, thou beginnest to dote;
 Who made the so malapert and so bolde
 50 To come into this forest here,
 Amonge my falowe dere?

FRYER

- Go louse the, ragged knave.
 If thou make mani wordes, I will geve the on the
 eare,
 Though I be but a poore fryer.
 55 To seke Robyn Hode I am com here,
 And to him my hart to breke.

ROBYN HODE

Thou lousy frer, what wouldest thou with hym?
 He never loved fryer, nor none of freiers kyn.

FRYER

- Avaunt, ye ragged knave!
 60 Or ye shall have on the skynne.

ROBYN HODE

Of all the men in the morning thou art the worst,
 To mete with the I have no lust;
 For he that meteth a frere or a fox in the morning,
 To spede ill that day he standeth in jeopardy.
 65 Therefore I had lever mete with the devil of hell,
 (Fryer, I tell the as I thinke,)
 Then mete with a fryer or a fox
 In a mornynk, or I drynk.

FRYER

Avaunt, thou ragged knave ! this is but a mock ;
 70 If thou make mani words thou shal have a
 knock.

ROBYN HODE

Harke, frere, what I say here :
 Over this water thou shalt me bere,
 The bydge is borne away.

FRYER

To say naye I wyll not;
 75 To let the of thine oth it were great pitie and sin ;
 But up on a fryers backe, and have even in !

ROBYN HODE

Nay, have over.

FRYER

Now am I, frere, within, and thou, Robin, without,
 To lay the here I have no great doubt.
 80 Now art thou, Robyn, without, and I, frere, within,
 Lye ther, knave ; chose whether thou wilte sinke
 or swym.

ROBYN HODE

Why, thou lowsy frere, what hast thou done ?

FRYER

Mary, set a knave over the shone.

ROBYN HODE

Therefore thou shalt aby.

FRYER

85 Why, wyll thou fygt a plucke ?

ROBYN HODE

And God send me good lucke.

FRYER

Than have a stroke for fryer Tucke.

ROBYN HODE

Holde thy hande, frere, and here me speke.

FRYER

Say on, ragged knave,
 90 Me semeth ye begyn to swete.

ROBYN HODE

In this forest I have a hounde,
 I wyl not give him for an hundreth pound.
 Geve me leve my horne to blowe,
 That my hounde may knowe.

FRYER

95 Blowe on, ragged knave, without any doubte,
 Untyll bothe thyne eyes starte out.
 Here be a sorte of ragged knaves come in,
 Clothed all in Kendale grene,
 And to the they take their way now.

ROBYN HODE

100 Peradventure they do so.

FRYER

I gave the leve to blowe at thy wyll,
 Now give me leve to whistell my fyll.

ROBYN HODE

Whystell, frere, evyl mote thou fare !
 Untyll bothe thyne eyes stare.

FRYER

105 Now Cut and Bause !
 Breng forth the clubbes and staves,
 And downe with those ragged knaves !

ROBYN HODE

How sayest thou, frere, wyll thou be my man,
 To do me the best servyse thou can ?
 110 Thou shalt have both golde and fee.

After ten lines of ribaldry, which have no pertinency to the traditional Robin Hood and Friar, the play abruptly passes to the adventure of Robin Hood and the Potter.

a. *Ritson has been followed, without collation with Copland.*

35. maister. 64. spede ell.

70. you, you *for* thou, thou. 82. donee.
 104. starte.
 b. 13. he *wanting*. 15. to the. 23. word of.
 31. Not. 35. maister. 41. if he. 43. be a.
 59. ye *wanting*. 61. in a.
 65. had rather : of hell *wanting*. 70. y^a: y^a shalt.
 81. choose either sinke. 97. Here is.
 103. might thou. 104. stare.

124

THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD

- A. a. Wood, 402, leaf 43. b. Garland of 1663, No 4. B. Percy MS., p. 15; Hales and Furnivall, I, 32.
 c. Garland of 1670, No 3. d. Pepys, II, 100, No 87 a. e. Wood, 401, leaf 61 b.

PRINTED in Ritson's *Robin Hood*, 1795, II, 16, from one of Wood's copies, "compared with two other copies in the British Museum, one in black letter:" Evans, *Old Ballads*, 1777, 1784, I, 99.

There is another copy in the Roxburghe collection, III, 24, and there are two in the Bagford.

'A ballett of Wakefylde and a grene' is entered to Master John Wallye and Mistress Toye, 19 July, 1557-9 July, 1558: Stationers' Registers, Arber, I, 76.

The ballad is one of four, besides the Gest, that were known to the author of the *Life of Robin Hood* in Sloane MS. 780, which dates from early in the seventeenth century. It is thoroughly lyrical, and therein "like the old age," and was pretty well sung to pieces before it ever was printed. A snatch of it is sung, as Ritson has observed, in each of the *Robin Hood* plays, *The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntington*, by Anthony Munday, and *The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntington*, by A. Munday and Henry Chettle, both printed in 1601.

At Michaelmas cometh my covenant out,
 My master gives me my fee;
 Then, Robin, I'll wear thy Kendall green,
 And wend to the greenwood with thee.

O there dwelleth a jolly pinder
 At Wakefield all on a green.*

Silence sings the line 'And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John,' 3², in the 'Second Part of

King Henry Fourth, V, 3, and Falstaff addresses Bardolph as Scarlet and John in the first scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, V, 4, Dyce, I, 295, we have: "Let not . . . your Robinhoods, Scarlets, and Johns tie your affections in darkness to your shops." Scarlet and John, comrades of Robin Hood from the beginning, are prominent in many ballads.

Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John have left the highway and made a path over the corn,† apparently in defiance of the Pinder of Wakefield, who has the fame of being able to exact a penalty of trespassers, whatever their rank. The Pinder bids them turn again; they, being three to one, scorn to comply. The Pinder fights with them till their swords are broken. Robin cries Hold! and asks the Pinder to join his company in the greenwood. This the Pinder is ready to do at Michaelmas, when his engagement to his present master will be terminated. Robin asks for meat and drink, and the Pinder offers him bread, beef, and ale.

The adventure of the ballad is naturally introduced into the play of *George a Greene*, the Pinner of Wakefield, printed in 1599, reprinted in Dodsley's *Old Plays* (the third volume of the edition of 1825), and by Dyce among the works of Robert Greene. George a Greene fights with Scarlet, and beats him; then with Much (not John), and beats him; then with Robin Hood. Robin protests he is the stoutest champion that ever he laid hands on, and says:

* Dodsley's *Old Plays*, 4th ed., by W. C. Hazlitt, VIII, 195, 232.

† A very serious offence: see E. Peacock, Hales and Furnivall, *Percy Folio Manuscript*, I, lxii, note to p. 34.

George, wilt thou forsake Wakefield
And go with me?

Two liveries will I give thee every year,
And forty crowns shall be thy fee.

George welcomes Robin to his house, offering him wafer-cakes, beef, mutton, and veal. (Dyce, II, 196 f.)

The scene in the play is found in the prose history of George a Green, London, 1706, of which a copy is known, no doubt substantially the same, of the date 1632. The Pinner here fells 'Slathbatch,' Little John, and the Friar, before his bout with Robin. See Thoms, *A Collection of Early Prose Romances*, II, 44-47, and the prefaces, p. viii ff, p. xviii f, for more about the popularity of the Pinner's story.

Wakefield is in the West Riding of the county of York.

Richard Brathwayte, in a poetical epistle "to all true-bred northerne sparks of the generous society of the Cottoneers," Strappado for the Divell, 1615 (cited by Ritson, *Robin Hood*, ed. 1795, I, xxvii-ix), speaks of

The Pindar's valour, and how firme he stood
In th' townes defence gainst th' rebel Robin Hood;
How stoutly he behav'd himselfe, and would,
In spite of Robin, bring his horse to th' fold:

from which we might infer that according to one account the Pinder had impounded Robin's horse. But as Robin Hood, in this passage, is confounded with the rebel Earl of Kendal, or some one of his adherents, it is safe to suppose that Brathwayte has been twice inaccurate.*

The ballad is so imperfect that one might be in doubt whether the Pinder fights with Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John all together or successively. But to suppose the Pinder capable of dealing with all three at once would be monstrous, and we see from the *History* and from *Greene's play* that the Pin-

der must take them one after the other, and Robin the last of the three.

There are seven other ballads, besides *The Pinder of Wakefield*, in which Robin Hood, after trying his strength with a stout fellow, and coming off somewhat or very much the worse, induces his antagonist to enlist in his company. Several of these are very late, and most of them imitations, we may say, of the Pinder, or one of the other. These ballads are: *Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar*; *Robin Hood and Little John*; *Robin Hood and the Tanner*; *Robin Hood and the Tinker*, 28 ff; *Robin Hood Revived*; *Robin Hood and the Ranger*; *Robin Hood and the Scotchman*. We might add *Robin Hood and Maid Marian*. The episode of *Little John and the Cook*, in the *Gest*, 165-171, is after the same pattern. There is another set in which a contest of a like description does not result in an accession to the outlaw-band. These are *Robin Hood and the Potter*; *Robin Hood and the Butcher*; *Robin Hood and the Beggar, I*; *Robin Hood and the Beggar, II* (*Robin Hood* first beaten, then three of his men severely handled); *Robin Hood and the Shepherd* (*Robin Hood* overmastered, *Little John* on the point of being beaten, etc.); *The Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood* (*John* outmatched first, then his master); *Robin Hood's Delight* (combat between *Robin Hood*, *Little John*, and *Scadlock* and three *Keepers*); *Robin Hood and the Pedlars* (again three to three).

There are, as might be expected, frequent verbal agreements in these ballads, and many of them are collected by Fricke, *Die Robin-Hood-Balladen*, pp 91-95.

The fights in these ballads last from an hour, *Gest*, st. 168, to a long summer's day, in this ballad, st. 6. In *Robin Hood and Maid Marian*, st. 11, the time is at least an hour, or more; in *Robin Hood and the Tanner*,

* Further on, Brathwayte alludes to a difference between *Robin Hood* and the *Shoemaker of Bradford*, which had been treated of by stage-poets. This refers to the fight that *Robin Hood* and *George a Green* have with the *shoemakers*, in chap. xii of the *History* (Thoms, p. 52 f), which is introduced into *Robert Greene's play* (Dyce, p. 199 f),

but only *George* does the fighting there. It is mere carelessness when Munday, 'Downfall,' etc., applies the name of *George a Greene* to the *Shoemaker of Bradford* (Hazlitt, as above, p. 151). In the same play and the same scene he makes *Scathlock* and *Scarlet* two persons.

st. 20, two hours and more ; in Robin Hood and the Shepherd, st. 11, from ten o'clock till four ; in Robin Hood's Delight, st. 11, from eight o'clock till two, and past.

A

a. Wood, 402, leaf 43. b. Garland of 1663, No 4.
c. Garland of 1670, No 3. d. Pepys, II, 100, No 87 a.
e. Wood, 401, leaf 61 b.

1 In Wakefield there lives a jolly pinder,
In Wakefield, all on a green ; (*bis*)

2 'There is neither knight nor squire,' said the pinder,
'Nor baron that is so bold, (*bis*)
Dare make a trespassee to the town of Wakefield,
But his pledge goes to the pinfeld.' (*bis*)

3 All this beheard three witty young men,
'T was Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John ;
With that they spyed the jolly pinder,
As he sate under a thorn.

4 'Now turn again, turn again,' said the pinder,
'For a wrong way have you gone ;
For you have forsaken the king his highway,
And made a path over the corn.'

5 'O that were great shame,' said jolly Robin,
'We being three, and thou but one :'
The pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,
'T was thirty good foot and one.

6 He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,
And his foot unto a stone,
And there he fought a long summer's day,
A summer's day so long,
Till that their swords, on their broad bucklers,
Were broken fast unto their hands.

* * * * *

B

Percy MS., p. 15 ; Hales and Furnivall, I, 32.

* * * * *

7 'Hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said Robin Hood,
'And my merry men euery one ;
For this is one of the best pinders
That ever I try'd with sword.

8 'And wilt thou forsake thy pinder his craft,
And live in [the] green wood with me ?
.

9 'At Michaelmas next my covnant comes out,
When every man gathers his fee ;
I'll take my blew blade all in my hand,
And plod to the green wood with thee.'

10 'Hast thou either meat or drink,' said Robin Hood,
'For my merry men and me ?
.

11 'I have both bread and beef,' said the pinder,
'And good ale of the best ;'
'And that is meat good enough,' said Robin Hood,
'For such unbidden guest.

12 'O wilt thou forsake the pinder his craft,
And go to the green wood with me ?
Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,
The one green, the other brown [shall be].'

13 'If Michaelmas day were once come and gone
And my master had paid me my fee,
Then would I set as little by him
As my master doth set by me.'

1 'But hold y . . hold y . . . ' says Robin,
'My merry men, I bid yee,
For this [is] one of the best pinders
That euer I saw with mine eye.

2 'But hast thou any meat, thou iolly pindar,
For my merry men and me?'

.

3 'But I haue bread and cheese,' sayes the
pindar,
'And ale all on the best :'
'That's cheere good enough,' said Robin,
'For any such vnbidden guest.

4 'But wilt be my man?' said good Robin,
'And come and dwell with me?'

And twise in a yeere thy clothing [shall] be
changed

If my man thou wilt bee,
The tone shall be of light Lincolne greene,
The tother of Picklory.'

5 'Att Michallmas comes a well good time,
When men haue gotten in their ffee ;
I 'le sett as litle by my master
As he now settis by me,
I 'le take my benbowe in my hande,
And come into the grenwoode to thee.'

A. *The second and fourth lines were repeated in singing.*

a. The Jolly Pinder of Wakefield.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. G[i]lber[t]son. (F. Coles, 1646-1674 ; T. Vere, 1648-1680 ; W. Gilbertson, 1640-1663. Chappell.)

1¹. their.

3¹. witty, *which all have, is a corruption of* wight.

10¹. laid. 13⁴. by my.

b, c. Robin Hood and the jolly Pinder of Wakefield, shewing how he fought with Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John a long summer's day. To a Northern tune.

b. 1¹. there dwels. 2⁴. it goes. 4¹. saith.

5¹. a *for* great : saith. 11². all. 11³. that's. 12¹. thy *for* the.

c. 4³. king's high. 6². fast unto.

6⁴. And a. 6⁵. that *wanting*.

9¹. covenants. 10¹. thou *wanting*.

d. The Jolly Pinder of Wakefield with Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

Printed by and for Alex. Milbourn, in Green-Arbor Court, in the Little Old-Baily. (A. Milbourn, 1670-1697. Chappell.)

3³. espy'd. 3⁴. sat. 4². you have.

4³. the kings. 5¹. a *for* great.

6². foot against. 6⁵. they *for* he.

6⁵. broke. 8¹. pinders craft.

8². in the. 13¹. was come.

13⁴. set *wanting*.

e. The Jolly Pinder of Wakefield : with Robin Hood, Scarlet and John.

No printer's name.

3³. espyed. 3⁴. sat. 4². you have.

4³. kings. 6¹. foot against. 6⁵. broke.

8¹. pinders craft. 13¹. was come.

13⁴. set *wanting*.

Pepys Penny Merriments Garland : *according to Hales and Furnivall.*

6⁴. And a. 6⁵. that *wanting*.

10¹. thou *wanting*. 12¹. thy pinder.

Gutch, Robin Hood, II, 144 f, *says that the Roxburghe copy has in 3¹ wight yeomen. He prints 7²⁴ :*

And my merry men stand aside ;
For this is one of the best pinders
That with sword ever I tried.

8³⁴. Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,
Th' one greene, tither brown shall be.

These parts of stanzas 7, 8 he gives as from a black-letter copy, which he does not describe.

B. 1^{1,2} *make half a stanza in the MS., and 1^{3,4} are joined with 2^{1,2}. 4^{5,6} and 5^{1,2} make a stanza. It is not supposed that 4 and 5 were originally stanzas of six lines, but rather that, one half of each of two stanzas having been forgotten, the other has attached itself to a complete stanza which chanced to have the same rhyme. Stanzas of six lines, formed in this way, are common in traditional ballads.*

3⁴. guests. 4³. 2⁵. in.

125

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

a. A Collection of Old Ballads, 1723, I, 75. b. Aldermary Garland, by R. Marshall, n. d., No 22.

RITSON, Robin Hood, 1795, II, 138; Evans, Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 204. There is a bad copy in a Robin Hood's Garland of 1749.

"This ballad," says Ritson, "is named in a schedule of such things under an agreement between W. Thackeray and others in 1689, Col. Pepys, vol. 5." It occurs in a list of ballads printed for and sold by William Thackeray at the Angel in Duck-Lane (see The Ballad Society's reprint of the Roxburghe Ballads, W. Chappell, I, xxiv, from a copy in the Bagford collection), but by some caprice of fortune has not, so far as is known, come down in the broadside form, neither is it found in the older garlands.

Robin Hood and Little John belongs to a set of ballads which have middle rhyme in the third line of the stanza, and are directed to be sung to one and the same tune. These are: R. H. and the Bishop, R. H. and the Beggar, R. H. and the Tanner, to the tune of R. H. and the Stranger; R. H. and the Butcher, R. H.'s Chase, Little John and the Four Beggars, to the tune of R. H. and the Beggar; R. H. and Little John, R. H. and the Ranger, to the tune of Arthur a Bland (that is, R. H. and the Tanner). There is no ballad with the

title Robin Hood and the Stranger. Ritson thought it proper to give this title to a ballad which uniformly bears the title of Robin Hood Newly Revived, No 128, because Robin's antagonist is repeatedly called "the stranger" in it. But Robin's antagonist is equally often called "the stranger" in the present ballad (eleven times in each), and Robin Hood and Little John has the middle rhyme in the third line, which Robin Hood Newly Revived has not (excepting in seven stanzas at the end, which are a portion of a different ballad, Robin Hood and the Scotchman). Robin Hood and Little John (and Robin Hood Newly Revived as well) would naturally be referred to as Robin Hood and the Stranger, for the same reason that Robin Hood and the Tanner is referred to as Arthur a Bland. The fact that the middle rhyme in the third line is found in Robin Hood and Little John, but is lacking in Robin Hood Newly Revived, gives a slightly superior probability to the supposition that the former, or rather some older version of it (for the one we have is in a rank seventeenth-century style), had the secondary title of Robin Hood and the Stranger.*

Like Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham,

rhyme in the third line, is directed to be sung to Robin Hood Revived. Robin Hood and the Scotchman, as already said, has middle rhyme in the third line; so have The King's Disguise, etc., R. H. and the Golden Arrow, R. H. and the Valiant Knight; but the tune assigned to the last is Robin Hood and the Fifteen Foresters, that is, Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham.

It ought to be added that Robin Hood Newly Revived is found in the Garland of 1663, in company with R. H. and the Bishop, R. H. and the Butcher, etc., and that Robin Hood and Little John is not there; but I do not consider this circumstance sufficient to offset the probability in favor of the supposition, that by Robin Hood and the Stranger is meant Robin Hood and Little John.

* Robin Hood Newly Revived (which, by the way, is in the same bad style as Robin Hood and Little John) is directed to be sung 'to a delightful new Tune.' The tune, as is seen from the burden, was that of Arthur a Bland, etc., called in Robin Hood and the Prince of Aragon (the Second Part of Robin Hood Newly Revived) Robin Hood, or Hey down, down a down. The earliest printed copy of the air is preserved in the ballad-opera of The Jovial Crew, 1731 (Rimbault, in Gutch's Robin Hood, II, 433, Chappell's Popular Music, p. 391), and the song which is there sung to it has middle rhyme in the first line as well as the third, which is the case with no Robin Hood ballad except Robin Hood and the Peddlers.

Robin Hood and Maid Marian, which has the middle

this ballad affects, in the right apocryphal way, to know an adventure of Robin's early life. Though but twenty years old, Robin has a company of threescore and nine bowmen. With all these he shakes hands one morning, and goes through the forest alone, prudently enjoining on the band to come to his help if he should blow his horn. He meets a stranger on a narrow bridge, and neither will give way. Robin threatens the stranger with an arrow, which, as he requires to be reminded, is cowardly enough, seeing that the other man has nothing but a staff. Recalled to ordinary manliness, Robin Hood, laying down his bow, provides himself with an oaken stick, and proposes a battle on the bridge, which he shall be held to win who knocks the other into the water in the end. In the end the stranger tumbles Robin into the

brook, and is owned to have won the day. The band are now summoned by the horn, and when they hear what the stranger has done are about to seize and duck him, but are ordered to forbear. Robin Hood proposes to his antagonist that he shall join his men, and John Little, as he declares his name to be, accedes. John Little is seven foot tall.* Will Stutely says his name must be changed, and they rebaptize the "infant" as Little John.

'A pastorall plesant commedie of Robin Hood and Little John, etc.,' is entered to Edward White in the Stationers' Registers, May 14, 1594, and 'Robin Hood and Litle John' to Master Oulton, April 22, 1640. (Arber, II, 649, IV, 507.)

Translated by Anastasius Grün, p. 65.

1 WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty years
old,

With a hey down down and a down
He happend to meet Little John,
A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
For he was a lusty young man.

2 Tho he was calld Little, his limbs they were
large,

And his stature was seven foot high ;
Where-ever he came, they quak'd at his name,
For soon he would make them to fly.

3 How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in
brief,

If you will but listen a while ;
For this very jest, amongst all the rest,
I think it may cause you to smile.

4 Bold Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen,

Pray tarry you here in this grove ;
And see that you all observe well my call,
While thorough the forest I rove.

5 We have had no sport for these fourteen long
days,

Therefore now abroad will I go ;

Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
My horn I will presently blow.

6 Then did he shake hands with his merry men all,

And bid them at present good b'w'ye ;
Then, as near a brook his journey he took,
A stranger he chanced to espy.

7 They happend to meet on a long narrow bridge,

And neither of them would give way ;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
I'll show you right Nottingham play.

8 With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,

A broad arrow with a goose-wing :
The stranger reply'd, I'll liquor thy hide,
If thou offerst to touch the string.

9 Quoth bold Robin Hood, Thou dost prate like
an ass,

For were I to bend but my bow,
I could send a dart quite thro thy proud heart,
Before thou couldst strike me one blow.

10 'Thou talkst like a coward,' the stranger re-
ply'd ;

'Well armd with a long bow you stand,

* Fourteen foot, as proved by his bones, preserved, according to Hector Boece, in the kirk of Pette, in Murrayland.

See Ritson's Robin Hood, 1832, I, cxxxii f; and Gutch, II, 112, note *.

- To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,
Have nought but a staff in my hand.'
- 11 'The name of a coward,' quoth Robin, 'I scorn,
Wherefore my long bow I'll lay by;
And now, for thy sake, a staff will I take,
The truth of thy manhood to try.'
- 12 Then Robin Hood stept to a thicket of trees,
And chose him a staff of ground-oak;
Now this being done, away he did run
To the stranger, and merrily spoke:
- 13 Lo! see my staff, it is lusty and tough,
Now here on the bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other shall win
The battel, and so we'll away.
- 14 'With all my whole heart,' the stranger re-
ply'd;
'I scorn in the least to give out;'
This said, they fell to't without more dispute,
And their staffs they did flourish about.
- 15 And first Robin he gave the stranger a bang,
So hard that it made his bones ring:
The stranger he said, This must be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.
- 16 So long as I'm able to handle my staff,
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn:
Then to it each goes, and followd their blows,
As if they had been threshing of corn.
- 17 The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
Which caused the blood to appear;
Then Robin, enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,
And followd his blows more severe.
- 18 So thick and so fast did he lay it on him,
With a passionate fury and ire,
At every stroke, he made him to smoke,
As if he had been all on fire.
- 19 O then into fury the stranger he grew,
And gave him a damnable look,
And with it a blow that laid him full low,
And tumbld him into the brook.
- 20 'I prithee, good fellow, O where art thou
now?'
The stranger, in laughter, he cry'd;
- Quoth bold Robin Hood, Good faith, in the
flood,
And floating along with the tide.
- 21 I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave
soul;
With thee I'll no longer contend;
For needs must I say, thou hast got the day,
Our battel shall be at an end.
- 22 Then unto the bank he did presently wade,
And pulld himself out by a thorn;
Which done, at the last, he blowd a loud blast
Straitway on his fine bugle-horn.
- 23 The eccho of which through the vallies did fly,
At which his stout bowmen appeard,
All cloathed in green, most gay to be seen;
So up to their master they steerd.
- 24 'O what's the matter?' quoth William Stutely;
'Good master, you are wet to the skin:'
'No matter,' quoth he; 'the lad which you see,
In fighting, hath tumbld me in.'
- 25 'He shall not go scot-free,' the others reply'd;
So strait they were seizing him there,
To duck him likewise; but Robin Hood cries,
He is a stout fellow, forbear.
- 26 There's no one shall wrong thee, friend, be
not afraid;
These bowmen upon me do wait;
There's threescore and nine; if thou wilt be
mine,
Thou shalt have my livery strait.
- 27 And other accoutrements fit for a man;
Speak up, jolly blade, never fear;
I'll teach you also the use of the bow,
To shoot at the fat fallow-deer.
- 28 'O here is my hand,' the stranger reply'd,
'I'll serve you with all my whole heart;
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle;
Nere doubt me, for I'll play my part.'
- 29 His name shall be alterd,' quoth William
Stutely,
'And I will his godfather be;
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,
For we will be merry,' quoth he.

- 30 They presently fetchd in a brace of fat does,
With humming strong liquor likewise ;
They lov'd what was good ; so, in the green-
wood,
This pretty sweet babe they baptize.
- 31 He was, I must tell you, but seven foot high,
And, may be, an ell in the waste ;
A pretty sweet lad ; much feasting they had ;
Bold Robin the christning grac'd.
- 32 With all his bowmen, which stood in a ring,
And were of the Notti[n]gham breed ;
Brave Stutely comes then, with seven yeomen,
And did in this manner proceed.
- 33 'This infant was called John Little,' quoth he,
'Which name shall be changed anon ;
The words we'll transpose, so where-ever he
goes,
His name shall be call'd Little John.'
- 34 They all with a shout made the elements ring,
So soon as the office was ore ;
To feasting they went, with true merriment,
And tippl'd strong liquor gillore.
- 35 Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,
And cloath'd him from top to the toe
In garments of green, most gay to be seen,
And gave him a curious long bow.
- 36 'Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
And range in the greenwood with us ;
Where we'll not want gold nor silver, be-
hold,
While bishops have ought in their purse.
- 37 'We live here like squires, or lords of renown,
Without ere a foot of free land ;
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale, and
beer,
And evry thing at our command.'
- 38 Then musick and dancing did finish the day ;
At length, when the sun waxed low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves they did go.
- 39 And so ever after, as long as he liv'd,
Altho he was proper and tall,
Yet nevertheless, the truth to express,
Still Little John they did him call.

a. *Title.* Robin Hood and Little John. Being
an account of their first meeting, their fierce
encounter, and conquest. To which is
added, their friendly agreement, and how
he came to be call'd Little John.

To the tune of Arthur a Bland.

b. *Title as in a.*

2². statue. 3². you would. 3⁸. among.
3⁴. it *wanting*. 4⁸. his *for* my, *wrongly*.
5¹. *for wanting*. 5⁸. be *wanting*.
8⁴. offer. 9². where I do bend.

11². Therefore. 11⁸. I will.
13¹. it *wanting*. 13². on this.
15¹. And first: he *wanting*. 15². he *for* it.
16¹. a *for* my. 16⁸. both goes, and follow.
18¹. he did. 19¹. in a fury.
19⁸. which *for* that. 20¹. O *wanting*.
22⁸. blew. 23¹. did ring. 23⁴. their matter.
24⁸. that *for* which. 27¹. fitting also.
30¹. him *for* in. 30⁴. baptiz'd. 31¹. feet.
31⁸. He was a sweet. 32⁸. came.
34⁴. liquors. 35². the *wanting*.
39¹. they *for* he. 39². he be.

126

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER

a. Wood, 401, leaf 9 b.

c. Garland of 1670, No 9.

b. Garland of 1663, No 10.

d. Pepys, II, 111, No 98.

PRINTED in Old Ballads, 1723, I, 83.

a was printed by Ritson, Robin Hood, 1795, II, 30. Evans has an indifferent copy, probably edited, in his Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 112.

Arthur a Bland, a Nottingham tanner, goes of a summer's morning into Sherwood forest to see the red deer. Robin Hood pretends to be a keeper and to see cause for staying the Tanner. The Tanner says it will take more than one such to make him stand. They have a two hours' fight with staves, when Robin cries Hold! The Tanner henceforth shall be free of the forest, and if he will come and live there with Robin Hood shall have both gold and fee. Arthur a Bland gives his hand never to part from Robin, and asks for Little John, whom he declares to be his kinsman. Robin Hood blows his horn. Little John comes at the call, and, learning what has been going on, would like to try a bout with the Tanner, but after a little explanation throws himself upon his kinsman's neck. The three take hands for a dance round the oak-tree.

The sturdy Arthur a Bland is well hit off,

and, bating the sixteenth and thirty-fifth stanzas, the ballad has a good popular ring. There is corruption at 8³, 12³, and perhaps 13³.

Little John offers to fight with the Tinker in No 127, and again with the Stranger in No 128, as here with the Tanner, and is forbidden, as here, by his master. In R. H. and the Shepherd, No 135, he undertakes the Shepherd after Robin has owned himself conquered, and the fight is stopped after John has received some sturdy blows. In the Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood, No 132, John begins and Robin follows, and each in turn cries, Pedlar, pray hold your hand. In R. H. and the Potter, No 121, John is ready to bet on the Potter, because he has already had strokes from him which he has reason to remember.

As the Tanner is John's cousin, so, in Robin Hood Revived, No 128, the Stranger turns out to be Robin Hood's nephew, Young Gamwell, thenceforward called Scathlock; and in No 132 the Bold Pedlar proves to be Gamble Gold, Robin's cousin.

Translated by Anastasius Grün, p. 117.

1 IN Nottingham there lives a jolly tanner,
With a hey down down a down down
His name is Arthur a Bland;
There is nere a squire in Nottinghamshire
Dare bid bold Arthur stand.

2 With a long pike-staff upon his shoulder,
So well he can clear his way;

By two and by three he makes them to flee,
For he hath no list to stay.

3 And as he went forth, in a summer's morning,
Into the forrest of merry Sherwood,
To view the red deer, that range here and
there,
There met he with bold Robin Hood.

- 4 As soon as bold Robin Hood did him espy,
He thought some sport he would make;
Therefore out of hand he bid him to stand,
And thus to him he spake :
- 5 Why, what art thou, thou bold fellow,
That ranges so boldly here ?
In sooth, to be brief, thou lookst like a thief,
That comes to steal our king's deer.
- 6 For I am a keeper in this forrest ;
The king puts me in trust
To look to his deer, that range here and
there,
Therefore stay thee I must.
- 7 ' If thou beest a keeper in this forrest,
And hast such a great command,
Yet thou must have more partakers in store,
Before thou make me to stand.'
- 8 ' Nay, I have no more partakers in store,
Or any that I do need ;
But I have a staff of another oke graff,
I know it will do the deed.'
- 9 ' For thy sword and thy bow I care not a
straw,
Nor all thine arrows to boot ;
If I get a knop upon thy bare scop,
Thou canst as well shite as shoote.'
- 10 ' Speak cleanly, good fellow,' said jolly Robin,
' And give better terms to me ;
Else I'll thee correct for thy neglect,
And make thee more mannerly.'
- 11 ' Marry gep with a wenion !' quoth Arthur a
Bland,
' Art thou such a goodly man ?
I care not a fig for thy looking so big ;
Mend thou thyself where thou can.'
- 12 Then Robin Hood he unbuckled his belt,
He laid down his bow so long ;
He took up a staff of another oke graff,
That was both stiff and strong.
- 13 ' I'll yield to thy weapon,' said jolly Robin,
' Since thou wilt not yield to mine ;
For I have a staff of another oke graff,
Not half a foot longer then thine.
- 14 ' But let me measure,' said jolly Robin,
' Before we begin our fray ;
For I'll not have mine to be longer then thine,
For that will be called foul play.'
- 15 ' I pass not for length,' bold Arthur reply'd,
' My staff is of oke so free ;
Eight foot and a half, it will knock down a
calf,
And I hope it will knock down thee.'
- 16 Then Robin Hood could no longer forbear ;
He gave him such a knock,
Quickly and soon the blood came down,
Before it was ten a clock.
- 17 Then Arthur he soon recovered himself,
And gave him such a knock on the crown,
That on every hair of bold Robin Hoods
head,
The blood came trickling down.
- 18 Then Robin Hood raged like a wild bore,
As soon as he saw his own blood ;
Then Bland was in hast, he laid on so fast,
As though he had been staking of wood.
- 19 And about, and about, and about they went,
Like two wild bores in a chase ;
Striving to aim each other to maim,
Leg, arm, or any other place.
- 20 And knock for knock they lustily dealt,
Which held for two hours and more ;
That all the wood rang at every bang,
They ply'd their work so sore.
- 21 ' Hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said Robin
Hood,
' And let our quarrel fall ;
For here we may thresh our bones into mesh,
And get no coyn at all.
- 22 ' And in the forrest of merry Sherwood
Hereafter thou shalt be free :'
' God-a-mercy for naught, my freedom I bought,
I may thank my good staff, and not thee.'
- 23 ' What tradesman art thou ?' said jolly Robin,
' Good fellow, I prethee me show :
And also me tell in what place thou dost dwell,
For both these fain would I know.'

- 24 'I am a tanner,' bold Arthur reply'd,
'In Nottingham long have I wrought;
And if thou 'lt come there, I vow and do swear
I will tan thy hide for naught.'
- 25 'God a mercy, good fellow,' said jolly Robin,
'Since thou art so kind to me;
And if thou wilt tan my hide for naught,
I will do as much for thee.
- 26 'But if thou 'lt forsake thy tanners trade,
And live in green wood with me,
My name's Robin Hood, I swear by the rood
I will give thee both gold and fee.'
- 27 'If thou be Robin Hood,' bold Arthur reply'd,
'As I think well thou art,
Then here's my hand, my name's Arthur a
Bland,
We two will never depart.
- 28 'But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John?
Of him fain would I hear;
For we are alide by the mothers side,
And he is my kinsman near.'
- 29 Then Robin Hood blew on the beauble horn,
He blew full lowd and shrill,
But quickly anon appeard Little John,
Come tripping down a green hill.
- 30 'O what is the matter?' then said Little John,
'Master, I pray you tell;
Why do you stand with your staff in your hand?
I fear all is not well.'
- 31 'O man, I do stand, and he makes me to stand,
The tanner that stands thee beside;
He is a bonny blade, and master of his trade,
For soundly he hath tand my hide.'
- 32 'He is to be commended,' then said Little John,
'If such a feat he can do;
If he be so stout, we will have a bout,
And he shall tan my hide too.'
- 33 'Hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said Robin
Hood,
'For as I do understand,
He's a yeoman good, and of thine own blood,
For his name is Arthur a Bland.'
- 34 Then Little John threw his staff away,
As far as he could it fling,
And ran out of hand to Arthur a Bland,
And about his neck did cling.
- 35 With loving respect, there was no neglect,
They were neither nice nor coy,
Each other did face, with a lovely grace,
And both did weep for joy.
- 36 Then Robin Hood took them both by the hand,
And danc'd round about the oke tree;
'For three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men we be.
- 37 'And ever hereafter, as long as I live,
We three will be all one;
The wood shall ring, and the old wife sing,
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.'

a. Robin Hood and the Tanner, or, Robin Hood met with his match: A merry and pleasant song relating the gallant and fierce combate fought between Arthur Bland, a Tanner of Nottingham, and Robin Hood, the greatest and most noblest archer of England. The tune is, Robin and the Stranger.

Printed for W. Gilbertson. (1640-63: *Chappell*.)

3^a. merry Forrest of. 7^a. hath. 7^a. But.

9^a. the bare. 11¹. qd. . 13^a. straff.

14^a. *Wanting in my copy, probably by accidental omission: supplied from b.*

17^a. That from every side: Old Ballads, 1713, to restore the middle rhyme.

21^a. let your Quiver: cf. b, c, d.

21^a. thrash: to: cf. b. 22^a. good *wanting*.

26^a. the wood: cf. d. 35^a. noice.

36¹. took him by: cf. d. 37^a. Kobin.

b. *Title as in a. By the same printer as a. Burden sometimes With hey, etc.*

1¹. lives there. 1², 11¹, 27^a. Arthur Bland.

3². merry Forrest of. 6². he puts.

7². hath. 7^a. Yet. 7^a. Before that.

8^a, 12^a, 13^a. graft.

9^a. thy bare. 11¹. quoth.

13¹. I yield. 13^a. than. 14^a. to *wanting*.

14^a. For that will be called foul play.

17². He gave. 17^a. Hoods *wanting*.

21². let our quarrel. 21^a. thresh: into.

- 22⁴. my good. 23². pray thee.
 24³. thou come. 25². kinde and free.
 26³. the wood.
 28¹. where 's. 29¹. both *for full*.
 30¹. then *wanting*.
 33³. thy. 34⁴. he did. 36¹. took him by.
 36². round *wanting*. 37¹. so long.
- c. *Title as in a. Burden after 2¹, With hey, etc.*
 1¹, 11¹, 27³. Arthur Bland.
 2⁴. not. 3². merry Forrest of. 4³. them to.
 7². hath. 7³. Yet you. 7⁴. Before that.
 8³, 12³, 13³. graft.
 9⁴. thy bare. 11¹. qd. .
 13¹. I yield. 14³. to *wanting*.
 14⁴. For that will be called foul play.
 16³. blood ran. 17². He gave.
 17³. hair on Robins.
 17⁴. blood ran. 18⁴. been cleaving wood.
 20¹. deal. 20⁴. so fast.
 21². let our quarrel.
 21⁴. thresh: into. 22⁴. my good.
 24³. thou come. 25². kind and free.
 26¹. thou wilt. 26³. the wood.
 28³. mother. 29¹. he blew.
 29². both *for full*.
 29³. and anon. 30³. your *wanting*.
 31². me *for thee*. 33¹. Hood *wanting*.
 33³. thy blood. 34⁴. he did. 35⁴. they both.
 36¹. took him by. 36². round *wanting*.
 37¹. And we: so long as we.

- d. *Title as in a, except: the greatest archer in. London. Printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger. (1670-1682?) Burden sometimes, With hey, etc.*
 1⁴. to stand. 3¹. on a. 3². forrest of merry.
 4¹. Robin he did him. 4⁴. he did spake.
 5⁴. the kings.
 6¹. If thou beest a, *caught from 7¹*.
 7². hast. 7³. Then thou. 7⁴. makst.
 8². Nor any: do not. 9². thy.
 9³. thou get a knock upon thy.
 11¹. gip: wernion qd. 11⁴. if thou.
 12². And threw it upon the ground.
 12³. Says, I have a.
 12⁴. That is both strong and sound.
 13¹. But let me measure, said.
 14³. I 'le have mine no longer.
 14⁴. For that will be counted foul play.
 16¹. Hood *wanting*. 17¹. he *wanting*.
 17³. from every hair of.
 18¹. raved *for* raged. 18³. he was.
 18⁴. stacking. 19⁴. other *wanting*.
 20². for *wanting*. . 21². let our quarrel.
 21³. thrash our bones to. . 22³. I've.
 22⁴. my good.
 24³. thou come. 26¹. thou wilt. 26². in the.
 26³. name is: rood. 29¹. on his.
 29². both *for full*. 29⁴. tripping over the hill.
 30². you me. 30³. the staff. 31³. and a.
 32³. about. 33³. thy. 35². They was.
 37¹. we live. 37². all as (*printed sa*).

127

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TINKER

a. Wood, 401, leaf 17 b.

c. Douce, III, 118 b.

b. Pepys, II, 107, No 94.

In the Roxburghe collection, III, 22. Not in the Garland of 1663 or that of 1670.

a is printed in Ritson's Robin Hood, 1795, II, 38; in Gutch's Robin Hood, II, 264, "compared with" the Roxburghe copy. The ballad was printed by Evans, Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 118.

The fewest words will best befit this contemptible imitation of imitations. Robin Hood meets a Tinker, and they exchange scurrilities. The Tinker has a warrant from the king to arrest Robin, but will not show it when asked. Robin Hood suggests that it will be best to go to Nottingham, and there the two

take one inn and drink together till the Tinker falls asleep; when Robin makes off, and leaves the Tinker to pay the shot. The host informs the Tinker that it was Robin Hood that he was drinking with, and recommends him to seek his man in the parks. The Tinker finds Robin, and they fall to it, crab-tree staff against sword. Robin yields, and begs a boon; the Tinker will grant none. A blast of the horn brings Little John and

Scadlock. Little John would fain see whether the Tinker can do for him what he has done for his master, but Robin proclaims a peace, and offers the Tinker terms which induce him to join the outlaws.

It is not necessary to suppose the warrant to arrest Robin a souvenir of 'Guy of Gisborne'; though that noble ballad is in a 17th century MS., it does not appear to have been known to the writers of broadsides.

1 IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
Down a down a down
And birds sing on every tree,
Hey down a down a down

Robin Hood went to Nottingham,
Down a down a down
As fast as hee could dree.
Hey down a down a down

2 And as hee came to Nottingham
A Tinker he did meet,
And seeing him a lusty blade,
He did him kindly greet.

3 'Where dost thou live?' quoth Robin Hood,
'I pray thee now mee tell;
Sad news I hear there is abroad,
I fear all is not well.'

4 'What is that news?' the Tinker said;
'Tell mee without delay;
I am a tinker by my trade,
And do live at Banbura.'

5 'As for the news,' quoth Robin Hood,
'It is but as I hear;
Two tinkers they were set ith' stocks,
For drinking ale and bear.'

6 'If that be all,' the Tinker said,
'As I may say to you,
Your news it is not worth a fart,
Since that they all bee true.'

7 'For drinking of good ale and bear,
You wil not lose your part:'
'No, by my faith,' quoth Robin Hood,
'I love it with all my heart.'

8 'What news abroad?' quoth Robin Hood;
'Tell mee what thou dost hear;
Being thou goest from town to town,
Some news thou need not fear.'

9 'All the news,' the Tinker said,
'I hear, it is for good;
It is to seek a bold outlaw,
Which they call Robin Hood.'

10 'I have a warrant from the king,
To take him where I can;
If you can tell me where hee is,
I will make you a man.'

11 'The king will give a hundred pound
That hee could but him see;
And if wee can but now him get,
It will serve you and mee.'

12 'Let me see that warrant,' said Robin Hood;
'I'll see if it bee right;
And I will do the best I can
For to take him this night.'

13 'That will I not,' the Tinker said;
'None with it I will trust;
And where hee is if you'll not tell,
Take him by force I must.'

14 But Robin Hood perceiving well
How then the game would go,
'If you will go to Nottingham,
Wee shall find him I know.'

15 The Tinker had a crab-tree staff,
Which was both good and strong;
Robin hee had a good strong blade,
So they went both along.

- 16 And when they came to Nottingham,
There they both tooke one inn ;
And they calld for ale and wine,
To drink it was no sin.
- 17 But ale and wine they drank so fast
That the Tinker hee forgot
What thing he was about to do ;
It fell so to his lot
- 18 That while the Tinker fell asleep,
Hee made then haste away,
And left the Tinker in the lurch,
For the great shot to pay.
- 19 But when the Tinker wakened,
And saw that he was gone,
He calld then even for his host,
And thus hee made his moan.
- 20 'I had a warrant from the king,
Which might have done me good,
That is to take a bold outlaw,
Some call him Robin Hood.
- 21 'But now my warrant and mony's gone,
Nothing I have to pay ;
And he that promis'd to be my friend,
He is gone and fled away.'
- 22 'That friend you tell on,' said the host,
'They call him Robin Hood ;
And when that first hee met with you,
He ment you little good.'
- 23 'Had I known it had been hee,
When that I had him here,
Th' one of us should have tri'd our strength
Which should have paid full dear.
- 24 'In the mean time I must away ;
No longer here I 'le bide ;
But I will go and seek him out,
What ever do me betide.
- 25 'But one thing I would gladly know,
What here I have to pay ;'
'Ten shillings just,' then said the host ;
'I 'le pay without delay.
- 26 'Or elce take here my working-bag,
And my good hammer too ;
And if that I light but on the knave,
I will then soon pay you.'
- 27 'The onely way,' then said the host,
'And not to stand in fear,
Is to seek him among the parks,
Killing of the kings deer.'
- 28 The Tinker hee then went with speed,
And made then no delay,
Till he had found then Robin Hood,
That they might have a fray.
- 29 At last hee spy'd him in a park,
Hunting then of the deer ;
'What knave is that,' quoth Robin Hood,
'That doth come mee so near ?'
- 30 'No knave, no knave,' the Tinker said,
'And that you soon shall know ;
Whether of us hath done most wrong,
My crab-tree staff shall show.'
- 31 Then Robin drew his gallant blade,
Made then of trusty steel ;
But the Tinker laid on him so fast
That he made Robin reel.
- 32 Then Robins anger did arise ;
He fought full manfully,
Vntil hee had made the Tinker
Almost then fit to fly.
- 33 With that they had a bout again,
They ply'd their weapons fast ;
The Tinker threshed his bones so sore
He made him yeeld at last.
- 34 'A boon, a boon,' Robin hee cries,
'If thou wilt grant it mee ;'
'Before I do it,' the Tinker said,
'I 'le hang thee on this tree.'
- 35 But the Tinker looking him about,
Robin his horn did blow ;
Then came unto him Little John,
And William Scadlock too.
- 36 'What is the matter,' quoth Little John,
'You sit in th' highway side ?'
'Here is a Tinker that stands by,
That hath paid well my hide.'

37 'That Tinker,' then said Little John,
 'Fain that blade I would see,
 And I would try what I could do,
 If hee 'l do as much for mee.'

38 But Robin hee then wisht them both
 They should the quarrel cease,
 'That henceforth wee may bee as one,
 And ever live in peace.

39 'And for the jovial Tinker's part,
 A hundred pound I 'le give,
 In th' year to maintain him on,
 As long as he doth live.

40 'In manhood hee is a mettle man,
 And a mettle man by trade;
 I never thought that any man
 Should have made me so fraid.

41 'And if hee will bee one of us,
 Wee will take all one fare,
 And whatsoever wee do get,
 He shall have his full share.'

42 So the Tinker was content
 With them to go along,
 And with them a part to take,
 And so I end my song.

a. A new song, to drive away cold winter,
 Between Robin Hood and the Jovial Tinker;
 How Robin by a wile
 The Tinker he did cheat,
 But at the length, as you shall hear,
 The Tinker did him beat;
 Whereby the same they then did so agree
 They after livd in love and unity.

To the tune of In Summer Time.

London, Printed for F. Grove, dwelling on
 Snowhill. (1620-55.)

1^s. Nottingham. 8^s. here. 10^l. warrand.

b. *Title as in a: except that he is wanting in
 the fourth line, and so in the last line but
 one.*

Printed for I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T.
 Passenger. (1670-86?)

3^l. qd. 4^l. Banburay. 6^s. it *wanting*.

11^l. king would: an. 14^s. you would.

16^l. they took up their.

22^l. speak *for* tell. 24^l. was *for* will.

24^l. me *wanting*.

25^s. Ten shillings just I have to pay.

26^s. if I: on that. 28^s. then found.

31^s. Tinker he laid on so fast.

32^l. right *for* full. 33^l. laid about.

33^l. That he. 35^l. Will.

39^s. pounds: I *for* Ile.

40^l. mettled. 40^l. afraid. 41^l. with us.

c. Robin Hood and the Jolly Tinker: Shewing
 how they fiercely encountered, and after the
 victorious conquest lovingly agreed. Tune
 of In Summer Time.

London, Printed by J. Hodges, at the Looking
 Glass, on London Bridge. *Not in black
 letter.*

3^l. doth. 4^l. the news. 4^l. Bullbury.

5^s. they are. 6^s. it *wanting*. 8^l. needs.

11^l. would give an. 11^l. thee *for* you.

15^l. A crab-tree staff the Tinker had.

16^l. they took up at their inn.

18^s. Robin made haste away.

19^l. did awake. 19^s. even *wanting*.

20^s. to seek. 21^l. the *for* my.

21^l. He *wanting*. 22^l. speak *for* tell.

23^l. I but. 23^s. might *for* strength.

24^l. I will. 24^l. should betide.

25^l. But *wanting*. 25^s. just I have to pay.

26^l. bags. 26^s. that *wanting*. 27^s. amongst.

29^l. in the. 31^l. Made of a.

31^s. he laid: him *wanting*. 32^s. that he.

32^l. Then almost. 33^l. they laid about.

33^s. full *for* so. 33^l. That he. 34^l. grant to.

35^l. also *for* too. 36^s. There.

37^l. would I. 37^s. And would.

38^l. They would. 39^s. In a.

40^l. mettle. 40^l. afraid.

128

ROBIN HOOD, NEWLY REVIVED

'Robin Hood Newly Reviv'd.' a. Wood, 401, leaf 27 b. b. Roxburghe, III, 18, in the Ballad Society's

reprint, II, 426. c. Garland of 1663, No 3. d. Garland of 1670, No 2. e. Pepys, II, 101, No 88.

ALSO Douce, III, 120 b, London, by L. How, and Roxburghe, III, 408: both of these are of the eighteenth century.

a is printed, with not a few changes, in Ritson's Robin Hood, 1795, II, 66. Evans, Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 143, agrees nearly with the Aldermary garland.

Robin Hood, walking the forest, meets a gaily-dressed young fellow, who presently brings down a deer at forty yards with his bow. Robin commends the shot, and offers the youngster a place as one of his yeomen. The offer is rudely received; each bends his bow at the other. Robin suggests that one of them may be slain, if they shoot: swords and bucklers would be better. Robin strikes the first blow, and is so stoutly answered that he is fain to know who the young man is. His name is Gamwell, and, having killed his father's steward, he has fled to the forest to join his uncle, Robin Hood. The kinsmen embrace, and walk on till they meet Little John. Robin Hood tells John that the stranger has beaten him. Little John would like a bout, to see if the stranger can beat him. This Robin forbids, for this stranger is his own sister's son; he shall be next in rank to Little John among his yeomen, and be called Scarlet.

The story seems to have been built up on a portion of the ruins, so to speak, of the fine tale of Gamelyn. There the king of the outlaws, sitting at meat with his seven score young men, sees Gamelyn wandering in the

wood with Adam, and tells some of his young men to fetch them in. Seven start up to execute the order, and when they come to Gamelyn and his comrade bid the twain hand over their bows and arrows. Gamelyn replies, Not though ye fetch five men, and so be twelve; but no violence being attempted, the pair go to the king, who asks them what they seek in the woods. Gamelyn answers, No harm; but to shoot a deer, if we meet one, like hungry men. The king gives them to eat and drink of the best, and, upon learning that the spokesman is Gamelyn, makes him master, under himself, over all the outlaws. Little John having long had the place of first man under Robin, the best that the ballad-maker could do for Gamwell was to make him chief yeoman after John.* (The Tale of Gamelyn, ed. Skeat, vv 625-686. The resemblance of the ballad is remarked upon at p. x.)

Ritson gives this ballad the title of Robin Hood and the Stranger, remarking: The title now given to this ballad is that which it seems to have originally borne; having been foolishly altered to Robin Hood newly Revived. R. H. and the Bishop, R. H. and the Beggar, R. H. and the Tanner, are directed to be sung to the tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger, but no ballad bears such a title in any garland or broadside.† The ballad referred to as Robin Hood and the Stranger may possibly have been this, but, for reasons given at

* The Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood, No 132, is a traditional variation of Robin Hood Revived.

† Though Mr W. C. Hazlitt, in his Handbook to the Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain, p. 514, No 25, has: "Robin Hood and the Stranger. In two parts. [Col.] London: printed by and for W. O., and to be

sold at the booksellers. Roxb. and Wood Colls." This colophon belongs only to Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and Little John, otherwise Robin Hood and the Prince of Aragon, which see. The title Robin Hood and the Stranger is adopted from Ritson.

p. 133, Robin Hood and Little John is, as I think, more likely to be the one meant.

Robin Hood and the Stranger was one name for the most popular of Robin Hood tunes, and this particular tune was sometimes called 'Robin Hood' absolutely (see the note at the end of the next ballad). If the ballad denoted by Robin Hood and the Stranger was also sometimes known as 'Robin Hood' simply, and especially if this ballad was Robin Hood and Little John, an explanation presents itself of the title 'Robin Hood newly Revived.' What is revived is the favorite topic of the process by which Robin Hood enlarged and strengthened his company. The earlier ballad had shown how Little John

came to join the band; the second undertakes to tell us how Scarlet was enlisted, the next most important man after John.

The second part, referred to in the last stanza, was separated, Mr Chappell thought, when the present ballad was "newly revived," because the whole was found too long for a penny (one would say that both parts together were "dear enough a leek"), and seven stanzas (incoherent in themselves and not cohering with what lies before us) added to fill up the sheet. These stanzas will be given under No 130, as Robin Hood and the Scotchman; and the "second part," 'R. H. and the Prince of Aragon,' or 'R. H., Will. Scadlock and Little John,' follows immediately.

1 COME listen a while, you gentlemen all,
With a hey down down a down down
That are in this bower within,
For a story of gallant bold Robin Hood
I purpose now to begin.

2 'What time of the day?' quoth Robin Hood
then;
Quoth Little John, 'T is in the prime;
'Why then we will to the green wood gang,
For we have no vittles to dine.'

3 As Robin Hood walkt the forrest along —
It was in the mid of the day —
There was he met of a deft young man
As ever walkt on the way.

4 His doublet it was of silk, he said,
His stockings like scarlet shone,
And he walkt on along the way,
To Robin Hood then unknown.

5 A herd of deer was in the bend,
All feeding before his face:
'Now the best of ye I'll have to my dinner,
And that in a little space.'

6 Now the stranger he made no mickle adoe,
But he bends and a right good bow,
And the best buck in the herd he slew,
Forty good yards him full free.

7 'Well shot, well shot,' quoth Robin Hood then,
'That shot it was shot in time;
And if thou wilt accept of the place,
Thou shalt be a bold yeoman of mine.'

8 'Go play the chiven,' the stranger said,
'Make haste and quickly go;
Or with my fist, be sure of this,
I'll give thee buffets store.'

9 'Thou hadst not best buffet me,' quoth Robin
Hood,
'For though I seem forlorn,
Yet I can have those that will take my part,
If I but blow my horn.'

10 'Thou wast not best wind thy horn,' the stran-
ger said,
'Beest thou never so much in hast,
For I can draw out a good broad sword,
And quickly cut the blast.'

11 Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,
To shoot, and that he would fain;
The stranger he bent a very good bow,
To shoot at bold Robin again.

12 'O hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' quoth Robin
Hood,
'To shoot it would be in vain;
For if we should shoot the one at the other,
The one of us may be slain.'

- 13 'But let's take our swords and our broad
bucklers,
And gang under yonder tree :'
'As I hope to be sav'd,' the stranger said,
'One foot I will not flee.'
- 14 Then Robin Hood lent the stranger a blow
Most scar'd him out of his wit ;
'Thou never delt blow,' the stranger he said,
'That shall be better quit.'
- 15 The stranger he drew out a good broad sword,
And hit Robin on the crown,
That from every haire of bold Robins head
The blood ran trickling down.
- 16 'God a mercy, good fellow!' quoth Robin
Hood then,
'And for this that thou hast done ;
Tell me, good fellow, what thou art,
Tell me where thou doest woon.'
- 17 The stranger then answered bold Robin Hood,
I'll tell thee where I did dwell ;
In Maxfield was I bred and born,
My name is Young Gamwell.
- 18 For killing of my own fathers steward,
I am forc'd to this English wood,
And for to seek an vnkle of mine ;
Some call him Robin Hood.
- 19 'But thou art a cousin of Robin Hoods then ?
The sooner we should have done :'
- 'As I hope to be sav'd,' the stranger then said,
'I am his own sisters son.'
- 20 But, Lord ! what kissing and courting was there,
When these two cousins did greet !
And they went all that summers day,
And Little John did meet.
- 21 But when they met with Little John,
He there unto [him] did say,
O master, where have you been,
You have tarried so long away ?
- 22 'I met with a stranger,' quoth Robin Hood
then,
'Full sore he hath beaten me :'
'Then I'll have a bout with him,' quoth Little
John,
'And try if he can beat me.'
- 23 'Oh [no], oh no,' quoth Robin Hood then,
'Little John, it may [not] be so ;
For he's my own dear sisters son,
And cousins I have no mo.
- 24 'But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,
My chief man next to thee ;
And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
And Scarlet he shall be :
- 25 'And wee'll be three of the bravest outlaws
That is in the North Country.'
If you will have any more of bold Robin Hood,
In his second part it will be.

a, b, e. Robin Hood newly reviv'd. To a delightful new tune.

c, d. Robin Hood newly revived : Or his meeting and fighting with his cousin Scarlet. To a delightful new tune.

a. Printed for Richard Burton. (1641-74.)

2¹, 7¹, 9¹, 12¹, 16¹, 22¹, 22², qd. 6³. in th.
11². To that shoot and. 14². felt ; also in b-e.
21². him *supplied from* c, d.

b. London, Printed for Richard Burton, at the Sign of the Horshoove in West Smithfield.

3². midst. 4¹. it *wanting*. 6⁴. full *wanting*.
11². To shot and that. 12⁴. must be.
21². him *wanting*. 23¹. Oh no.
23². may not.

c. 3². ware *for* met.

7¹, 9¹, 12¹, 16¹, 22¹, 22², 23¹, qd. 9². can I.
10¹. blow *for* wind. 11². To shoot and that.
13². he said. 16¹, 18⁴. bold Robin.
19¹. art thou. 21². unto him. 23¹. Oh no.
23². may not. 25⁴. In this.

d. 2¹, 7¹, 9¹, 12¹, 16¹, 22¹, qd.

3². ware *for* met.

6⁴. good *wanting*. 7². was in.

9². am *for* seem. 11¹. he bent.

11². To shoot and that. 12⁴. must be.

13². he said. 16². that *wanting*.

18¹. own *wanting*. 19¹. art thou.

21². unto him. 23¹. Oh no. 23². may not.

25². If thou wilt. 25⁴. In this.

- e. Printed for J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger. (1670-82 ?)
- 1². in *wanting*.
 2¹, 7¹, 9¹, 12¹, 16¹, 22¹, 22³. quod.
 3². midst. 3³. with *for* of. 4¹. it *wanting*.
 6². and *wanting*. 6⁴. full *wanting*.
 7³. except. 9³. can *wanting*.
 11². To that shot and he.

- 11³. bent up a noble. 12¹. O *wanting*.
 12⁴. must be. 19¹. art thou.
 21². him *wanting*. 22¹, 23¹. then *wanting*.
 23¹. Oh no. 23². may not.
 25³. If you 'l have more. 25⁴. In this.

Followed in all the copies by seven stanzas which belong to a different ballad. See No 130.

129

ROBIN HOOD AND THE PRINCE OF ARAGON

'Robin Hood, Will. Scadlock and Little John.' *

a. Roxburghe, I, 358, in the Ballad Society's reprint, II, 431. b. Pepys, II, 120, No 106.

ALSO Roxburghe, III, 582, without a printer's name.

Ritson, Robin Hood, 1795, II, 71, from a, with changes; Evans, Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 186.

This is only a pseudo-chivalrous romance, tagged to Robin Hood Newly Revived as a Second Part, with eight introductory stanzas. Both parts are as vapid as possible, and no piquancy is communicated by the matter of the two being as alien as oil and water. The Prince of Aragon, a Turk and an infidel, has beleaguered London, and will have the princess to his spouse, unless three champions can vanquish him and his two giants. Robin Hood, Scadlock, and John undertake the case,

and disguise themselves as pilgrims, so as not to be stopped on their way. Robin kills the prince, and John and Scadlock each a giant. The king demands to know who his deliverers are, and Robin Hood avails himself of the opportunity to get the king's pardon for himself and his men. The princess was to be the victor's prize, but cannot marry all three, as might perhaps have been foreseen. She is allowed to pick, and chooses Will Scadlock. The Earl of Maxfield is present, and weeps bitterly at the sight of Scadlock, because, he says, he had a son like Will, of the name of Young Gamwell. Scadlock, whom we know from the First Part to be Gamwell, falls at his father's feet, and the wedding follows.

1 Now Robin Hood, Will Scadlock and Little John
 Are walking over the plain,
 With a good fat buck which Will Scadlock
 With his strong bow had slain.

2 'Jog on, jog on,' cries Robin Hood,
 'The day it runs full fast;
 For though my nephew me a breakfast gave,
 I have not yet broke my fast.

3 'Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,
 I think it wondrous good,
 Where my nephew by my bold yeomen
 Shall be welcomd unto the green wood.'

4 With that he took the bugle-horn,
 Full well he could it blow;
 Streight from the woods came marching down
 One hundred tall fellows and mo.

5 'Stand, stand to your arms!' crys Will Scadlock,
 'Lo! the enemies are within ken:'

* 'Robin Hood and the Prince of Aragon,' in Thackeray's list, Ballad Society, I, xxiv, and in the late Garland, 1749, etc.

- With that Robin Hood he laughd aloud,
Crys, They are my bold yeomen.
- 6 Who, when they arriv'd and Robin espy'd,
Cry'd, Master, what is your will?
We thought you had in danger been,
Your horn did sound so shrill.
- 7 'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,
'The danger is past and gone ;
I would have you to welcome my nephew
here,
That hath paid me two for one.'
- 8 In feasting and sporting they passed the day,
Till Phœbus sunk into the deep ;
Then each one to his quarters hy'd,
His guard there for to keep.
- 9 Long had they not walked within the green wood,
But Robin he was espy'd
Of a beautiful damsel all alone,
That on a black palfrey did ride.
- 10 Her riding-suit was of sable hew black,
Sypress over her face,
Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush,
All with a comely grace.
- 11 'Come, tell me the cause, thou pritty one,'
Quoth Robin, 'and tell me aright,
From whence thou comest, and whither thou
goest,
All in this mournful plight?'
- 12 'From London I came,' the damsel reply'd,
'From London upon the Thames,
Which circled is, O grief to tell!
Besieg'd with forraign arms.
- 13 'By the proud Prince of Aragon,
Who swears by his martial hand
To have the princess for his spouse,
Or else to waste this land :
- 14 'Except that champions can be found
That dare fight three to three,
Against the prince and giants twain,
Most horrid for to see :
- 15 'Whose grisly looks, and eyes like brands,
Strike terrour where they come,
With serpents hissing on their helms,
Instead of feathered plume.
- 16 'The princess shall be the victors prize,
The king hath vowd and said,
And he that shall the conquest win
Shall have her to his bride.
- 17 'Now we are four damsels sent abroad,
To the east, west, north, and south,
To try whose fortune is so good
To find these champions forth.
- 18 'But all in vaine we have sought about ;
Yet none so bold there are
That dare adventure life and blood,
To free a lady fair.'
- 19 'When is the day?' quoth Robin Hood,
'Tell me this and no more :'
'On Midsummer next,' the damsel said,
'Which is June the twenty-four.'
- 20 With that the teares trickled down her cheeks,
And silent was her tongue ;
With sighs and sobs she took her leave,
Away her palfrey sprung.
- 21 This news struck Robin to the heart,
He fell down on the grass ;
His actions and his troubled mind
Shewd he perplexed was.
- 22 'Where lies your grief?' quoth Will Scadlock,
'O master, tell to me ;
If the damsels eyes have pierced your heart,
I'll fetch her back to thee.'
- 23 'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,
'She doth not cause my smart ;
But it is the poor distressed princess
That wounds me to the heart.
- 24 'I will go fight the giants all
To set the lady free :'
'The devil take my soul,' quoth Little John,
'If I part with thy company.'
- 25 'Must I stay behind?' quoth Will Scadlock ;
'No, no, that must not be ;
I'll make the third man in the fight,
So we shall be three to three.'
- 26 These words cheerd Robin at the heart,
Joy shone within his face ;
Within his arms he hugged them both,
And kindly did imbrace.
- 27 Quoth he, We'll put on mothly gray,
With long staves in our hands,
A scrip and bottle by our sides,
As come from the Holy Land.
- 28 So may we pass along the high-way ;
None will ask from whence we came,
But take us pilgrims for to be,
Or else some holy men.

- 29 Now they are on their journey gone,
As fast as they may speed,
Yet for all haste, ere they arriv'd,
The princess forth was led :
- 30 To be deliverd to the prince,
Who in the list did stand,
Prepar'd to fight, or else receive
His lady by the hand.
- 31 With that he walkt about the lists,
With giants by his side :
'Bring forth,' said he, 'your champions,
Or bring me forth my bride.
- 32 'This is the four and twentieth day,
The day prefixt upon ;
Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
I swear by Acaron.'
- 33 Then cries the king, and queen likewise,
Both weeping as they speak,
Lo ! we have brought our daughter dear,
Whom we are for'd to forsake.
- 34 With that stept out bold Robin Hood,
Crys, My liege, it must not be so ;
Such beauty as the fair princess
Is not for a tyrants mow.
- 35 The prince he then began to storm ;
Crys, Fool, fanatick, baboon !
How dares thou stop my valours prize ?
I'll kill thee with a frown.
- 36 'Thou tyrant Turk, thou infidel,'
Thus Robin began to reply,
'Thy frowns I scorn ; lo ! here's my gage,
And thus I thee defie.
- 37 'And for these two Goliaths there,
That stand on either side,
Here are two little Davids by,
That soon can tame their pride.'
- 38 Then did the king for armour send,
For lances, swords, and shields :
And thus all three in armour bright
* Came marching to the field.
- 39 The trumpets began to sound a charge,
Each singled out his man ;
Their arms in pieces soon were hewd,
Blood sprang from every vain.
- 40 The prince he reacht Robin a blow —
He struck with might and main —
Which forced him to reel about the field,
As though he had been slain.
- 41 'God-a-mercy,' quoth Robin, 'for that blow !
The quarrel shall soon be try'd ;
This stroke shall shew a full divorce
Betwixt thee and thy bride.'
- 42 So from his shoulders he's cut his head,
Which on the ground did fall,
And grumbling sore at Robin Hood,
To be so dealt withal.
- 43 The giants then began to rage,
To see their prince lie dead :
'Thou's be the next,' quoth Little John,
'Unless thou well guard thy head.'
- 44 With that his faulchion he whirld about —
It was both keen and sharp —
He clove the giant to the belt,
And cut in twain his heart.
- 45 Will Scadlock well had playd his part,
The giant he had brought to his knee ;
Quoth he, The devil cannot break his fast,
Unless he have you all threee.
- 46 So with his faulchion he run him through,
A deep and gashly wound ;
Who damd and foamd, cursd and blasphemd,
And then fell to the ground.
- 47 Now all the lists with cheers were filld,
The skies they did resound,
Which brought the princess to herself,
Who was faln in a swoond.
- 48 The king and queen and princess fair
Came walking to the place,
And gave the champions many thanks,
And did them further grace.
- 49 'Tell me,' quoth the king, 'whence you are,
That thus disguised came,
Whose valour speaks that noble blood
Doth run through every vain.'
- 50 'A boon, a boon,' quoth Robin Hood,
'On my knees I beg and crave :'
'By my crown,' quoth the king, 'I grant ;
Ask what, and thou shalt have.'
- 51 'Then pardon I beg for my merry men,
Which are within the green wood,
For Little John, and Will Scadlock,
And for me, bold Robin Hood.'
- 52 'Art thou Robin Hood?' then quoth the king ;
'For the valour you have shewn,
Your pardons I doe freely grant,
And welcome every one.

- 53 'The princess I promised the victors prize;
She cannot have you all three :'
'She shall chuse,' quoth Robin ; saith Little John,
Then little share falls to me.
- 54 Then did the princess view all three,
With a comely lovely grace,
Who took Will Scadlock by the hand,
Quoth, Here I make my choice.
- 55 With that a noble lord stepped forth,
Of Maxfield earl was he,
Who looked Will Scadlock in the face,
Then wept most bitterly.
- 56 Quoth he, I had a son like thee,
Whom I loved wondrous well;
But he is gone, or rather dead ;
His name is Young Gamwell.
- 57 Then did Will Scadlock fall on his knees,
Cries, Father ! father ! here,
Here kneels your son, your Young Gamwell
You said you loved so dear.
- 58 But, lord ! what embracing and kissing was there,
When all these friends were met !
They are gone to the wedding, and so to bedding,
And so I bid you good night.

- a. Robin Hood, Will. Scadlock, and Little John, or,
A narrative of their victory obtained against
the Prince of Aragon and the two Giants : and
how Will. Scadlock married the Princess.
Tune of Robin Hood, or, Hey down, down a down.
London, Printed by and for W. O[nley], and are
to be sold by the booksellers. (1650-1702.)
1¹. Will., and always, except 55⁸. 27¹. moth-ly.
32². perfixt. 47¹. sheers.
b. A new ballad of Robin Hood, etc., as in a. To

the tune of, etc. London : Printed for A. M[il-
bourne], W. O[nley], and T. Thackeray in Duck
Lane. (1670-89?)

- 1⁸. William. 7⁸. I should. 7⁴. has.
10². Cypress. 11⁸. whether. 13⁸. to his.
27¹. mothly. 32¹. twenty day. 32². perfixt.
32⁸. or wanting. 37¹. those.
38¹. the king did. 40⁸. him tell. 42⁸. grumbled.
46⁸. ramb'd for dam'd. 47¹. with sheets.
56⁴. it is. 58⁸. and so the bedding.

130

ROBIN HOOD AND THE SCOTCHMAN

- A. a. Wood, 401, leaf 27 b. b. Roxburghe, III, 18, in
the Ballad Society's reprint, II, 426. c. Garland of
1663, No 3. d. Garland of 1670, No 2. e. Pepys,
II, 101, No 88.
- B. Gutch's Robin Hood, II, 392, from an Irish gar-
land, printed at Monaghan, 1796.

A is simply the conclusion given to Robin Hood Newly Revived in the broadsides, and has neither connection with that ballad nor coherence in itself, being on the face of it the beginning and the end of an independent ballad, with the break after the third stanza. 3 may possibly refer to the Scots giving up

Charles I to the parliamentary commissioners, in 1647. In B, four stanzas appear to have been added to the first three of A in order to make out a story, — the too familiar one of Robin being beaten in a fight with a fellow whom he chanced to meet, and consequently enlisting the man as a recruit.

A

a. Wood, 401, leaf 27 b. b. Roxburghe, III, 18, in the Ballad Society's reprint, II, 426. c. Garland of 1663, No 3. d. Garland of 1670, No 2. e. Pepys, II, 101, No 88.

1 THEN bold Robin Hood to the north he would
go,
With a hey down down a down down
With valour and mickle might,
With sword by his side, which oft had been
tri'd,
To fight and recover his right.

2 The first that he met was a bony bold Scot,
His servant he said he would be ;
'No,' quoth Robin Hood, 'it cannot be good,
For thou wilt prove false unto me.

3 'Thou hast not bin true to sire nor cuz :'
'Nay, marry,' the Scot he said,
'As true as your heart, I 'le never part,
Gude master, be not afraid.'

* * * * *

B

Gutch's Robin Hood, II, 392, from an Irish garland, printed at Monaghan, 1796.

1 Now bold Robin Hood to the north would go,
With valour and mickle might,
With sword by his side, which oft had been
try'd,
To fight and recover his right.

2 The first that he met was a jolly stout Scot,
His servant he said he would be ;
'No,' quoth Robin Hood, 'it cannot be good,
For thou wilt prove false unto me.

3 'Thou hast not been true to sire or cuz ;'
'Nay, marry,' the Scot he said,
'As true as your heart, I never will part ;
Good master, be not afraid.'

4 Then Robin Hood turnd his face to the east ;
'Fight on my merry men stout,
Our cause is good,' quoth brave Robin Hood,
'And we shall not be beaten out.'

5 The battel grows hot on every side,
The Scotchman made great moan ;
Quoth Jockey, Gude faith, they fight on each
side ;
Would I were with my wife Ione !

6 The cnemy compast brave Robin about,
'T is long ere the battel ends ;
Ther 's neither will yeeld nor give up the field,
For both are supplied with friends.

* * * * *

7 This song it was made in Robin Hoods dayes ;
Let 's pray unto Iove above
To give us true peace, that mischief may cease,
And war may give place unto love.

4 'But eer I employ you,' said bold Robin Hood,
'With you I must have a bout ;'
The Scotchman reply'd, Let the battle be try'd,
For I know I will beat you out.

5 Thus saying, the contest did quickly begin,
Which lasted two hours and more ;
The blows Sawney gave bold Robin so brave
The battle soon made him give oer.

6 'Have mercy, thou Scotchman,' bold Robin
Hood cry'd,
'Full dearly this boon have I bought ;
We will both agree, and my man you shall be,
For a stouter I never have fought.'

7 Then Sawny consented with Robin to go,
To be of his bowmen so gay ;
Thus ended the fight, and with mickle delight
To Sherwood they hasted away.

A. *For the printer, etc., see No 128, Robin Hood newly Revived.*

a. 1^s. tri'd. 1⁴. righth. 4^s, 5^s. qd.

b. 1^s. tri'd. 3¹. or *for* nor. 4^s. case.

c. 4^s, 5^s. qd.

d. 4^s. case.

e. 2¹. met with was a bold. 2^s. qd.

4^s. case: quod.

131

ROBIN HOOD AND THE RANGER

'Robin Hood and the Ranger.' a. Robin Hood's Garland, London, C. Dicey, in Bow Church-Yard, n. d., but before 1741, p. 78. b. R. H.'s Garland, London, W. & C. Dicey, n. d. c. R. H.'s Garland, London, L. How, in Peticcoat Lane, n. d. d. The English

Archer, etc., York, N. Nickson, in Feasegate, n. d. e. The English Archer, etc., Paisley, John Neilson, 1786. f. R. H.'s Garland, York, T. Wilson & R. Spence, n. d. (All in the Bodleian Library.)

IN Ritson's Robin Hood, 1795, II, 133, from a York edition of Robin Hood's Garland. Evans, Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 200, apparently from an Aldermary garland.

Mr Halliwell, in Notices of Fugitive Tracts, etc., Percy Society, vol. xxix. p. 19, refers to an edition of Robin Hood's Garland printed for James Hodges, at the Looking-glass, London-bridge, n. d., as containing "the earliest copy yet known" of Robin Hood and the Ranger, but does not indicate how the alleged fact was ascertained. Inside of the cover of

a is written, William Stukely, 1741. b appears in advertisements as early as 1753.

Robin Hood, while about to kill deer, is forbidden by a forester, and claiming the forest as his own, the cause has to be tried with weapons. They break their swords on one another, and take to quarter-staves. Robin Hood is so sorely cudgelled that he gives up the fight, declaring that he has never met with so good a man. He summons his yeomen with his horn; the forester is induced to join them.

1 WHEN Phœbus had melted the sickles of ice,
With a hey down, &c.
And likewise the mountains of snow,
Bold Robin Hood he would ramble to see,
To frolick abroad with his bow.

2 He left all his merry men waiting behind,
Whilst through the green vallies he passd;
There did he behold a forester bold,
Who cry'd out, Friend, whither so fast?

3 'I'm going,' quoth Robin, 'to kill a fat buck,
For me and my merry men all;
Besides, eer I go, I'll have a fat doe,
Or else it shall cost me a fall.'

4 'You'd best have a care,' said the forester
then,
'For these are his majesty's deer;
Before you shall shoot, the thing I'll dispute,
For I am head-forester here.'

5 'These thirteen long summers,' quoth Robin,
'I'm sure,
My arrows I here have let fly,
Where freely I range; methinks it is strange,
You should have more power than I.

6 'This forest,' quoth Robin, 'I think is my
own,
And so are the nimble deer too;
Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,
I wont be affronted by you.'

7 The forester he had a long quarter-staff,
Likewise a broad sword by his side;
Without more ado, he presently drew,
Declaring the truth should be try'd.

8 Bold Robin Hood had a sword of the best,
Thus, eer he would take any wrong,
His courage was flush, he'd venture a brush,
And thus they fell to it ding dong.

- 9 The very first blow that the forester gave,
He made his broad weapon cry twang;
'T was over the head, he fell down for dead,
O that was a damnable bang!
- 10 But Robin he soon did recover himself,
And bravely fell to it again;
The very next stroke their weapons were
broke,
'Yet never a man there was slain.
- 11 At quarter-staff then they resolved to play,
Because they would have t'other bout;
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,
Unwilling he was to give out.
- 12 Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,
The other returnd them as fast;
At every stroke their jackets did smoke,
Three hours the combat did last.
- 13 At length in a rage the bold forester grew,
And cudgeld bold Robin so sore
That he could not stand, so shaking his hand,
He said, Let us freely give oer.
- 14 Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must confess
I never knew any so good;
Thou 'rt fitting to be a yeoman for me,
And range in the merry green wood.
- 15 I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
For bravely thou 'st acted thy part;
That man that can fight, in him I delight,
And love him with all my whole heart.
- 16 Then Robin Hood setting his horn to his
mouth,
A blast he merrily blows;
- His yeomen did hear, and strait did appear,
A hundred, with trusty long bows.
- 17 Now Little John came at the head of them all,
Cloathd in a rich mantle of green;
And likewise the rest were gloriously drest,
A delicate sight to be seen.
- 18 'Lo, these are my yeomen,' said Robin Hood,
'And thou shalt be one of the train;
A mantle and bow, a quiver also,
I give them whom I entertain.'
- 19 The forester willingly enterd the list,
They were such a beautiful sight;
Then with a long bow they shot a fat doe,
And made a rich supper that night.
- 20 What singing and dancing was in the green
wood,
For joy of another new mate!
With mirth and delight they spent the long
night,
And liv'd at a plentiful rate.
- 21 The forester neer was so merry before
As then he was with these brave souls,
Who never would fail, in wine, beer or ale,
To take off their cherishing bowls.
- 22 Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,
Broad arrows, and a curious long bow;
This done, the next day, so gallant and gay,
He marched them all on a row.
- 23 Quoth he, My brave yeomen, be true to your
trust,
And then we may range the woods wide:
They all did declare, and solemnly swear,
They'd conquer, or die by his side.

a. Robin Hood and the Ranger, or True Friendship after a fierce Fight. Tune of Arthur a Bland.

2⁴. whether. 8³. he 'll. 12¹. a very hard blow.

b. 2⁴. whither. 6². are all. 11². the other.

12¹. very hard blows. 14². any one.

15². thou hast. 18². And *wanting*.

23⁴. They would.

c. *Burden*: With a hey down down down and a down.

2⁴. whither. 5³. methink'. 6². deers.

8³. he'd. 10¹. soon recovered.

10². to *wanting*. 10³. they broke.

12¹. very hard blows. 12⁴. this combat.

13⁴. He cry'd. 14⁴. And live. 16². blast then.

19². a *wanting*. 21². with the.

d. Tune of, etc. *wanting*. *Burden wanting*.

1¹. the circles. 1³. he *wanting*: ramble away.

2⁴. whither. 5². arrows here I've. 5⁴. then I.

6². so is. 7¹. he *wanting*. 8¹. he had.

8^s. he 'd. 9^l. that *wanting*. 9^s. his head.
 10^l. soon recoverd. 10^s. they broke.
 12^l. he *wanting*: many hard blows.
 13^l. He cry'd.
 16^l. Then *wanting*: Hood set his bugle horn.
 16^l. blast then. 16^s. and soon. 16^l. An.
 17^s. rest was. 18^l. said bold. 18^l. I'll.
 20^s. the whole. 21^l. with the. 21^s. beer and.
 21^l. take of the. 22^l. a *wanting*.
 23^l. They would.
 e. *Burden*: With a hey down down derry down:
 or Hey down derry derry down.
 1^l. circle. 1^s. he *wanting*: ramble away.
 2^s. he did. 2^l. whither.
 3^l. quoth Robin *wanting*. 3^s. ere.
 5^l. here *wanting*. 6^l. so is. 7^l. he *wanting*.
 8^l. neer. 8^s. he 'd. 8^l. thus *wanting*.

9^s. his head. 10^l. soon recovered.
 10^s. they broke. 11^l. then *wanting*.
 12^l. many hard blows. 13^l. He cry'd.
 15^l. whole *wanting*. 16^l. set his brave.
 16^l. blast then. 16^s. and soon. 16^l. An.
 18^l. said bold. 18^s. and a bow. 18^l. I'll.
 20^l. were in. 20^s. the whole. 21^l. with the.
 22^l. a *wanting*.
 f. 1^l. ickles of ice. 1^s. would frolicksome be.
 1^l. And ramble about with his bow.
 2^l. whither. 8^l. Hood *wanting*. 8^s. he 'd.
 10^l. recovered. 10^s. they broke.
 10^l. Yet neither of them were slain.
 11^l. the other. 12^l. very hard blows.
 12^l. this combat. 13^l. He cry'd.
 14^l. And live. 18^l. said bold. 19^l. a good.
 21^l. As when. 21^s. beer and.

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THE BOLD PEDLAR AND ROBIN HOOD

J. H. Dixon, *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 71, Percy Society, vol. xvii, 1846.

"AN aged female in Bermondsey, Surrey, from whose oral recitation the editor took down the present version, informed him, that she had often heard her grandmother sing it, and that it was never in print; but he has of late met with several common stall copies."

Robin Hood and Little John fall in with a pedlar. Little John asks what goods he carries, and says he will have half his pack. The pedlar says he shall have the whole if he can make him give a perch of ground. They fight, and John cries Hold. Robin Hood undertakes the pedlar, and in turn cries Hold.

Robin asks the pedlar's name. He will not give it till they have told theirs, and when they have so done says it still lies with him to tell or not. However, he is Gamble Gold, forced to flee his country for killing a man. If you are Gamble Gold, says Robin, you are my own cousin. They go to a tavern and dine and drink.

Stanzas 11, 12, 15 recall Robin Hood's Delight, No 136, 19, 20, 24; 13, 14 Robin Hood Revived, No 128, 17, 18. As remarked under No 128, this is a traditional variation of Robin Hood Revived.

1 THERE chanced to be a pedlar bold,
 A pedlar bold he chanced to be;
 He rolled his pack all on his back,
 And he came tripping oer the lee.
 Down a down a down a down,
 Down a down a down

2 By chance he met two troublesome blades,
 Two troublesome blades they chanced to be;
 The one of them was bold Robin Hood,
 And the other was Little John so free.

- 3 'O pedlar, pedlar, what is in thy pack?
Come speedilie and tell to me.'
'I've several suits of the gay green silks,
And silken bow-strings two or three.'
- 4 'If you have several suits of the gay green
silk,
And silken bow-strings two or three,
Then it's by my body,' cries Little John,
'One half your pack shall belong to me.'
- 5 'O nay, o nay,' says the pedlar bold,
'O nay, o nay, that never can be;
For there's never a man from fair Nottingham
Can take one half my pack from me.'
- 6 Then the pedlar he pulled off his pack,
And put it a little below his knee,
Saying, If you do move me one perch from
this,
My pack and all shall gang with thee.
- 7 Then Little John he drew his sword,
The pedlar by his pack did stand;
They fought until they both did sweat,
Till he cried, Pedlar, pray hold your hand!
- 8 Then Robin Hood he was standing by,
And he did laugh most heartilie;
Saying, I could find a man, of a smaller scale,
Could thrash the pedlar and also thee.
- 9 'Go you try, master,' says Little John,
'Go you try, master, most speedilie,
Or by my body,' says Little John,
'I am sure this night you will not know me.'
- 10 Then Robin Hood he drew his sword,
And the pedlar by his pack did stand;
They fought till the blood in streams did flow,
Till he cried, Pedlar, pray hold your hand!
- 11 Pedlar, pedlar, what is thy name?
Come speedilie and tell to me:
'My name! my name I neer will tell,
Till both your names you have told to me.'
- 12 'The one of us is bold Robin Hood,
And the other Little John so free.'
'Now,' says the pedlar, 'it lays to my good will,
Whether my name I chuse to tell to thee.'
- 13 'I am Gamble Gold of the gay green woods,
And travelled far beyond the sea;
For killing a man in my father's land
From my country I was forced to flee.'
- 14 'If you are Gamble Gold of the gay green
woods,
And travelled far beyond the sea,
You are my mother's own sister's son;
What nearer cousins then can we be?'
- 15 They sheathed their swords with friendly
words,
So merrilie they did agree;
They went to a tavern, and there they dined,
And bottles cracked most merrilie.

3¹, 5¹, 5². Oh.

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ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR, I

a. Wood, 401, leaf 23 b.

c. Garland of 1670, No 7.

b. Garland of 1663, No 8.

d. Pepys, II, 116, No 100.

a is printed, with changes, by Ritson, Robin Hood, 1795, II, 122. Evans, Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 180, agrees with the Aldermay garland.

There is a copy in the Roxburghe Collection, III, 20.

Robin Hood, riding towards Nottingham, comes upon a beggar, who asks charity. Robin says he has no money, but must have a bout with him. The beggar with his staff gives three blows for every stroke of Robin's with his sword. Robin cries truce, and at the suggestion, we might almost say upon the requisition, of the beggar, exchanges his horse and finery for the beggar's bags and rags. Thus equipped, he proceeds to Nottingham, and has the adventure with the sheriff and three yeomen which is the subject of No 140.

The copy in the Wood and in the Roxburghe collections is signed T. R., like Robin Hood and the Butcher, B, and, like the latter ballad, this is a *rifacimento*, with middle rhyme in the third line. It is perhaps made up from two distinct stories; the Second Part, beginning at stanza 20, from Robin Hood rescuing Three Squires, and what precedes from a ballad resembling Robin Hood and the Beggar, II.

But no seventeenth-century version of Robin Hood and the Beggar, II, is known, and it is more likely that we owe the fight between Robin Hood and the Beggar to the folly and bad taste of T. R. Robin has no sort of provocation to fight with the beggar, and no motive for changing clothes, the proposition actually coming from the beggar, st. 15, and it is an accident that his disguise proves useful (cf. Guy of Gisborne). The beggar should have reported that three men were to be hanged, but instead of this is forced into a fight, in order that one more ignominious defeat may be scored against Robin.

The verses,

9⁸⁴, I am an outlaw, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood,

occur also in Robin Hood and the Bishop, No 143, 6³⁴. 'And this mantle of mine I'll to thee resign,' 16³, looks very like a reminiscence of Robin Hood and the Bishop, 10³, 'Thy spindle and twine unto me resign.'*

1 COME light and listen, you gentlemen all,
Hey down, down, and a down
That mirth do love for to hear,
And a story true I'll tell unto you,
If that you will but draw near.

2 In elder times, when merriment was,
And archery was holden good,
There was an outlaw, as many did know,
Which men called Robin Hood.

3 Vpon a time it chanced so
Bold Robin was merry disposed,
His time to spend he did intend,
Either with friends or foes.

4 Then he got vp on a gallant brave steed,
The which was worth angels ten;
With a mantle of green, most brave to be seen,
He left all his merry men.

5 And riding towards fair Nottingham,
Some pastime for to spy,
There was he aware of a jolly beggar
As ere he beheld with his eye.

6 An old patcht coat the beggar had on,
Which he daily did vse for to wear;
And many a bag about him did wag,
Which made Robin Hood to him repair.

7 'God speed, God speed,' said Robin Hood,
'What countryman? tell to me:'
'I am Yorkeshire, sir; but, ere you go far,
Some charity give vnto me.'

8 'Why, what wouldst thou have?' said Robin Hood,
'I pray thee tell vnto me:'
'No lands nor livings,' the beggar he said,
'But a penny for charitie.'

9 'I have no money,' said Robin Hood then,
'But, a ranger within the wood,
I am an outlaw, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood.

10 'But yet I must tell thee, bonny beggar,
That a bout with [thee] I must try;

* Remarkd by Fricke, p. 88 f.

- Thy coat of gray, lay down I say,
And my mantle of green shall lye by.'
- 11 'Content, content,' the beggar he cry'd,
'Thy part it will be the worse ;
For I hope this bout to give thee the rout,
And then have at thy purse.'
- 12 The beggar he had a mickle long staffe,
And Robin had a nut-brown sword ;
So the beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,
But gave him never a word.
- 13 'Fight on, fight on,' said Robin Hood then,
'This game well pleaseth me ;'
For every blow that Robin did give,
The beggar gave buffets three.
- 14 And fighting there full hard and sore,
Not far from Nottingham town,
They never fled, till from Robin['s] head
The blood came trickling down.
- 15 'O hold thy hand,' said Robin Hood then,
'And thou and I will agree ;'
'If that be true,' the beggar he said,
'Thy mantle come give vnto me.'
- 16 'Nay a change, a change,' cri'd Robin Hood ;
'Thy bags and coat give me,
And this mantle of mine I'le to thee resign,
My horse and my braverie.'
- 17 When Robin Hood had got the beggars clothes,
He looked round about ;
'Methinks,' said he, 'I seem to be
A beggar brave and stout.
- 18 'For now I have a bag for my bread,
So have I another for corn ;
I have one for salt, and another for malt,
And one for my little horn.
- 19 'And now I will a begging goe,
Some charitie for to find :'
And if any more of Robin you'l know,
In this second part it's behind.
- 20 Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,
With his bags hanging down to his knee,
His staff, and his coat, scarce worth a groat,
Yet merrilie passed he.
- 21 As Robin he passed the streets along,
He heard a pittifull cry ;
Three brethren deer, as he did hear,
Condemned were to dye.
- 22 Then Robin he highed to the sheriffs [house],
Some reliefe for to seek ;
He skipt, and leapt, and capored full high,
As he went along the street.
- 23 But when to the sheriffs doore he came,
There a gentleman fine and brave,
'Thou beggar,' said he, 'come tell vnto me
What is it that thou wouldest have ?'
- 24 'No meat, nor drink,' said Robin Hood then,
'That I come here to crave ;
But to beg the lives of yeomen three,
And that I fain would have.'
- 25 'That cannot be, thou bold beggar,
Their fact it is so cleer ;
I tell to thee, hangd they must be,
For stealing of our kings deer.'
- 26 But when to the gallows they did come,
There was many a weeping eye :
'O hold your peace,' said Robin then,
'For certainly they shall not dye.'
- 27 Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew but blastes three,
Till a hundred bold archers brave
Came kneeling down to his knee.
- 28 'What is your will, master ?' they said,
'We are here at your command :'
'Shoot east, shoot west,' said Robin Hood then,
'And look that you spare no man.'
- 29 Then they shot east, and they shot west ;
Their arrows were so keen
The sheriffe he, and his companie,
No longer must be seen.
- 30 Then he stept to these brethren three,
And away he had them tane ;
But the sheriff was crost, and many a man lost,
That dead lay on the plain.
- 31 And away they went into the merry green wood,
And sung with a merry glee,
And Robin took these brethren good
To be of his yeomandrie.

- a. Robin Hood and the Beggar: Shewing how Robin Hood and the Beggar fought, and how he changed clothes with the Beggar, and how he went a begging to Nottingham, and how he saved three brethren from being hangd for stealing of deer. To the tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger. *Signed* T. R.

London, Printed for Francis Grove, on Snowhill. (1620-55.)

Burden: an a.

1¹. light in all: a corruption of lyth.

2². archrey. 3⁴. friend or foe: cf. b, c.

4². angell. 6¹. had one. 10¹. tell the.

12¹. saffe. 21³. brethred. 27⁴. dow.

31⁴. yeomandriece.

- b, c. *Title as in a. Not signed. Burden sometimes, With hey, etc., or, With a hey, etc.; once, in c, Hey derry derry down.*

- b. 3⁴. friends or foes. 4². angels.

7¹. Hood then. 7². unto. 8³. he *wanting*.

9³. doth know. 10². with thee. 10⁴. lay.

16¹. said for cri'd. 20¹. he *wanting*.

21⁴. was for to. 22¹. sheriffs house.

27². he *wanting*. 30². them had.

- c. 3⁴. friends or foes. 4². angels.

7¹. Hood then. 7². unto. 8³. living.

10². with thee. 19⁴. known for behind.

21⁴. for to. 22¹. sheriffs house.

25³. they hanged. 27². he *wanting*.

30². them had.

- d. *Title as in a: except of the king's deer. Not signed.*

Printed for I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger. (1670-86.)

Burden: With a hey down down and a down.

3². merrily. 3⁴. friend or foe. 4². angels.

5¹. brave for fair. 7¹. Hood then.

7². unto. 10². with thee. 11¹. he said.

12¹. muckle. 12⁴. But he. 13³. Robin gave.

14³. Robin Hood's head. 15³. If it.

17¹. Hood *wanting*. 17³. Methink.

18³. for mault: for salt.

19⁴. In the. house *wanting, as in a.*

22³. and he leapt. 23⁴. is 't: would'st.

25⁴. of the. 26³. O *wanting*: Robin Hood.

27⁴. down on their. 28². here *wanting*.

29¹. east then. 30². has. 30³. many men.

31¹. And *wanting*.

31³. Then Robin Hood.

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ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR, II .

- a. 'The History of Robin Hood and the Beggar,' Aberdeen, Printed by and for A. Keith: Bodleian Library, Douce, HH 88, pasted between pp 68, 69 of Robin Hood's Garland, London, C. Dicey. A. Keith of Aberdeen printed from 1810 to 1835.

- b. 'A pretty dialogue betwixt Robin Hood and a Beggar,' Newcastle, in Ritson's Robin Hood, 1795, I, 97.

a is printed by Gutch, Robin Hood, II, 230, with deviations. Of b Ritson says: The corruptions of the press being equally numerous and minute, some of the most trifling have been corrected without notice. Despite the corruptions, b is, in some readings, preferable to a. Motherwell, Minstrelsy, p. xliii, says that pretty early stall copies were printed both at Aberdeen and Glasgow.

Robin Hood attempts to stop a beggar,

from whom he thinks he may get some money. The beggar gives no heed to his summons, but hies on. Robin, getting a surly answer upon a second essay, says that if there be but a farthing he will have it, orders the beggar to loose the strings of his pocks, and threatens him with an arrow. The beggar defies him, and upon Robin's drawing his bow, reaches him such a stroke with a staff that bow and arrow are broken to bits.

Robin takes to his sword; the beggar lights on his hand with his staff and disables him completely, then follows in with lusty blows, till Robin falls in a swoon. The beggar moves on with entire unconcern. Three of Robin's men come by and revive him with water. Their master tells them of his disgrace; he had never been in so hard a place in forty year. He bids them bring the beggar back or slay him. Two of the three will be enough for that, they say, and one shall stay with him. Two set forth, accordingly, with a caution to be wary, take a short cut, which brings them out ahead of the beggar, and leap on him from a hiding, one gripping his staff and the other putting a dagger to his breast. The beggar sues for his life in vain; they will bind him and will take him back to their master, to be slain or hanged. He offers them a hundred pound and more for his liberty. They decide together to take the money, and say nothing about it, simply reporting that they have killed the old carl. The beggar spreads his cloak on the ground and many a pock on it; then, standing between them and the wind, takes a great bag of meal from his neck and flings the meal into their eyes. Having thus blinded them, he seizes his staff, which they had stuck in the ground, and gives each of them a dozen. The young men take to their heels, the beggar calling after them to stop for their pay. Robin, after a jest at the meal on their cloaths, makes them tell how they have fared. We are shamed forever, he cries; but smiles to see that they have had their taste of the beggar's tree.

This tale is rightly called by Ritson a North Country composition of some antiquity, "perhaps Scottish." Fragments of Robin Hood ballads, Motherwell informs us, were traditionally extant in his day which had not (and have not) found their way into printed collections, and we know from very early testimony that such ballads were current in Scotland. This is by far the best of the Robin Hood ballads of the secondary, so to speak cyclic, period. It has plenty of homely humor, but the heroic sentiment is gone. It does not belong to the iron, the cast-iron, age of Robin Hood's Birth, Breeding, etc.; but neither does it belong to the golden age of Robin Hood and the Monk, or the Gest. It would be no gain to have Thersites drubbing Odysseus. Robin finds his match, for the nonce, in the Potter, but he does not for that depute two of his men to be the death of the Potter. It never occurred to Little John and Much to get a hundred pound from a beggar, kill him, and pocket the money.

A story resembling that of the second part of this ballad occurs, as Ritson has observed, in *Le moyen de parvenir*, "1739, I, 304;" II, 94, London, 1786; p. 171, Paris, 1841. A friar encounters two footpads, who offer to relieve him of the burden of his frock. He asks them to let him take it off peaceably, puts his staff under his foot, takes off the frock and throws it before them. While one of the pair stoops to get it, the friar picks up the staff and hits the knave a blow which sends him headlong; the other runs off.

Translated by Anastasius Grün, p. 180.

1 LYTH and listen, gentlemen,
That's come of high born blood;
I'll tell you of a brave booting
That befel Robin Hood.

2 Robin Hood upon a day,
He went forth him alone,
And as he came from Barnesdale
Into a fair evening,

3 He met a beggar on the way,
That sturdily could gang;
He had a pike-staff in his hand,
That was baith stark and strang.

4 A clouted cloak about him was,
That held him from the cold;
The thinnest bit of it, I guess,
Was more than twenty fold.

- 5 His meal-pock hang about his neck,
 Into a leathern fang,
 Well fastened with a broad buckle,
 That was both stark and strang.
- 6 He had three hats upon his head,
 Together sticked fast ;
 He cared neither for wind nor weet,
 In lands wherever he past.
- 7 Good Robin coost him in his way,
 To see what he might be ;
 If any beggar had money,
 He thought some part had he.
- 8 'Tarry, tarry,' good Robin says,
 'Tarry, and speak with me ;'
 He heard him as he heard [him] not,
 And fast his way can hie.
- 9 'It be's not so,' says good Robin,
 'Nay, thou must tarry still ;'
 'By my troth,' says the bold beggar,
 'Of that I have no will.
- 10 'It is far to my lodging-house,
 And it is growing late ;
 If they have supt ere I come in,
 I will look wondrous blate.'
- 11 'Now, by my troth,' says good Robin,
 'I see well by thy fare,
 If thou chear well to thy supper,
 Of mine thou takes no care ;
- 12 'Who wants my dinner all the day,
 And wots not where to lie,
 And should I to the tavern go,
 I want money to buy.
- 13 'Sir, thou must lend me some money,
 Till we two meet again :'
 The beggar answerd cankerdly,
 I have no money to lend.
- 14 Thou art as young a man as I,
 And seems to be as sweer ;
 If thou fast till thou get from me,
 Thou shalt eat none this year.
- 15 'Now, by my troth,' says good Robin,
 'Since we are sembled so,
 If thou have but a small farthing,
 I'll have it ere thou go.
- 16 'Therefore, lay down thy clouted cloak,
 And do no longer stand,
 And loose the strings of all thy pocks ;
 I'll ripe them with my hand.
- 17 'And now to thee I make a vow,
 If thou make any din,
 I shall see if a broad arrow
 Can pierce a beggar's skin.'
- 18 The beggar smil'd, and answer made :
 Far better let me be ;
 Think not that I will be afraid
 For thy nip crooked tree.
- 19 Or that I fear thee any whit
 For thy curn nips of sticks ;
 I know no use for them so meet
 As to be pudding-pricks.
- 20 Here I defy thee to do me ill,
 For all thy boistrous fare ;
 Thou's get nothing from me but ill,
 Would thou seek it evermair.
- 21 Good Robin bent his noble bow —
 He was an angry man —
 And in it set a broad arrow ;
 Yet er 't was drawn a span,
- 22 The beggar, with his noble tree,
 Reacht him so round a rout
 That his bow and his broad arrow
 In flinders flew about.
- 23 Good Robin bound him to his brand,
 But that provd likewise vain ;
 The beggar lighted on his hand
 With his pike-staff again.
- 24 I wot he might not draw a sword
 For forty days and more ;
 Good Robin could not speak a word,
 His heart was never so sore.
- 25 He could not fight, he could not flee,
 He wist not what to do ;
 The beggar, with his noble tree,
 Laid lusty flaps him to.

- 26 He paid good Robin back and side,
And beft him up and down,
And with his pike-staff still on laid
Till he fell in a swoon.
- 27 'Fy! stand up, man,' the beggar said,
'T is shame to go to rest;
Stay still till thou get thy mony [told],
I think it were the best.
- 28 'And syne go to the tavern-house,
And buy both wine and ale;
Hereat thy friends will crack full crouse,
'Thou has been at a dale.'
- 29 Good Robin answerd never a word,
But lay still as a stane;
His cheeks were white as any clay,
And closed were his eyne.
- 30 The beggar thought him dead but fail,
And boldly bownd away;
I would you had been at the dale,
And gotten part of the play.
- 31 Now three of Robin's men, by chance,
Came walking on the way,
And found their master in a trance,
On ground where he did lie.
- 32 Up have they taken good Robin,
Making a piteous bier,
Yet saw they no man there at whom
They might the matter spear.
- 33 They looked him all round about,
But wounds on him saw none,
Yet at his mouth came bocking out
The blood of a good vein.
- 34 Cold water they have taken syne,
And cast into his face;
Then he began to lift his eyne,
And spake within short space.
- 35 'Tell us, dear master,' says his men,
'How with you stands the case?'
Good Robin sighd ere he began
To tell of his disgrace.
- 36 'I have been watchman in this wood
Near hand this forty year,
Yet I was never so hard bestead
As you have found me here.
- 37 'A beggar with a clouted cloak,
In whom I feard no ill,
Hath with a pike-staff clawd my back;
I fear 't shall never be well.
- 38 'See, where he goes out oer yon hill,
With hat upon his head;
If ever you lovd your master well,
Go now revenge this deed.
- 39 'And bring him back again to me,
If it lie in your might,
That I may see, before I die,
Him punisht in my sight.
- 40 'And if you may not bring him back,
Let him not go loose on;
For to us all it were great shame
If he escapt again.'
- 41 'One of us shall with you remain,
Because you 're ill at ease;
The other two shall bring him back,
To use him as you please.'
- 42 'Now, by my troth,' says good Robin,
'I trow there's enough said;
If he get scouth to weild his tree,
I fear you'll both be paid.'
- 43 'Be ye not feard, our good master,
That we two can be dung
With any blutter base beggar,
That hath nought but a rung.
- 44 'His staff shall stand him in no stead;
That you shall shortly see;
But back again he shall be led,
And fast bound shall he be,
To see if you will have him slain,
Or hanged on a tree.'
- 45 'But cast you silyly in his way,
Before he be aware,
And on his pike-staff first lay hands;
You'll speed the better far.'

46 Now leave we Robin with his man,
 Again to play the child,
 And learn himself to stand and gang
 By haulds, for all his eild.

47 Now pass we to the bold beggar,
 That raked oer the hill,
 Who never mended his pace no more
 Nor he had done no ill.

48 The young men knew the country well,
 So soon where he would be,
 And they have taken another way,
 Was nearer by miles three.

49 They rudely ran with all their might,
 Spar'd neither dub nor mire,
 They stirred neither at laigh nor hight,
 No travel made them tire,

50 Till they before the beggar wan,
 And coost them in his way;
 A little wood lay in a glen,
 And there they both did stay.

51 They stood up closely by a tree,
 In ilk side of the gate,
 Until the beggar came them to,
 That thought not of such fate.

52 And as he was betwixt them past,
 They leapt upon him baith;
 The one his pike-staff gripped fast,
 They feared for its scaith.

53 The other he held in his sight
 A drawn dirk to his breast,
 And said, False carl, quit thy staff,
 Or I shall be thy priest.

54 His pike-staff they have taken him frae,
 And stuck it in the green;
 He was full leath to let [it] gae,
 If better might have been.

55 The beggar was the feardest man
 Of one that ever might be;
 To win away no way he can,
 Nor help him with his tree.

56 He wist not wherefore he was tane,
 Nor how many was there;

He thought his life-days had been gone,
 And grew into despair.

57 'Grant me my life,' the beggar said,
 'For him that died on tree,
 And take away that ugly knife,
 Or then for fear I'll die.

58 'I grievd you never in all my life,
 By late nor yet by ayre;
 Ye have great sin, if ye should slay
 A silly poor beggar.'

59 'Thou lies, false lown,' they said again,
 'By all that may be sworn;
 Thou hast near slain the gentlest man
 That ever yet was born.

60 'And back again thou shalt be led,
 And fast bound shalt thou be,
 To see if he will have thee slain,
 Or hanged on a tree.'

61 The beggar then thought all was wrong;
 They were set for his wrack;
 He saw nothing appearing then
 But ill upon worse back.

62 Were he out of their hands, he thought,
 And had again his tree,
 He should not be had back for nought,
 With such as he did see.

63 Then he bethought him on a wile,
 If it could take effect,
 How he the young men might beguile,
 And give them a begeck.

64 Thus for to do them shame or ill
 His beastly breast was bent;
 He found the wind grew something shril,
 To further his intent.

65 He said, Brave gentlemen, be good,
 And let the poor man be;
 When ye have taken a beggar's blood,
 It helps you not a flee.

66 It was but in my own defence,
 If he hath gotten skaith;
 But I will make a recompence,
 Much better for you baith.

- 67 If ye will set me safe and free,
And do me no danger,
An hundred pounds I will you give,
And much more good silver,
- 68 That I have gathered these many years,
Under this clouted cloak,
And hid up wonder privately,
In bottom of my pock.
- 69 The young men to a council yeed,
And let the beggar gae ;
They wist how well he had no speed
From them to run away.
- 70 They thought they would the money take,
Come after what so may,
And then they would not bring him back,
But in that part him slay.
- 71 By that good Robin would not know
That they had gotten coin ;
It would content him for to show
That there they had him slain.
- 72 They said, False carl, soon have done
And tell forth that money ;
For the ill turn thou hast done
'Tis but a simple fee.
- 73 And yet we will not have thee back,
Come after what so may,
If thou will do that which thou spake,
And make us present pay.
- 74 O then he loosd his clouted cloak,
And spread it on the ground,
And thereon laid he many a pock,
Betwixt them and the wind.
- 75 He took a great bag from his hase ;
It was near full of meal ;
Two pecks in it at least there was,
And more, I wot full well.
- 76 Upon his cloak he laid it down,
The mouth he opend wide,
To turn the same he made him bown,
The young men ready spy'd.
- 77 In every hand he took a nook
Of that great leathern meal,
And with a fling the meal he shook
Into their faces hail.
- 78 Wherewith he blinded them so close
A stime they could not see ;
And then in heart he did rejoice,
And clapt his lusty tree.
- 79 He thought, if he had done them wrong
In mealing of their cloaths,
For to strike off the meal again
With his pike-staff he goes.
- 80 Or any one of them could red their eyne,
Or yet a glimmering could see,
Ilk ane of them a dozen had,
Well laid on with the tree.
- 81 The young men were right swift of foot,
And boldly ran away ;
The beggar could them no more hit,
For all the haste he may.
- 82 'What ails this haste ?' the beggar said,
'May ye not tarry still,
Until your money be receivd ?
I'll pay you with good will.
- 83 'The shaking of my pocks, I fear,
Hath blown into your eyne ;
But I have a good pike-staff here
Will ripe them out full clean.'
- 84 The young men answerd neer a word,
They were dumb as a stane ;
In the thick wood the beggar fled,
Eer they riped their eyne.
- 85 And syne the night became so late,
To seek him was but vain :
But judge ye, if they looked blate
When they came home again.
- 86 Good Robin speard how they had sped ;
They answerd him, Full ill ;
'That cannot be,' good Robin says ;
'Ye have been at the mill.
- 87 'The mill it is a meatrix place,
They may lick what they please ;
Most like ye have been at that art,
Who would look to your cloaths.'

88 They hangd their heads, and droped down,
 A word they could not speak :
 Robin said, Because I fell a-swoon,
 I think you 'll do the like.

89 Tell on the matter, less and more,
 And tell me what and how
 Ye have done with the bold beggar
 I sent you for right now.

90 And then they told him to an end,
 As I have said before,
 How that the beggar did them blind,
 What misters process more.

91 And how he lin'd their shoulders broad
 With his great trenchen tree,
 And how in the thick wood he fled,
 Eer they a stime could see.

92 And how they scarcely could win home,
 Their bones were beft so sore :
 Good Robin cry'd, Fy! out, for shame!
 We're sham'd for evermore.

93 Altho good Robin would full fain
 Of his wrong revenged be,
 He smil'd to see his merry young men
 Had gotten a taste of the tree.

a. The History of Robin Hood and the Beggar:
 in two Parts. Part I: Shewing how Robin
 Hood, in attempting to rob a Beggar near
 Barnesdale, was shamefully defeated, and
 left for dead, till taken up by three of his
 men. Part II: How the beggar blinded
 two of his men with a bag of meal, who
 were sent to kill him or bring him back.

Title prefixed to the ballad: Robin Hood and
 the Beggar.

In stanzas of two long lines. After 30: The
 Second Part.

22^a. arrows. 30¹. but sail: *that is*, but fail.
 38^a. you *for* your.

41². ill a case: *which perhaps should be re-*
tained.

46¹. and *for* with. 46⁴. the eild.

48^a. a another.

51⁴. fate: b, late, *that is*, let. 53^a. quite.

65⁴. fly: b, flee. 77^a. sling: *that is*, fling.

79^a. strick. 89². where and.

b. *In stanzas of two long lines.*

Some of these readings may be Ritson's cor-
rections.

1². That be. 2⁴. a *wanting*.

3². Who *for* That. 4². frae the. 5². whang.

5^a. to a. 7¹. cast. 8^a. heard him not.

8⁴. on his. 9¹. 'T is be. 9^a. said.

11^a. shares well. 11⁴. dost not care.

12¹. all this. 12^a. would I. 13¹. you must.

13². two *wanting*. 14¹. art a.

15². assembled. 15^a. has. 16¹. Come lay.

17^a. if *wanting*. 20⁴. Wouldst: it *wanting*.

21⁴. Lo eer. 22^a. arrow. 24²⁴. mair, sair.

25^a. flaps. 26². baift.

26^a. laid on loud *for* still on laid.

27¹. Fy *wanting*. 27^a. still till: money told.

28⁴. hast been at the. 29^a. pale *for* white.

30¹. but fail. 30². his way. 30^a. ye.

31². by the. 31⁴. where that he lay.

33². wound. 34¹. gotten *for* taken.

34². unto. 34^a. to hitch his ear. 34⁴. speak.

35¹. said. 36². this twenty. 36⁴. ye.

37². Of whom. 37^a. with his. 37⁴. 't will.

38¹. out *wanting*. 38^a. eer ye.

40⁴. escape. 41². ill at ease. 42^a. And he.

43¹. ye, good *wanting*. 43⁴. has. 44⁵. ye.

45^a. hands lay. 45⁴. Ye. 46¹. with his.

46⁴. his eild. 47^a. no *wanting*.

47⁴. Then he. 48¹². *wanting*.

49¹. They stoutly.

49^a. They started at neither how nor height.

50². cast them. 51². In each.

51^a. them nigh. 51⁴. thought of no such late.

54^a. let it. 54⁴. An better might it been.

55². any *for* one. 56¹. Nor wist he.

56⁴. He *for* And. 57². on the.

57^a. And hold. 57⁴. Or else.

58². Neither by late or air.

58^a. You have great sin if you would.

59². For all. 59⁴. Of one that eer.

60¹. shall. 62^a. led back.

63^a. he might the young men.

63⁴. gave them a begack.

64¹. *for wanting*: *for* ill.

64^a. blew *for* grew. 65². a poor. 65⁴. flee.

66². has. 66⁴. Is better. 67¹. fair and.

67². no more dear. 67⁴. odd *for* good.

68¹. this. 69¹. to the. 69^a. full well.

70^a. And yet: not take. 70⁴. that place.

71³. for *wanting*. 72³. forth thy.
 72³. turn that. 72⁴. It's: plee *for* fee.
 74³. lay he. 75¹. half, *that is*, half.
 76¹. this cloak: set it. 76³. bound.
 77². bag *for* meal. 77³. fling.
 77⁴. face all hail. 79². cloath.
 79³. strike. 80¹. Eer any of.
 80³. Or a glimmering might. 80⁴. with his.
 81². boldly bound. 82¹. What's all this.

82². May not thou. 83⁴. Can ripe.
 85². in vain. 87¹. meat rife part.
 87³. at the. 87⁴. at your.
 88¹. they drooped. 88³. a sound. 88⁴. ye.
 89¹. less or. 89². what and.
 90¹. And when. 90⁴. presses *for* process.
 91^{1,2}. *wanting*. 91³. woods.
 92². were baste. 93². his wrath.

135

ROBIN HOOD AND THE SHEPHERD

a. Garland of 1663, No 13.

c. Wood, 401, leaf 13 b.

b. Garland of 1670, No 12.

d. Pepys, II, 115, No 102.

ROXBURGHE, II, 392, III, 284; Douce, III, 115 b, by L. How, of the eighteenth century. A manuscript copy in the British Museum, Add. 15072, fol. 59, is a, with omission of 12²-15⁴, and a few errors of carelessness.

Printed in Ritson's Robin Hood from c and one of the Roxburghe broadsides. Evans, Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 136, seems to have followed the Aldermay garland, with slight deviation.

Robin Hood, walking in the forest, finds a shepherd lying on the ground, and bids him rise and show what he has in his bottle and bag. The shepherd tells him that he shall not see a drop of his bottle until his valor has been tried. Robin stakes twenty pound on the issue of a fight, and the shepherd his bag and bottle. They fight from ten to four, hook

against sword. Robin Hood falls to the ground, and the shepherd calls on him to own himself beaten. Robin demands the boon of three blasts on his horn. These bring Little John, who undertakes the shepherd, and is so roughly handled that Robin is fain to yield his wager, to which Little John heartily agrees.

It is but the natural course of exaggeration that the shepherd, having beaten Robin Hood, should beat Little John. This is descending low enough, but we do not see the bottom of this kind of balladry here.

In King Alfred and the Shepherd, Old Ballads, 1723, I, 43, stanzas 6-17, the king plays Robin's part, fighting four hours with the Shepherd and then craving a truce. Further on Alfred blows his horn. There are also verbal agreements.

1 ALL gentlemen and yeomen good,
 Down a down a down a down •
 I wish you to draw near;
 For a story of gallant brave Robin Hood
 Vnto you I wil declare.
 Down, etc.

2 As Robin Hood walkt the forrest along,
 Some pastime for to spie,
 There was he aware of a jolly shepherd,
 That on the ground did lie.

- 3 'Arise, arise,' cried jolly Robin,
'And now come let me see
What is in thy bag and bottle, I say;
Come tell it unto me.'
- 4 'What's that to thee, thou proud fellow?
Tell me as I do stand
What thou hast to do with my bag and bottle?
Let me see thy command.'
- 5 'My sword, which hangeth by my side,
Is my command I know;
Come, and let me taste of thy bottle,
Or it may breed thee wo.'
- 6 'Tut, the devil a drop, thou proud fellow,
Of my bottle thou shalt see,
Untill thy valour here be tried,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.'
- 7 'What shall we fight for?' cries bold Robin
Hood;
'Come tell it soon to me;
Here is twenty pounds in good red gold;
Win it, and take it thee.'
- 8 The Shepherd stood all in a maze,
And knew not what to say:
'I have no money, thou proud fellow,
But bag and bottle I'll lay.'
- 9 'I am content, thou shepherd-swain,
Fling them down on the ground;
But it will breed thee mickle pain,
To win my twenty pound.'
- 10 'Come draw thy sword, thou proud fellow,
Thou stands too long to prate;
This hook of mine shall let thee know
A coward I do hate.'
- 11 So they fell to it, full hardy and sore;
It was on a summers day;
From ten till four in the afternoon
The Shepherd held him play.
- 12 Robins buckler proved his chief defence,
And saved him many a bang,
For every blow the Shepherd gave
Made Robins sword cry twang.
- 13 Many a sturdy blow the Shepherd gave,
And that bold Robin found,
Till the blood ran trickling from his head;
Then he fell to the ground.
- 14 'Arise, arise, thou proud fellow,
And thou shalt have fair play,
If thou wilt yield, before thou go,
That I have won the day.'
- 15 'A boon, a boon,' cried bold Robin;
'If that a man thou be,
Then let me take my beauble-horn,
And blow but blasts three.'
- 16 'To blow three times three,' the Shepherd said,
'I will not thee deny;
For if thou shouldst blow till to-morrow morn,
I scorn one foot to fly.'
- 17 Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew with mickle main,
Until he espied Little John
Come tripping over the plain.
- 18 'O who is yonder, thou proud fellow,
That comes down yonder hill?'
'Yonder is Little John, bold Robin Hood's
man,
Shall fight with thee thy fill.'
- 19 'What is the matter?' saies Little John,
'Master, come tell to me:'
'My case is great,' saies Robin Hood,
'For the Shepherd hath conquered me.'
- 20 'I am glad of that,' cries Little John,
'Shepherd, turn thou to me;
For a bout with thee I mean to have,
Either come fight or flee.'
- 21 'With all my heart, thou proud fellow,
For it never shall be said
That a shepherds hook of thy sturdy look
Will one jot be dismaid.'
- 22 So they fell to it, full hardy and sore,
Striving for victory;
'I will know,' saies John, 'ere we give ore,
Whether thou wilt fight or flye.'
- 23 The Shepherd gave John a sturdy blow,
With his hook under the chin;
'Beshrew thy heart,' said Little John,
'Thou basely dost begin.'

24 'Nay, that's nothing,' said the Shepherd;
 'Either yield to me the day,
 Or I will bang thee back and sides,
 Before thou goest thy way.

25 'What? dost thou think, thou proud fellow,
 That thou canst conquer me?
 Nay, thou shalt know, before thou go,
 I 'le fight before I 'le flee.'

26 With that to thrash Little John like mad
 The Shepherd he begun;

'Hold, hold,' cried bold Robin Hood,
 'And I 'le yield the wager won.'

27 'With all my heart,' said Little John,
 'To that I will agree;
 For he is the flower of shepherd-swains,
 The like I never did see.'

28 Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,
 Also of Little John,
 How a shepherd-swain did conquer them;
 The like did never none.

a, b. Robin Hood and the Shepard: Shewing how
 Robin Hood, Little John and the Shep-
 heard fought a sore combate.

Tune is, Robin Hood and Queen Katherine.

a. *Burden*: a third a down is not printed after
 the first line, but is after the last.

4³. hast thou. 5⁴. thy wo. 7². Gome.
 20⁴. Eihter. 26². Sheherd.

b. *Burden*: Down a down a down a down.
 After 9¹, 21⁴, With a, &c.

1³. bold for brave. 4³. thou hast.
 5³. tast. 5⁴. thee for thy.
 7¹. bold wanting. 7³. pound. 10². standst.
 12¹. chiefest. 13³. tickling.
 16¹. Then said the Shepherd to bold Robin.
 16². wanting. 17¹. Robin he.
 18³. Little wanting. 19³. is very bad, cries.
 26¹. Again the Shepherd laid on him.
 26⁴. And wanting: I will. 27⁴. I did never.
 28⁴. was never known.

c. Robin Hood and the Shepheard: Shewing how
 Robin Hood, Little John and the Shep-
 heard fought a sore combat.

The Shepherd fought for twenty pound,
 And Robin for bottle and bag,
 But the Shepheard stout gave them the rout
 So sore they could not wag.

The tune is Robin and Queen Katherine.

London, Printed for John Andrews, at the
 White Lion, in Pie-Corner. (1660.)

Burden: Down a down a down a down.

1³. bold for brave. 4³. thou hast.
 5⁴. my wo. 8¹. amaze. 11³. four till ten.
 12¹. chiefest. 13⁴. And then. 16¹. wanting.
 19³. cries for saies. 19⁴. hath beaten.
 22³. ile know saith. 22⁴. flee. 25¹. doest.
 26¹. wanting. 26². began.
 26⁴. And wanting: I will. 27³. Shepheards.
 27⁴. I did never.

d. *Title as in a, b.*

Printed for William Thackeray, at the Angel
 in Duck Lane. (1689.)

Burden: Down a down down.

1³. bold for brave. 2³. he was.
 4³. hast thou, as in a. 5¹. that for which.
 5⁴. thy woe, as in a. 6¹. Tut wanting.
 7¹. bold wanting. 7³. pound. 10². standest.
 11¹. hard. 12¹. chiefest. 15³. beagle.
 16¹. Then said the Shepherd to bold Robin.
 16². To that will I agree. 16⁴. flee.
 17¹. he set. 17². with might and main.
 18³. Little wanting. 19³. bad cries.
 21². shall never. 21³. at thy. 22⁴. flee.
 24³. thy for thee.
 26¹. Again the Shepherd laid on him.
 26². began. 26³. Hood wanting.
 26⁴. And wanting: I will. 27⁴. I did never.
 28⁴. The like was never known.

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ROBIN HOOD'S DELIGHT

(ROBIN HOOD, JOHN, SCARLOCK AND THREE KEEPERS)

a. Wood, 401, leaf 41 b.

c. Garland of 1670, No 16.

b. Garland of 1663, No 17.

d. Pepys, II, 112, No 99.

RITSON, Robin Hood, 1795, II, 116, from a, with changes. Evans, Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 176.

Robin Hood, Scarlock, and John, walking in Sherwood, are charged to stand by three of King Henry's keepers. There is a fight from eight till two o'clock, in which the outlaws are at some disadvantage. Robin asks that he may blow his horn, then he will fight again. The keepers refuse; he must fall on or yield. Robin owns them to be stout fellows; he will not fight it out there with swords, but at Nottingham with sack. They go to Nottingham accordingly, and drink themselves good friends.

The Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood, No 132, a late traditional copy, shows traces of st. 20 of this ballad in st. 12, where the Pedlar says it lies with him whether he will tell his name, and again at the end, where Robin Hood, John, and the Pedlar drink friendship at the tavern. Robin Hood's antagonists are again foresters and keepers in the Progress to Nottingham, and in Robin Hood and the Ranger. There are numerous verbal agreements between Robin Hood's Delight and Robin Hood and the Shepherd.

Translated by Loève-Veimars, p. 199.

1 THERE is some will talk of lords and knights,
Doun a doun a doun a doun
And some of yeoman good,
But I will tell you of Will Scarlock,
Little John and Robin Hood.

Doun a doun a doun a doun

2 They were outlaws, as 't is well known,
And men of a noble blood;
And a many a time was their valour shown
In the forrest of merry Sheerwood.

3 Vpon a time it chanced so,
As Robin Hood would have it be,
They all three would a walking go,
Some pastime for to see.

4 And as they walked the forest along,
Upon a midsummer day,
There was they aware of three keepers,
Clade all in green aray.

5 With brave long fauchcons by their sides,
And forest-bills in hand,
They calld aloud to those bold outlaws,
And charged them to stand.

6 'Why, who are you,' cry'd bold Robin,
'That speaks so boldly here?'
'We three belong to King Henry,
And are keepers of his deer.'

7 'The devil thou art!' sayes Robin Hood
'I am sure that it is not so;

- We be the keepers of this forest,
And that you soon shall know.
- 8 'Come, your coats of green lay on the ground,
And so will we all three,
And take your swords and bucklers round,
And try the victory.'
- 9 'We be content,' the keepers said,
'We be three, and you no less ;
Then why should we be of you afraid,
And we never did transgress?'
- 10 'Why, if you be three keepers in this forest,
Then we be three rangers good,
And we will make you to know, before you do
go,
You meet with bold Robin Hood.'
- 11 'We be content, thou bold outlaw,
Our valour here to try,
And we will make you know, before we do go,
We will fight before we will fly.
- 12 'Then, come draw your swords, you bold out-
laws,
And no longer stand to prate,
But let us try it out with blows,
For cowards we do hate.
- 13 'Here is one of us for Will Scarlock,
And another for Little John,
And I my self for Robin Hood,
Because he is stout and strong.'
- 14 So they fell to it full hard and sore ;
It was on a midsummers day ;
From eight a clock till two and past,
They all shewed gallant play.
- 15 There Robin, and Will, and Little John,
They fought most manfully,
Till all their winde was spent and gone,
Then Robin aloud did cry :
- 16 'O hold, O hold,' cries bold Robin,
'I see you be stout men ;
Let me blow one blast on my bugle-horn,
Then I 'le fight with you again.'
- 17 'That bargain 's to make, bold Robin Hood,
Therefore we it deny ;
Though a blast upon thy bugle-horn
Cannot make us fight nor fly.
- 18 'Therefore fall on, or else be gone,
And yield to us the day :
It shall never be said that we were afraid
Of thee, nor thy yeomen gay.'
- 19 'If that be so,' cries bold Robin,
'Let me but know your names,
And in the forest of merry Sheerwood
I shall extol your fames.'
- 20 'And with our names,' one of them said,
'What hast thou here to do ?
Except that you will fight it out,
Our names thou shalt not know.'
- 21 'We will fight no more,' sayes bold Robin,
'You be men of valour stout ;
Come and go with me to Nottingham,
And there we will fight it out.
- 22 'With a but of sack we will bang it out,
To see who wins the day ;
And for the cost, make you no doubt
I have gold and money to pay.
- 23 'And ever after, so long as we live,
We all will brethren be ;
For I love those men with heart and hand
That will fight, and never flee.'
- 24 So away they went to Nottingham,
With sack to make amends ;
For three dayes space they wine did chase,
And drank themselves good friends.

a. Robin Hood's Delight, or, A merry combat
fought between Robin Hood, Little John
and Will Scarlock and three stout Keepers
in Sheerwood Forrest.

Robin was valiant and stout, so was Scarlock
and John, in the field,
But these keepers stout did give them the rout,
and made them all for to yield ;

But after the battel ended was, bold Robin did
make them amends,
For claret and sack they did not lack, so drank
themselves good friends.

To the tune of Robin Hood and Quene Katherine,
or, Robin Hood and the Shepheard.
London, Printed for John Andrews, at the
White Lion, near Pye Corner. (1660.)

b, c. *Title the same, without the verses*: Scarlet
for Scarelock.

1². b, yeomen. 1³, 13¹. Scarlet.

2¹. it is. 2³. And many.

4³. was he: c, forresters *for* keepers.

5¹. side. 5². c, forrests bils.

5³. c, bold *wanting*.

7¹. b, bold Robin, Hood *wanting*: c, said
Robin Hood.

7². b, it *wanting*: c, that *wanting*.

10⁴. met. 11³. do *wanting*. 11⁴, b. wee'l.

16¹. c. thy hand cryes. 17¹. is.

19³. c. in that. 19⁴. b. I will.

20³. thou wilt. 23¹. hereafter.

d. *Title as in b, c, except*: fought against.

Printed for William Thackeray, at the Angel
in Duck Lane. (1689.)

1¹. There's. 1². yeomen. 1³, 13¹. Scarlet.

2³. And many. 4³. forresters *for* keepers.

5³. bold *wanting*. 6². speak. 7¹. said.

7². that *wanting*. 7³. the *wanting*: in *for* of.

8¹. Come *wanting*. 9². you *wanting*.

9³. we of you be. 10¹. the *for* three.

10³. we'l: to *wanting*.

11³. *first* we, do *wanting*. 14¹. hardy.

15³. spend. 16³. with my beagle. 17¹. is.

17³. Thy blast: beagle.

18³. never shall: we are. 20³. thou wilt.

23¹. hereafter. 23³. these.

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ROBIN HOOD AND THE PEDLARS

'Robinhood and the Peddlers,' the fourth ballad in a
MS. formerly in the possession of J. Payne Collier,

now in the British Museum; previously printed in
Gutch's Robin Hood, II, 351.

THE manuscript in which this ballad occurs
contains a variety of matters, and, as the best
authority* has declared, may in part have
been written as early as 1650, but all the
ballads are in a nineteenth-century hand, and
some of them are maintained to be forgeries.
I see no sufficient reason for regarding this
particular piece as spurious, and therefore,
though I should be glad to be rid of it, accept
it for the present as perhaps a copy of a
broadside, or a copy of a copy.

The story resembles that of Robin Hood's
Delight, pedlars taking the place of keepers;
but Robin is reduced to an ignominy paral-
leled only in the second ballad of Robin Hood

and the Beggar. Robin Hood, accompanied
by Scarlet and John, bids three pedlars stand.
They pay no heed, and he sends an arrow
through the pack of one of them. Hereupon
they throw down their packs and wait for
their assailants to come up. Robin's bow is
broken by a blow from a staff of one of the
pedlars. Robin calls a truce until he and his
men can get staves. There is then an equal
fight, the end of which is that Robin Hood is
knocked senseless and left in a swoon, tended
by Scarlet and John. But before the ped-
lars set forward, Kit o Thirske, the best man
of the three, and the one who has fought with
Robin, administers a balsam to his fallen foe,

* Mr E. Maunde Thompson, Keeper of the Manuscripts
in the British Museum, in an obliging letter to Harvard Col-

lege Library, and in The Academy, 1885, March 7, p. 170.
No 8 C of this collection is in this manuscript.

which he says will heal his hurts, but which operates unpleasantly.

Thirsk is about twenty miles from York, in the North Riding.

-
- 1 WILL you heare a tale of Robin Hood,
Will Scarlett, and Little John?
Now listen awhile, it will make you smile,
As before it hath many done.
- 2 They were archers three, of hie degree,
As good as ever drewe bowe;
Their arrowes were long and their armes were
strong,
As most had cause to knowe.
- 3 But one sommers day, as they toke their way
Through the forrest of greene Sherwood,
To kill the kings deare, you shall presently
heare
What befell these archers good.
- 4 They were ware on the roade of three peddlers
with loade,
Ffor each had his packe,
Ffull of all wares for countrie faires,
Trusst up upon his backe.
- 5 A good oke staffe, a yard and a halfe,
Each one had in his hande;
And they were all bound to Nottingham towne,
As you shall understand.
- 6 'Yonder I see bolde peddlers three,'
Said Robin to Scarlett and John;
'We 'le search their packes upon their backes
Before that they be gone.
- 7 'Holla, good fellowes!' quod Robin Hood,
'Whither is it ye doe goe?
Now stay and rest, for that is the best,
'T is well ye should doe soe.'
- 8 'Noe rest we neede, on our roade we speede,
Till to Nottingham we get: '
'Thou telst a lewde lye,' said Robin, 'for I
Can see that ye swinke and swet.'
- 9 The peddlers three crosst over the lee,
They did not list to fight:
'I charge you tarrie,' quod Robin, 'for marry,
This is my owne land by right.
- 10 'This is my mannor and this is my parke,
I would have ye for to knowe;
Ye are bolde outlawes, I see by cause
Ye are so prest to goe.'
- 11 The peddlers three turned round to see
Who it might be they herd;
Then agen went on as they list to be gone,
And never answered word.
- 12 Then toke Robin Hood an arrow so good,
Which he did never lacke,
And drew his bowe, and the swift arrowe
Went through the last peddlers packe.
- 13 Ffor him it was well on the packe it fell,
Or his life had found an ende;
And it pierst the skin of his backe within,
Though the packe did stand his frend.
- 14 Then downe they flung their packes eche
one,
And stayde till Robin came:
Quod Robin, I saide ye had better stayde;
Good sooth, ye were to blame.
- 15 'And who art thou? by S. Crispin, I vowe
I 'le quickly cracke thy head!'
Cried Robin, Come on, all three, or one;
It is not so soone done as said.
- 16 My name, by the roode, is Robin Hood,
And this is Scarlett and John;
It is three to three, ye may plainelie see,
Soe now, brave fellowes, laye on.
- 17 The first peddlars blowe brake Robins bowe
That he had in his hand;
And Scarlett and John, they eche had one
That they unneath could stand.
- 18 'Now holde your handes,' eride Robin
Hood,
'Ffor ye have got oken staves;
But tarie till wee can get but three,
And a fig for all your braves.'

- 19 Of the peddlers the first, his name Kit o
Thirske,
Said, We are all content ;
Soe eche tooke a stake for his weapon, to
make
The peddlers to repent.
- 20 Soe to it they fell, and their blowes did ring
well
Upon the others backes ;
And gave the peddlers cause to wish
They had not cast their packes.
- 21 Yet the peddlers three of their blowes were so
free
That Robin began for to rue ;
And Scarlett and John had such loades laide on
It made the sunne looke blue.
- 22 At last Kits oke caught Robin a stroke
That made his head to sound ;
He staggerd, and reelde, till he fell on the
felde,
And the trees with him went round.
- 23 'Now holde your handes,' cride Little John,
And soe said Scarlett eke ;
'Our maister is slaine, I tell you plaine,
He never more will speake.'
- 24 'Now, heaven forefend he come to that ende,'
Said Kit, 'I love him well ;
- But lett him learne to be wise in turne,
And not with pore peddlers mell.
- 25 'In my packe, God wot, I a balsame have got
That soone his hurts will heale ;'
And into Robin Hoods gaping mouth
He presentlie powrde some deale.
- 26 'Now fare ye well, tis best not to tell
How ye three peddlers met ;
Or if ye doe, pritheee tell alsoe
How they made ye swinke and swett.'
- 27 Poore Robin in sound they left on the ground,
And hied them to Nottingham,
While Scarlett and John Robin tended on,
Till at length his senses came.
- 28 Noe soone[r], in haste, did Robin Hood taste
The balsame he had tane,
Than he gan to spewe, and up he threwe
The balsame all againe.
- 29 And Scarlett and John, who were looking on
Their maister as he did lie,
Had their faces besmeard, both eies and beard,
Therewith most piteously.
- 30 Thus ended that fray ; soe beware alwaye
How ye doe challenge foes ;
Looke well aboute they are not to stoute,
Or you may have worst of the blowes.

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ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN A DALE

- a. 'Robin Hood and Allin of Dale,' Douce, II, leaf 185. c. 'Robin Hood and Allen a Dale,' Douce, III, 119 b.
- b. 'Robin Hood and Allin of Dale,' Pepys, II, 110,
No 97.

PRINTED in A Collection of Old Ballads, 1723, II, 44, and Evans's Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 126, after a copy very near to c. In Ritson's Robin Hood, 1795, II, 46, probably after Roxburghe II, 394. Not included in the

garlands of 1663, 1670 ; in a garland of 1749, the Aldermary garland, R. Marshall, and the Lichfield, M. Morgan, both not dated, No 8 ; in the York garland, 1811, No 9. In the Kinloch MSS, V, 183, there is a copy, derived

from the broadside, but Scotticised, and improved in the process.

A young man, Allen a Dale, whom Robin Hood has seen passing, one day singing and the next morning sighing, is stopped by Little John and the Miller's Son, and brought before their master, who asks him if he has any money. He has five shillings and a ring, and was to have been married the day before, but his bride has been given to an old knight. Robin asks what he will give to get his true-love. All that he can give is his faithful service. Robin goes to the church and declares the match not fit: the bride shall choose for herself. He blows his horn, and four-and-twenty of his men appear, the foremost of whom is Allen a Dale. Robin tells Allen that he shall be married on the spot. The bishop says no; there must be three askings. Robin puts the bishop's coat on Little John, and Little John asks seven times. Robin gives Allen the maid, and bids the man take her away that dare.

The ballad, it will be observed, is first found in broadside copies of the latter half of the seventeenth century. The story is told of Scarlock in the life of Robin Hood in Sloane MS. 780, 7, fol. 157, of the beginning of the seventeenth century; Thoms, *Early Prose Romances*, II, p. 39.

"Scarlock he induced [to become one of his company] upon this occasion. One day meting him as he walked solitary and lyke to a man forlorne, because a mayd to whom he was affyanced was taken from [him] by the violence of her frends, and given to another, that was auld and welthy; whereupon Robin, understanding when the maryage-day should be, came to the church as a beggar, and having his company not far of, which came in so sone as they hard the sound of his horne, he 'took' the bryde perforce from him that was in hand to have maryed her, and caused the preist to wed her and Scarlocke togyether."

Translated by Anastasius Grün, p. 146.

1 COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that loves mirth for to hear,
And I will you tell of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire. (*bis*)

2 As Robin Hood in the forrest stood,
All under the green-wood tree,
There was he ware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

3 The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay,
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay.

4 As Robin Hood next morning stood,
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

5 The scarlet he wore the day before,
It was clean cast away;
And every step he fetcht a sigh,
'Alack and a well a day!'

6 Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Nick the millers son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he see them come.

7 'Stand off, stand off,' the young man said,
'What is your will with me?'
'You must come before our master straight,
Vnder yon green-wood tree.'

8 And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin askt him courteously,
O hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?

9 'I have no money,' the young man said,
'But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.'

10 'Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she is now from me tane,
And chosen to be an old knights delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain.'

- 11 'What is thy name?' then said Robin Hood,
'Come tell me, without any fail:'
'By the faith of my body,' then said the young man,
'My name it is Allin a Dale.'
- 12 'What wilt thou give me,' said Robin Hood,
'In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true-love again,
And deliver her unto thee?'
- 13 'I have no money,' then quoth the young man,
'No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be.'
- 14 'How many miles is it to thy true-love?
Come tell me without any guile:'
'By the faith of my body,' then said the young man,
'It is but five little mile.'
- 15 Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,
Vntil he came unto the church
Where Allin should keep his wedding.
- 16 'What dost thou do here?' the bishop he said,
'I prethee now tell to me:'
'I am a bold harper,' quoth Robin Hood,
'And the best in the north countrey.'
- 17 'O welcome, O welcome,' the bishop he said,
'That musick best pleaseth me;'
'You shall have no musick,' quoth Robin Hood,
'Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.'
- 18 With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old,
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like glistering gold.
- 19 'This is no fit match,' quoth bold Robin Hood,
'That you do seem to make here;
- For since we are come unto the church,
The bride she shall chuse her own dear.'
- 20 Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lee.
- 21 And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all on a row,
The first man was Allin a Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.
- 22 'This is thy true-love,' Robin he said,
'Young Allin, as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away.'
- 23 'That shall not be,' the bishop he said,
'For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times askt in the church,
As the law is of our land.'
- 24 Robin Hood pulld off the bishops coat,
And put it upon Little John;
'By the faith of my body,' then Robin said,
'This cloath doth make thee a man.'
- 25 When Little John went into the quire,
The people began for to laugh;
He askt them seven times in the church,
Least three times should not be enough.
- 26 'Who gives me this maid,' then said Little John;
Quoth Robin, That do I,
And he that doth take her from Allin a Dale
Full dearly he shall her buy.
- 27 And thus having ended this merry wedding,
The bride lookt as fresh as a queen,
And so they returnd to the merry green wood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

a. Robin Hood and Allin of Dale: Or, a pleasant relation how a young gentleman being in love with a young damsel, which was taken from him to be an old knight's bride, and how Robin Hood, pittying the young mans case, took her from the old knight, when they

were going to be marryed, and restored her to her own true love again.

Bold Robin Hood he did the young man right,
And took the damsel from the doteing knight.

To a pleasant northern tune, or, Robin Hood in the green wood stood.

With allowance. Printed for F. Cole, T. Vere, J. Wright and J. Clarke. (Coles, Vere and Wright, 1655-80, J. Clarke, 1650-82: *Chappell*.)

11⁴. Allin. 18¹. wealthy. 22³. marrid.

b. *Title, etc., as in a.*

With allowance. Printed for Alex. Milbourn, in Green-Arbor-Court, in the Little-Old-Baily. (Alexander Milbourne 1670-97: *Chappell*.)

1³. tell you. 2³. he was aware.

10². she was from me tane.

16¹. dost thou here. 16². unto. 18⁴. like the.

19¹. not a fit: qd. 25². for *wanting*.

26¹. then *wanting*. 26³. And *wanting*.

27¹. having ende of. 27². lookt like a.

c. Robin Hood and Allen a Dale: Or, the man-

ner of Robin Hood's rescuing a young lady from an old knight to whom she was going to be married, and restoring her to Allen a Dale, her former love.

To the tune of Robin Hood in the green wood. *No printer*. Sold in Bow-Church-Yard, London.

1³. tell you. 2³. aware. 4³. spy.

5². quite *for* clean. 6². Midge *for* Nick.

9³. these seven. 10². she was from me taen.

11². any *wanting*. 13⁴. for *wanting*.

16¹. do *wanting*: then *for* he.

16². unto me. 17¹. then *for* he.

18⁴. Who shone like the glittering.

19¹. not a fit. 19⁴. she *wanting*.

22³. at the. 24³. Robin he.

24⁴. This coat. 25¹. to *for* into.

25². for *wanting*. 26¹. me *wanting*: maid, says. 27². bride she lookd like a.

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ROBIN HOOD'S PROGRESS TO NOTTINGHAM

a. Wood, 402, leaf 14 b. b. Wood, 401, leaf 37 b. c. Garland of 1663, No 2. d. Garland of 1670, No 1. e. Pepys, II, 104, No 92.

THIS piece occurs also in the Roxburghe Ballads, III, 270, 845, the Douce, III, 120, was among Heber's ballads (a copy by W. Onley), and is probably in all collections of broadsides.

a or b was printed by Ritson, Robin Hood, 1795, II, 12. A copy in Evans's Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 96, is later, and very like Douce, III, 120.

When Robin Hood is but fifteen years of age, he falls in with fifteen foresters who are drinking together at Nottingham. They hear with scorn that he intends to take part in a shooting-match. He wagers with them that he will kill a hart at a hundred rod, and does this. They refuse to pay, and bid him begone if he would save his sides from a basting. Robin kills them all with his bow; people

come out from Nottingham to take him, but get very much hurt. Robin goes to the green wood; the townsmen bury the foresters.

This is evidently a comparatively late ballad, but has not come down to us in its oldest form. The story is told to the following effect in the life of Robin Hood in Sloane MS. 780, 7, fol. 157, written, as it seems, says Ritson, towards the end of the sixteenth century. Robin Hood, going into a forest with a bow of extraordinary strength, fell in with some rangers, or woodmen, who giped at him for pretending to use a bow such as no man could shoot with. Robin said that he had two better, and that the one he had with him was only a "birding-bow"; nevertheless he would lay his head against a certain sum of money that he would kill a deer with it at a great distance. When

the chance offered, one of the rangers sought to disconcert him by reminding him that he would lose his head if he missed his mark. Robin won the wager, and gave every man his money back except the one who had tried to fluster him. A quarrel followed, which ended with Robin's killing them all, and consequently betaking himself to life in the woods. Thoms, *Early Prose Romances*, II, Robin Hood, 37 ff.

Douce notes in his copy of Ritson's Robin

Hood (Bodleian Library) the second stanza of this ballad as it is cited in the Duke of Newcastle's play, 'The Varietie':

When Robin came to Nottingham,
His dinner all for to dine,
There met him fifteen jolly foresters,
Were drinking ale and wine.
Gutch's Robin Hood, II, 123.

Translated by A. Grün, p. 61; Doenniges, p. 170.

1 ROBIN HOOD hee was and a tall young man,
Derry derry down
And fifteen winters old,
And Robin Hood he was a proper young man,
Of courage stout and bold.
Hey down derry derry down

2 Robin Hood he would and to fair Nottingham,
With the general for to dine;
There was he ware of fifteen foresters,
And a drinking bear, ale, and wine.

3 'What news? What news?' said bold Robin Hood;
'What news, fain wouldest thou know?
Our king hath provided a shooting-match:
'And I'm ready with my bow.'

4 'We hold it in scorn,' then said the foresters,
'That ever a boy so young
Should bear a bow before our king,
That's not able to draw one string.'

5 'I'le hold you twenty marks,' said bold Robin Hood,
'By the leave of Our Lady,
That I'le hit a mark a hundred rod,
And I'le cause a hart to dye.'

6 'We'll hold you twenty mark,' then said the foresters,
'By the leave of Our Lady,
Thou hitst not the mark a hundred rod,
Nor causest a hart to dye.'

7 Robin Hood he bent up a noble bow,
And a broad arrow he let flye,
He hit the mark a hundred rod,
And he caused a hart to dy.

8 Some said hee brake ribs one or two,
And some said hee brake three;
The arrow within the hart would not abide,
But it glanced in two or three.

9 The hart did skip, and the hart did leap,
And the hart lay on the ground;
'The wager is mine,' said bold Robin Hood,
'If't were for a thousand pound.'

10 'The wager's none of thine,' then said the foresters,
'Although thou beest in haste;
Take up thy bow, and get thee hence,
Lest wee thy sides do baste.'

11 Robin Hood hee took up his noble bow,
And his broad arrows all amain,
And Robin Hood he laught, and begun to smile,
As hee went over the plain.

12 Then Robin Hood hee bent his noble bow,
And his broad arrows he let flye,
Till fourteen of these fifteen foresters
Vpon the ground did lye.

13 He that did this quarrel first begin
Went tripping over the plain;
But Robin Hood he bent his noble bow,
And hee fetcht him back again.

14 'You said I was no archer,' said Robin Hood,
'But say so now again;
With that he sent another arrow
That split his head in twain.

15 'You have found mee an archer,' saith Robin Hood,
'Which will make your wives for to wring,

And wish that you had never spoke the word,
That I could not draw one string.'

16 The people that lived in fair Nottingham
Came runing out amain,
Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood,
With the forresters that were slain.

17 Some lost legs, and some lost arms,
And some did lose their blood,

But Robin Hood hee took up his noble bow,
And is gone to the merry green wood.

18 They carryed these forresters into fair Nottingham,
As many there did know;
They digd them graves in their church-yard,
And they buried them all a row.

a, b. Robin Hoods Progresse to Nottingham,

Where hee met with fifteen forresters, all on a row,
And hee desired of them some news for to know,
But with crosse graind words they did him thwart,
For which at last hee made them smart.

To the tune of Bold Robin Hood. *perhaps 147 not 145*

a. London, Printed for Fran. Grove. And entered according to order. (1620-55: *Chappell.*)

b. London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright. (1655-80: *Chappell.*)

3. Commonly punctuated as if spoken entirely by Robin. There would certainly be an antecedent probability against three speeches in one stanza, in an older ballad.

c, d. Robin Hoods Progress to Nottingham, where

he slew fifteen Forresters. To the tune of Bold Robin Hood.

c. 6^s. an. 7^s. a mark. 15^s. spake.

d. 7^s. an hundred. 11^s. began. 12^s. of the. 14^s. say you so.

14^s. he another arnw let fly. 18^s. to fair.

e. Title as in a, b, above, with these variations in the verse:

2, news to. 3, And with. 4, them for to.

Printed for J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger. (1670-82?)

1^s. and wanting. 2^s. would unto.

2^s. aware. 4^s. scorn said bold R. Hood.

5^s. the mark an. 5^s, 7^s. one hart.

6^s. marks. 6^s. That thou: an. 7^s. an.

8^s. some say. 8^s. in for within.

11^s. all wanting. 11^s. began.

14^s. Which split. 15^s. said.

15^s. for wanting. 15^s. wish you ne'r had.

17^s. R. Hood he bent. 18^s. yards.

18^s. all on a row.

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ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THREE SQUIRES

A. Percy MS., p. 5; Hales and Furnivall, I, 13; Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 49.

B. a. 'Robin Hood rescuing the Widow's Three Sons from the Sheriff, when going to be executed,' The English Archer, York, N. Nickson, n. d. b. The English Archer, Paisley, John Neilson, 1786. c. Adventures of . . . Robin Hood, Falkirk, T. Johnston, 1808. All in the Bodleian Library, Douce, F.F. 71.

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C. 'Robin Hood rescuing the Three Squires from Nottingham Gallows.' a. Robin Hood's Garland, London, Printed by W. & C. Dicey, n. d. b. R. H.'s Garland, London, L. How, in Peticoat Lane, n. d. c. R. H.'s Garland, York, T. Wilson and R. Spence, n. d. d. R. H.'s Garland, Preston, W. Sergeant, n. d. e. R. H.'s Garland, London, J. Marshall & Co., n. d. f. R. H.'s Garland, Wolverhampton, J. Smart, n. d. a-d, Douce, FF. 71, f, Douce, Add. 262, Bodleian Library.

B is given by Ritson, *Robin Hood*, 1795, II, 151, "from the York edition of Robin Hood's garland;" C, the same, II, 216, from an Aldermary Churchyard garland, and by Evans, *Old Ballads*, 1777, 1784, I, 215.

B. Robin Hood, while on his way to Nottingham, meets an old woman who is weeping for three squires condemned to die that day, not for recognized crimes, but for killing the king's deer. These seem to be his own men: st. 6. Pursuing his way, he meets an old "palmer," really a beggar, who confirms the bad news. He changes clothes with the palmer (who at first thinks the proposal a mock), and at Nottingham comes upon the sheriff, and asks what he will give an old fellow to be his hangman. The sheriff offers suits and pence; Robin says, hangmen be cursed, he will never take to that business. He has a horn in his pocket which would blow the sheriff little good; the sheriff bids him blow his fill. The first blast brings a hundred and fifty of Robin's men; the second brings three score more. They free their own men and hang the sheriff.

In C the three squires are expressly said to be the woman's sons;* for the palmer we have a beggar; Robin asks it as a boon that he may be hangman, and will have nothing for his service but three blasts on his horn, 'that their souls to heaven may flee.' The horn brings a hundred and ten men, and the sheriff surrenders the three squires.

In the fragment A, Robin changes clothes with an old man, who appears by stanza 11 to be a beggar. His men are with him meanwhile, and he orders them to conceal themselves in a wood until they hear his horn. A blast brings three hundred of them; Robin casts off his beggar's gear and stands in his red velvet doublet; † his men bend their bows and beset the gallows. The sheriff throws up his hands and begs for terms; Robin demands the three squires. The sheriff objects, for they are the king's felons; Robin will

have them, or the sheriff shall be the first man to flower the tree.

'Robin Hood and the Beggar,' No 133. from stanza 16, is another version of this ballad. Robin changes clothes with a beggar, after a hard fight in which he has had the worse, goes to Nottingham, and hears that three brothers are condemned to die. He hies to the sheriff to plead for them; a gentleman at the door tells him they must be hanged for deer-stealing clearly proved. At the gallows Robin blows his horn; a hundred archers present themselves, and ask his will. He commands them to shoot east and west and spare no man. The sheriff and his men, all that are not laid low, fly, and the three brothers, who have already shown their quality, are added to Robin's company.

A Scottish version of B, derived from the English, is given in an appendix. It occurs in Kinloch MSS, V, 288, and may be as old as the York garland used by Ritson, or older.

Ritson was informed by his friend Edward Williams, the Welsh bard, that C and its tune were well known in South Wales by the name of Marchog Glas, or Green Knight. As to the tune, says Dr Rimbault, it is not to be found in the collections of Welsh airs, nor was *his* friend John Parry, then representing the Welsh bards, able to give any account of it. Nothing further is said by Rimbault, either way, of the ballad.

B 6, in which Robin reminds the old woman that she had once given him to sup and dine, implicitly as a reason for his exerting himself in behalf of the three squires (who, according to the title of the ballad, but not the text, are her three sons), looks like a reminiscence of st. 9 of R. H. and the Bishop, No 143, where an old woman shows her gratitude to Robin Hood for having given her shoes and hose, and may not originally have belonged here. ‡

B 1, A 9^{1.2}, 11^{3.4}, B 25, 28^{1.2} are almost repetitions of Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar, A 1, A 4^{3.4}, 12^{3.4}, B 26, 28^{1.2}. ‡

* A verse in the passage from Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song xxvi, cited by Ritson, I, viii of *Robin Hood*, 1795, may refer to this version of the ballad: "The widow in distress he graciously relieved."

† In st. 2 Robin is in his proper Lincoln green. He wears

scarlet red again in No. 141, st. 6 and in No 145, st. 18, his men being in green.

‡ Fricke has observed this, pp 59, 69, and at p. 58 the resemblance to Wallace.

The rescue in the ballad is introduced into Anthony Munday's play of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, Act II, Scene 2. Scarlet and Scathlock, sons of Widow Scarlet, are to be hanged. Friar Tuck attends them as confessor. Robin Hood, disguised as an old man, pretends that they have killed his son, and asks the sheriff that they may be delivered to him for revenge. The sheriff allows them to be unbound. Robin, for a feigned reason, blows his horn; Little John and Much come in and begin a fight; Friar Tuck, pretending to help the sheriff, knocks down his men; the sheriff and his men run away. (Dodsley's *Old Plays*, ed. Hazlitt, VIII, 134-41.)

Ritson, *Robin Hood*, 1832, II, 155, suggests that the circumstance of Robin's changing clothes with the palmer may possibly be taken from "the noble history of Ponthus of Galyce," printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1511, and cites this passage, which resembles the narrative in B 8, 10, 11: "And as he [Ponthus] rode, he met with a poore palmer, beggyng his brede, the whiche had his gowne all to-clouted and an olde pyllled hatte: so he alyght, and sayd to the palmer, frende, we shall make a chaunge of all our garmentes,

for ye shall have my gowne and I shall have yours and your hatte. A, syr, sayd the palmer, ye bourde you with me. In good fayth, sayd Ponthus, I do not; so he dyspoyled hym and cladde hym with all his rayment, and he put vpon hym the poore mannes gowne, his gyrdell, his hosyn, his shone, his hatte and his bourden."

This noble history is taken from one in French which is merely the romance of Horn turned into prose, and it is also possible that the passage in the English ballad may be derived from some version of *Hind Horn*: see No 17.

Wallace changes clothes with a beggar in 'Gude Wallace,' No 157, F, G, where there is a general likeness to this ballad of Robin Hood. It may be noted that Wulric the Heron, one of the comrades of Hereward, rescues four brothers who were about to be hanged, killing some of their common enemies: Michel, *Chroniques Anglo-Normandes*, II, 51.

B is translated by Anastasius Grün, p. 135, Doenniges, p. 135, Knortz L. u. R. *Altenglands*, No 19; combined with C, by Talvj, *Charakteristik*, p. 489.

* * * * *

1 '

In faith thou shal[t] haue mine,
And twenty pound in thy purse,
To spend att ale and wine.'

2 'Though your clothes are of light Lincolne
green,

And mine gray russett and torne,
Yet it doth not you besee me
To doe an old man scorne.'

3 'I scorne thee not, old man,' says Robin,
'By the faith of my body;
Doe of thy clothes, thou shalt haue mine,
For it may noe better bee.'

4 But Robin did on this old mans hose,
The were torne in the wrist;

'When I looke on my leggs,' said Robin,
'Then for to laugh I list.'

5 But Robin did on the old mans shooes,
And the were clutt full cleane;
'Now, by my faith,' sayes Litle Iohn,
'These are good for thornes keene.'

6 But Robin did on the old mans cloake,
And it was torne in the necke;
'Now, by my faith,' said William Scarlett,
'Heere shold be set a specke.'

7 But Robin did on this old mans hood,
Itt gogled on his crowne;
'When I come into Nottingham,' said Robin,
'My hood it will lightly downe.'

8 'But yonder is an outwood,' said Robin,
'An outwood all and a shade,

And thither I reede you, my merry men all,
The ready way to take.

9 'And when you heare my litle horne blow,
Come raking all on a rowte

.
.

* * * * *

10 But Robin he lope, and Robin he threw,
He lope over stocke and stone;
But those that saw *Robin Hood* run
Said he was a liuer old man.

11 [Then Robin set his] horne to his mowth,
A loud blast cold h[e] blow;
Ffull three hundred bold yeomen
Came rakinge all on a row.

12 But Robin cast downe his baggs of bread,
Soe did he his staffe with a face,
And in a doublet of red veluett
This yeoman stood in his place.

13 'But bend *your* bowes, and stroke *your* strings,
Set the gallow-tree aboute,

And Christs curse on his heart,' said Robin,
'That spares the sheriffe and the sergiant!'

14 When the sheriffe see gentle Robin wold
shoote,
He held vp both his hands;
Sayes, Aske, good Robin, and thou shalt haue,
Whether it be house or land.

15 'I will neither haue house nor land,' said
Robin,
'Nor gold, nor none of thy ffee,
But I will haue those three squires
To the greene fforest with me.

16 'Now marry, Gods forbott,' said the sheriffe,
'That euer *that* shold bee;
For why, they be the kings ffelons,
They are all condemned to dye.'

17 'But grant me my askinge,' said Robin,
'Or by the faith of my body
Thou shalt be the first man
Shall flower this gallow-tree.'

18 'But I wi[ll haue t]hose three squires

.

B

a. The English Archer, Robin Hood's Garland, York, N. Nickson, n. d., p. 65. b. The English Archer, etc., Paisley, John Neilson, 1786. c. Adventures of Robin Hood, Falkirk, T. Johnston, 1808.

1 THERE are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many men say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

2 Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met a silly old woman,
Was weeping on the way.

3 'What news? what news, thou silly old woman?
What news hast thou for me?'
Said she, There's three squires in Nottingham
town
To-day is condemned to die.

4 'O have they parishes burnt?' he said,
'Or have they ministers slain?

Or have they robbed any virgin,
Or with other men's wives have lain?'

5 'They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
Nor yet have ministers slain,
Nor have they robbed any virgin,
Nor with other men's wives have lain.'

6 'O what have they done?' said bold Robin
Hood,
'I pray thee tell to me:'
'It's for slaying of the king's fallow deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee.'

7 'Dost thou not mind, old woman,' he said,
'Since thou made me sup and dine?
By the truth of my body,' quoth bold Robin
Hood,
'You could not tell it in better time.'

8 Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met with a silly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.

- 9 'What news? what news, thou silly old man?
What news, I do thee pray?'
Said he, Three squires in Nottingham town
Are condemn'd to die this day.
- 10 'Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is forty shillings in good silver,
Go drink it in beer or wine.'
- 11 'O thine apparel is good,' he said,
'And mine is ragged and torn;
Whereever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh neer an old man to scorn.'
- 12 'Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine.'
- 13 Then he put on the old man's hat,
It stood full high on the crown:
'The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down.'
- 14 Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patch'd black, blew, and red;
He thought no shame all the day long
To wear the bags of bread.
- 15 Then he put on the old man's breeks,
Was patch'd from ballup to side;
'By the truth of my body,' bold Robin can say,
'This man lov'd little pride.'
- 16 Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patch'd from knee to wrist;
'By the truth of my body,' said bold Robin
Hood,
'I'd laugh if I had any list.'
- 17 Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patch'd both beneath and aboon;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
It's good habit that makes a man.
- 18 Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was walking along the town.
- 19 'O save, O save, O sheriff,' he said,
'O save, and you may see!
And what will you give to a silly old man
To-day will your hangman be?'
- 20 'Some suits, some suits,' the sheriff he said,
'Some suits I'll give to thee;
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen
To-day's a hangman's fee.'
- 21 Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone;
'By the truth of my body,' the sheriff he
said,
'That's well jump't, thou nimble old man.'
- 22 'I was neer a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intends to trade;
But curst be he,' said bold Robin,
'That first a hangman was made.'
- 23 'I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn.'
- 24 'I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good.'
- 25 'O wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,
Of thee I have no doubt;
I wish that thou give such a blast
Till both thy eyes fall out.'
- 26 The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
Came riding over the hill.
- 27 The next loud blast that he did give,
He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
Came shining over the plain.
- 28 'O who are yon,' the sheriff he said,
'Come tripping over the lee?'
'The're my attendants,' brave Robin did say,
'They'll pay a visit to thee.'
- 29 They took the gallows from the slack,
They set it in the glen,
They hang'd the proud sheriff on that,
Releas'd their own three men.

C

Robin Hood's Garland. a. London, printed by W. & C. Dicey, in St. Mary Aldermay Church Yard, Bow Lane, Cheapside, and sold at the Warehouse at Northampton, n. d.: p. 74, No 24. b. London, printed by L. How, in Peticot Lane, n. d.: p. 23. c. York, T. Wilson and R. Spence, n. d.: p. 27. d. Preston, W. Sergeant, n. d.: p. 62. e. London, printed and sold by J. Marshall & Co., Aldermay Church Yard, Bow Lane, n. d.: No 24. f. Wolverhampton, printed and sold by J. Smart, n. d.

1 BOLD Robin Hood ranging the forest all round,
The forest all round ranged he;
O there did he meet with a gay lady,
She came weeping along the highway.

2 'Why weep you, why weep you?' bold Robin
he said,
'What, weep you for gold or fee?
Or do you weep for your maidenhead,
That is taken from your body?'

3 'I weep not for gold,' the lady replied,
'Neither do I weep for fee;
Nor do I weep for my maidenhead,
That is taken from my body.'

4 'What weep you for then?' said jolly Robin,
'I prithee come tell unto me;'
'Oh! I do weep for my three sons,
For they are all condemned to die.'

5 'What church have they robbed?' said jolly
Robin,
'Or parish-priest have they slain?
What maids have they forced against their
will?
Or with other men's wives have lain?'

6 'No church have they robbd,' this lady replied,
'Nor parish-priest have they slain;
No maids have they forc'd against their will,
Nor with other men's wives have lain.'

7 'What have they done then?' said jolly Robin,
'Come tell me most speedily.'
'Oh! it is for killing the king's fallow deer,
And they are all condemned to die.'

8 'Get you home, get you home,' said jolly
Robin,
'Get you home most speedily,
And I will unto fair Nottingham go,
For the sake of the squires all three.'

9 Then bold Robin Hood for Nottingham goes,
For Nottingham town goes he,
O there did he meet with a poor beggar-man,
He came creeping along the highway.

10 'What news, what news, thou old beggar-man?
What news, come tell unto me.'
'O there is weeping and wailing in fair Not-
tingham,
For the death of the squires all three.'

11 This beggar-man had a coat on his back,
'T was neither green, yellow, nor red;
Bold Robin Hood thought 't was no disgrace
To be in a beggar-man's stead.

12 'Come, pull off thy coat, you old beggar-man,
And you shall put on mine;
And forty good shillings I'll give thee to boot,
Besides brandy, good beer, ale and wine.'

13 Bold Robin Hood then unto Nottingham came,
Unto Nottingham town came he;
O there did he meet with great master sheriff,
And likewise the squires all three.

14 'One boon, one boon,' says jolly Robin,
'One boon I beg on my knee;
That, as for the deaths of these three squires,
Their hangman I may be.'

15 'Soon granted, soon granted,' says great mas-
ter sheriff,
'Soon granted unto thee;
And you shall have all their gay cloathing,
Aye, and all their white money.'

16 'O I will have none of their gay cloathing,
Nor none of their white money,
But I'll have three blasts on my bugle-horn,
That their souls to heaven may flee.'

17 Then Robin Hood mounted the gallows so high,
Where he blew loud and shrill,
Till an hundred and ten of Robin Hood's
men
They came marching all down the green hill.

18 'Whose men are they all these?' says great
master sheriff,
'Whose men are they? tell unto me.'
'O they are mine, but none of thine,
And they're come for the squires all three.'

19 'O take them, O take them,' says great master
sheriff,
'O take them along with thee;

For there's never a man in all Nottingham
Can do the like of thee.'

- A. 1^s. 20¹.
5^s. *Only one of the i's is dotted in cliit: Furrivall; clutt was no doubt intended.*
6^s. said w^m. 9^s. *half a page wanting.*
10 follows 12. 11^s. 300⁴.
15^s, 18¹. 3. 17^s. or be me.
18¹. *half a page wanting.*
- B. a. 3^s. Knews. 4¹, 6¹, 11¹, 19^{1,2}, 25¹, 28¹. Oh.
8². and a down a.
12¹. chur. 15¹. Teen. 16². Where.
17⁴. Itts. 24⁴. For me. 28¹. are you.
- b. Robin Hood rescu'd the Widow's three Sons
from the Sheriff when going to be hanged.
- c. How Robin Hood rescued, etc., . . . to be
hanged.
- b, c. 2¹. Hood *wanting*. 2². a down down.
2^s. met with. 2⁴. along the highway.
3^s. to me. 3⁴. To-day are.
5^s. Nor have they.
6^s. 'Tis for. 7^s. quoth *wanting*.
8¹. Robin he is. 8². a down down and a day.
8^s. old *wanting*. 9¹. silly palmer.
10². with *for* for. 10^s. of *for* in.
10⁴. beer and good wine.
12¹. churl. 14^s. not *for* no.
14⁴. the poor bags. 15¹. Then.
15^s. Were *for* Was. 15^s. did say.
16², 17². Were *wanting*. 17². both *wanting*.
17⁴. 'Tis. 18¹. Robin is unto.
18². a down down and a day.
18⁴. the highway. 19². you may you [may
you?].
19⁴. That to-day. 20⁴. day is.
21². stone to stone. 22¹. never: in *wanting*.
23². And *wanting*. 24¹. a small horn now in.
24². it *wanting*. 24⁴. For thee. 25⁴. fly out.
26^s. An: Robin's men. 27^s. Robin's men.
28¹. are you. 28². Comes. 28^s. bold Robin.
29⁴. And released.
- b. 18^s. with *wanting*. 20². unto thee.
20^s. pence fourteen.
- c. 6². unto me. 7². mad'st. 15¹. poor *for* old.
20¹. suits and pence fourteen. 20^{2,3}. *wanting*.
21¹. turnd. 21². jumpd. 22². the trade.
24^s. I put. 25^s. gave. 29². let *for* set.

- C. a. *The Garland is not earlier, and probably not
much later, than 1753, "The Arguments . . .
in the . . . affair of Eliz. Canning . . . robbed
. . . in Jan^y, 1753," occurring in advertise-
ments printed therewith.*
16¹. of ther.
- b. 5⁴. have they. 6⁴. have they. 11⁴. in the.
12⁴. beside. 16^s. buglee. 17². blew both.
18^s. are all. 19⁴. That can.
- c. 1¹. ranged. 3¹. this lady. 4⁴. all *wanting*.
5⁴. have they. 6^s. they have. 6⁴. have they.
7^s. it's all. 7⁴. they're. 8^s. will then to.
9¹. bold *wanting*: to *for* for. 11². It was.
11². or red. 11^s. it was. 11⁴. in the.
12¹. thou old. 12^s. give you. 13¹. then to.
13^s. And there. 13⁴. Aye and.
14². upon my. 14^s. the three.
15¹. great *wanting*.
15². Soon grant it I will unto thee.
15⁴. Aye *wanting*. 16¹. I'll. 16^s. of my.
17². blew both. 17⁴. They *wanting*.
18^s. are all. 19⁴. That can.
- d. 1^s. he did. 3². I *wanting*. 6². No.
7². Come tell unto me speedily. 8^s. will for.
10^s. there's: fair *wanting*. 11⁴. in the.
12¹. thou old. 12². thou shalt.
15¹. great *wanting*. 17¹. When.
17^s. Hood's *wanting*.
17⁴. They *wanting*: all *wanting*.
18¹. all *wanting*: great *wanting*.
18⁴. And are. 19^s. in fair.
- e. 5⁴. have they. 6⁴. have they.
10^s. there's: fair *wanting*. 11⁴. in the.
12¹. thou old. 12². thou shalt. 14^s. death.
15¹. great *wanting*. 17¹. When.
17⁴. They *wanting*: all *wanting*.
18¹. are they: great *wanting*. 18². come tell.
18⁴. And are. 19^s. in fair.
- f. 5⁴. have they. 6⁴. have they. 7⁴. they're.
10^s. there's: fair *wanting*. 11⁴. in the.
12¹. thou old. 12². thou shalt. 14^s. death.
15¹. great *wanting*. 17¹. When.
17⁴. They *wanting*: all *wanting*.
18¹. are they: great *wanting*. 18². come tell.
18⁴. And are come. 19^s. in fair.

APPENDIX

ROBIN HOOD AND THE SHERIFF

Kinloch MSS, V, 288, in Kinloch's handwriting.

- 1 ROBIN HOOD 's to Nottinghamhe gane,
Wi a linkie down and a day,
And there he met wi an auld woman,
Coming weeping along the highway.
- 2 'Weep ye for any of my gold, auld woman?
Or weep ye for my fee?
Or weep ye for any warld's gear
This day I can grant to thee?'
- 3 'I weep not for your gold, kind sir,
I weep not for your fee;
But I weep for my three braw sons,
This day condemned to die.'
- 4 'O have they parishes burned?' he said,
'Or have they ministers slain?
Or have they forced maidens against their will?
Or wi other men's wives hae they lain?'
- 5 'They have not parishes burned, kind sir,
They have not ministers slain;
They neer forced a maid against her will,
Nor wi no man's wife hae they lain.'
- 6 'O what hae they done then?' quo Robin Hood,
'I pray thee tell unto me :'
'O they killed the king's fallow deer,
And this day are condemned to die.'
- 7 'O have you mind, old mother,' he said,
'Since you made my merry men to dine?
And for to repay it back unto thee
Is come in a very good time.'
- 8 Sae Robin Hood 's to Nottinghamhe gane,
With a linkie down and a day,
And there he met an old beggar man,
Coming creeping along the high way.
- 9 'What news, what news, old father?' he said,
'What news hast thou for me?'
'There 's three merry men,' quo the poor auld man,
'This day condemned to die.'
- 10 'Will you change your apparel wi me, old father?
Will you change your apparel for mine?
And twenty broad shillings I 'll gie ye to the boot,
To drink gude beer or wine.'
- 11 'Thine is of the scarlet fine,
And mine is baith ragged and torn;
Sae never let a young supple youth
Laugh a gude auld man to scorn.'
- 12 'Change your apparel wi me, old churl,
And quickly change it for mine,
And thirty broad shillings I 'll gie to the boot,
To drink gude beer or wine.'
- 13 When Robin put on the auld man's hat,
It was weary high in the crown;
'By the hand of my body,' quo Robin Hood,
'I am lang whan I loot down.'
- 14 Whan Robin put on the auld man's cloak,
There was mony a pock therein;
A pock for meal, and a pock for maut,
And a pock for groats and corn,
And a little wee pockie that hung by his side
That he put in his bugle-horn.
- 15 Sae Robin Hood 's [to] Nottinghamhe gane,
Wi a linkie down and a day,
And there he met wi the high sheriff,
Coming riding along the high way.
- 16 'O save you, O save you, high sheriff,' he
said,
'And weel saved mote you be!
And what will you gie to the silly auld man
Your hangman for to be?'
- 17 'Thirteen pence,' the sheriff replied,
'That is the hangman's fee,
But an the claiths of the three young men
This day condemned to die.'
- 18 'I never hanged a man in a' my life,
And intend not to begin;
But ever I hang a man in my life,
High sheriff, thou 's be the ane.
- 19 'But I have a horn in my pocket,
I gat it frae Robin Hood,
And gif I tak out my little horn,
For thee it will no blaw gude.'
- 20 'Blaw, blaw, bauld beggar,' he said,
'Blaw, and fear nae doubt;
I wish you may gie sic a blast
Till your eyne loup out.'
- 21 Then Robin he gave a skip,
And he skipped frae a stick till a stane;
'By the hand of my body,' quo the high sheriff,
'You are a supple auld man.'

22 Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew baith loud and shrill,
Till sixty-four of bold Robin's men
Cam marching down the green hill.

23 'What men are these,' quo the high sheriff,
'That comes sae merrily?'
'They are my men,' quo Robin Hood,
'And they 'll pay a visit to thee.'

24 They tack the gallows out of the glen,
And they set it in a slap;
They hanged the sheriff upon it,
And his best men at his back.

25 They took the gallows out o the slap,
And they set [it] back in the glen,
And they hanged the sheriff upon it,
Let the three young men gae hame.

141

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING WILL STUTLY

a. Wood, 401, leaf 35 b.

c. Garland of 1670, No 6.

b. Garland of 1663, No 7.

d. Pepys, II, 106, No 93.

THIS ballad probably occurs in all the larger collections of broadsides. It was given in *Old Ballads*, 1723, I, 90. a is printed by Ritson, *Robin Hood*, 1795, II, 102. Evans, *Old Ballads*, 1777, 1784, I, 164, follows an Aldermary copy.

Robin Hood learns that Will Stutly has been captured and is to be hanged the next day. Robin and his men go to the rescue, and ask information of a palmer who is standing under the wall of the castle in which Stutly is confined; the palmer confirms the news. Stutly is brought out by the sheriff, of whom he asks to have a sword and die in fight, not on the tree. This refused, he asks

only to have his hands loosed. The sheriff again refuses; he shall die on the gallows. Little John comes out from behind a bush, cuts Stutly's bonds, and gives him a sword twitched by John from one of the sheriff's men. An arrow shot by Robin Hood puts the sheriff to flight, and his men follow. Stutly rejoices that he may go back to the woods.

This is a ballad made for print, with little of the traditional in the matter and nothing in the style. It may be considered as an imitation of *The Rescue of the Three Squires*, whence the ambush in st. 9 and the palmer 'fair' in 10.

1 WHEN Robin Hood in the green-wood livd,
Derry derry down
Vnder the green-wood tree,
Tidings there came to him with speed,
Tidings for certainty,
Hey down derry derry down

2 That Will Stutly surprized was,
And eke in prison lay;
Three varlets that the sheriff had hired
Did likely him betray.

3 I, and to-morrow hanged must be,
To-morrow as soon as it is day;
But before they could this victory get,
Two of them did Stutly slay.

4 When Robin Hood he heard this news,
Lord! he was grieved sore,
I, and unto his merry men [said],
Who altogether swore,

- 5 That Will Stutly should rescued be,
And be brought safe again ;
Or else should many a gallant wight
For his sake there be slain.
- 6 He cloathed himself in scarlet then,
His men were all in green ;
A finer show, throughout the world,
In no place could be seen.
- 7 Good lord ! it was a gallant sight
To see them all on a row ;
With every man a good broad sword,
And eke a good yew bow.
- 8 Forth of the green wood are they gone,
Yea, all courageously,
Resolving to bring Stutly home,
Or every man to die.
- 9 And when they came the castle neer
Whereas Will Stutly lay,
'I hold it good,' saith Robin Hood,
'Wee here in ambush stay,
- 10 'And send one forth some news to hear,
To yonder palmer fair,
That stands under the castle-wall ;
Some news he may declare.'
- 11 With that steps forth a brave young man,
Which was of courage bold ;
Thus hee did say to the old man :
I pray thee, palmer old,
- 12 Tell me, if that thou rightly ken,
When must Will Stutly die,
Who is one of bold Robins men,
And here doth prisoner lie ?
- 13 'Alack, alass,' the palmer said,
'And for ever wo is me !
Will Stutly hanged must be this day,
On yonder gallows-tree.
- 14 'O had his noble master known,
Hee would some succour send ;
A few of his bold yeomandree
Full soon would fetch him hence.'
- 15 'I, that is true,' the young man said ;
'I, that is true,' said hee ;
- 'Or, if they were neer to this place,
They soon would set him free.
- 16 'But fare thou well, thou good old man,
Farewell, and thanks to thee ;
If Stutly hanged be this day,
Revengd his death will be.'
- 17 He was no sooner from the palmer gone,
But the gates was opened wide,
And out of the castle Will Stutly came,
Guarded on every side.
- 18 When hee was forth from the castle come,
And saw no help was nigh,
Thus he did say unto the sheriff,
Thus he said gallantly :
- 19 Now seeing that I needs must die,
Grant me one boon, says he ;
For my noble master nere had man
That yet was hangd on the tree.
- 20 Give me a sword all in my hand,
And let mee be unbound,
And with thee and thy men I 'le fight,
Vntill I lie dead on the ground.
- 21 But his desire he would not grant,
His wishes were in vain ;
For the sheriff had sworn he hanged should be,
And not by the sword be slain.
- 22 'Do but unbind my hands,' he saies,
'I will no weapons crave,
And if I hanged be this day,
Damnation let me have.'
- 23 'O no, O no,' the sheriff he said,
'Thou shalt on the gallows die,
I, and so shall thy master too,
If ever in me it lie.'
- 24 'O dastard coward !' Stutly cries,
'Thou faint-heart pesant slave !
If ever my master do thee meet,
Thou shalt thy paiment have.
- 25 'My noble master thee doth scorn,
And all thy cowardly crew ;
Such silly imps unable are
Bold Robin to subdue.'

26 But when he was to the gallows come,
And ready to bid adiew,
Out of a bush leaps Little John,
And steps Will Stutly to.

27 'I pray thee, Will, before thou die,
Of thy dear friends take leave ;
I needs must borrow him a while,
How say you, master sheriff ?'

28 'Now, as I live,' the sheriff he said,
'That varlet will I know ;
Some sturdy rebell is that same,
Therefore let him not go.'

29 With that Little John so hastily
Away cut Stutly's bands,
And from one of the sheriff his men,
A sword twicht from his hands.

30 'Here, Will, here, take thou this same,
Thou canst it better sway ;
And here defend thy self a while,
For aid will come straight way.'

31 And there they túrnd them back to back,
In the middle of them that day,
Till Robin Hood approached neer,
With many an archer gay.

32 With that an arrow by them flew,
I wist from Robin Hood ;

'Make haste, make haste,' the sheriff he said,
'Make haste, for it is good.'

33 The sheriff is gone ; his doughty men
Thought it no boot to stay,
But, as their master had them taught,
They run full fast away.

34 'O stay, O stay,' Will Stutly said,
'Take leave ere you depart ;
You nere will catch bold Robin Hood
Vnless you dare him meet.'

35 'O ill betide you,' quoth Robin Hood,
'That you so soon are gone ;
My sword may in the scabbord rest,
For here our work is done.'

36 'I little thought when I came here,
When I came to this place,
For to have met with Little John,
Or seen my masters face.'

37 Thus Stutly was at liberty set,
And safe brought from his foe ;
'O thanks, O thanks to my master,
Since here it was not so.'

38 'And once again, my fellows,
We shall in the green woods meet,
Where we will make our bow-strings twang,
Musick for us most sweet.'

a. Robin Hood his rescuing Will Stutly from the
sheriff and his men, who had taken him
prisoner, and was going to hang him.

(45) To the tune of Robin Hood and Queen Katherine. *Different pattern*

London, Printed for F. Grove, on Snow-hill.
Entred according to order. (1620-55 :
Chappell.)

25¹. thou dost. 26⁴. too. 29². Stutli's.
33¹. doubtless.

b. *Title as in a, except* rescuing of : were going.

4³. said *wanting*. 6³. in all the.
11¹. steps out. 13¹. Alas, alas.
13⁴. yonders gallow. 14². would soon.
16⁴. shall be. 19⁴. the *wanting*.
25¹. thou dost. 26⁴. too.
28¹. he *wanting*. 33¹. doubtless.

c. *Title as in a, except* were going.

1⁴. Tiding for certainly. 3⁴. stay.

4³. men said. 13¹. Alass, alass.

17². was *wanting*. 24². hearted.

25¹. thee dost. 26⁴. too. 29². Stutli's.

33¹. doubtless. 36². came hereto.

d. *Title as in a.*

Printed for J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T.
Passenger. (1670-86 ?)

1¹. livd *wanting*. 3². as 'tis.

4³. and to : men said. 5². brought back.

8¹. they are. 9³. said. 13¹. Alas, alas.

13⁴. to day. 14³. yeomanry.

17². gates were. 19². said.

19⁴. the *wanting*. 21¹. But this.

21³. swore. 24². hearted. 25¹. thee doth.

26¹. gone *for* come. 28¹. he *wanting*.

29¹. And Little. 29³. sheriffs.

33¹. doubtless. 35¹. said *for* quoth.

36². came here.

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LITTLE JOHN A BEGGING

A. Percy MS., p. 20; Hales and Furnivall, I, 47.

401, leaf 33 b. b. Garland of 1663, No 16.

B. 'Little John and the Four Beggars.' a. Wood,

c. Garland of 1670, No 15. d. Pepys, II, 119, No 105.

B is also in the Roxburghe collection, III, 10.

B a is printed in Ritson's Robin Hood, 1795, II, 128. Evans, Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 196 follows the Aldermary garland.

A. Little John, meaning to go a begging, induces an old mendicant to change clothes with him and to give him some hints how to conduct himself. Thus prepared he attempts to attach himself to three palmers, who, however, do not covet his company. One of the palmers gives John a whack on the head. We may conjecture, from the course of the story in B, that John serves them all accordingly, and takes from them so much money that, if he had kept on in this way, he might, as he says, have bought churches.

The beginning of A is very like that of

Robin Hood rescuing Three Squires, A; but the disguise is for a different object. We are reminded again of Hind Horn, and particularly of versions C, G, H, in which the beggar, after change of clothes, is asked for instructions.

B. John is deputed by Robin to go a begging, and asks to be provided with staff, coat, and bags. He joins four sham beggars, one of whom takes him a knock on the crown. John makes the dumb to speak and the halt to run, and bangs them against the wall, then gets from one's cloak three hundred pound, and from another's bag three hundred and three, which he thinks is doing well enough to warrant his return to Sherwood.

B is translated by Anastasius Grün, p. 155.

A

Percy MS., p. 20; Hales and Furnivall, I, 47.

* * * * *

1

.

. beggar,' he sayes,

'With none such fellows as thee.'

2 'I am not in iest,' said Litle Iohn,
'I sweare all by the roode;
Change with mee,' said Little Iohn,
'And I will giue thee some boote.'

3 But he has gotten on this old mans gowne,
It reacht not to his wrist;
'Christ's curse on 's hart,' said Litle Iohn,
'That thinkes my gowne amisse.'

4 But he has gotten on this old mans shoes,
Are clouted nine fold about;
'Beshrew his hart,' says Litle Iohn,
'That bryer or thorne does doubt.'

5 'Wilt teach me some phrase of thy begging?'
says Iohn;
'I pray thee, tell it mee,
How I may be as beggar-like
As any in my companie.'

6 'Thou must goe two foote on a staffe,
The third vpon a tree;
Full loud that thou must cry and fare,
When nothing ayleth thee.'

7 But Iohn he walket the hills soe high,
Soe did [he] the hills soe browne;

- The ready way that he cold take
Was towards Nottingham towne.
- 8 But as he was on the hills soe high,
He mett with palmers threë ;
Sayes, God you saue, my brethren all,
Now God you saue and see !
- 9 This seuen yeere I haue you sought ;
Before I cold neuer you see !
Said they, Wee had leuer such a cankred carle
Were neuer in our companie.

- 10 But one of them tooke Little Iohn on his head,
The blood ran over his eye ;
Little Iohn turned him twice about

.

* * * * *

- 11 'If I
As I haue beene but one day,
I shold haue purchased threë of the best
churches
That stands by any highway.'

B

- a. Wood, 401, leaf 33 b. Garland of 1663, No 16.
c. Garland of 1670, No 15. d. Pepys, II, 119, No 105.

- 1 ALL you that delight to spend some time
With a hey down down a down down
A merry song for to sing,
Vnto me draw neer, and you shall hear
How Little John went a begging.
- 2 As Robin Hood walked the forrest along,
And all his yeomandree,
Sayes Robin, Some of you must a begging go,
And, Little John, it must be thee.
- 3 Sayes John, If I must a begging go,
I will have a palmers weed,
With a staff and a coat, and bags of all sort,
The better then I shall speed.
- 4 Come, give me now a bag for my bread,
And another for my cheese,
And one for a peny, when as I get any,
That nothing I may leese.
- 5 Now Little John he is a begging gone,
Seeking for some relief ;
But of all the beggers he met on the way,
Little John he was the chief.
- 6 But as he was walking himself alone,
Four beggers he chanced to spy,
Some deaf, and some blind, and some came
behind ;
Says John, Here's brave company !
- 7 'Good-morrow,' said John, 'my brethren dear,
Good fortune I had you to see ;

Which way do you go ? pray let me know,
For I want some company.

- 8 'O what is here to do ?' then said Little John,
'Why rings all these bells ?' said he ;
'What dog is a hanging ? come, let us be
ganging,
That we the truth may see.'
- 9 'Here is no dog a hanging,' then one of them
said,
'Good fellow, we tell unto thee ;
But here is one dead wil give us cheese and
bred,
And it may be one single peny.'
- 10 'We have brethren in London,' another he said,
'So have we in Coventry,
In Barwick and Dover, and all the world over,
But nere a crookt carril like thee.
- 11 'Therefore stand thee back, thou crooked carel,
And take that knock on the crown ;'
'Nay,' said Little John, 'I'le not yet be gone,
For a bout will I have with you round.
- 12 'Now have at you all,' then said Little John,
'If you be so full of your blows ;
Fight on, all four, and nere give ore,
Whether you be friends or foes.'
- 13 John nipped the dumb, and made him to rore,
And the blind that could not see,
And he that a cripple had been seven years,
He made him run faster then he.
- 14 And flinging them all against the wall,
With many a sturdie bang,

- It made John sing, to hear the gold ring,
Which against the walls cryed twang.
- 15 Then he got out of the beggers cloak
Three hundred pound in gold ;
' Good fortune had I,' then said Little John,
' Such a good sight to behold.'
- 16 But what found he in a beggers bag,
But three hundred pound and three ?
' If I drink water while this doth last,
Then an ill death may I dye !
- 17 ' And my begging-trade I will now give ore,
My fortune hath bin so good ;
Therefore I 'le not stay, but I will away
To the forrest of merry Sherwood.'
- 18 And when to the forrest of Sherwood he came,
He quickly there did see
His master good, bold Robin Hood,
And all his company.
- 19 ' What news ? What news ? ' then said Robin Hood,
' Come, Little John, tell unto me ;
How hast thou sped with thy beggers trade ?
For that I fain would see.'
- 20 ' No news but good,' then said Little John,
' With begging ful wel I have sped ;
Six hundred and three I have here for thee,
In silver and gold so red.'
- 21 Then Robin took Little John by the hand,
And danced about the oak-tree :
' If we drink water while this doth last,
Then an il death may we die !'
- 22 So to conclude my merry new song,
All you that delight it to sing,
'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,
And how Little John went a begging.

A. *Half a page wanting at the beginning, and after 10^s. 3^s. his crest.*

4^s. 9. 6^s. 2. 6^s. 3^s. 8^s, 11^s. 3. 9^s. 7.

9^s. had neuer. 10^s. him 2^s.

B. a. Little John and the Four Beggars: A new merry song of Robin Hood and Little John, shewing how Little John went a begging, and how he fought with Four Beggars, and what a prize he got of the Four Beggars.

The tune is, Robin Hood and the Begger.

Printed for William Gilber[t]son. (1640-63.)

13^s. them *for* him. 14^s. Whih again.

22^s. beggiug.

b. *Title as in a.*

11^s. on thy. 11^s. I will. 12^s. never.

13^s. made him. 14^s. again.

20^s. Three hundred.

c. *Title as in a, except: from these four Beg-*

gers. To the tune of Robin Hood and the Begger.

Burden: last down wanting.

8^s. a *wanting*: let 's. 9^s. I *for* we.

10^s. he *wanting*. 12^s. never.

13^s. made him: than. 14^s. against.

19^s. I fain would fain. 20^s. then *wanting*.

20^s. Three hundred. 22^s. it *wanting*.

d. *Title as in a, except: Or, a new. To the tune of Robin Hood, &c.*

Printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger. (1670-86?)

1^s. *for wanting*. 3^s. sorts. 3^s. then shall I.

4^s. as *wanting*. 5^s. he *wanting*.

7^s. my children. 10^s. in the Country.

13^s. made run then. 14^s. against.

16^s. in the. 17^s. it hath. 18^s. But when.

19^s. with the. 22^s. And you.

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ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP

'Robin Hood and the Bishop.' a. Wood, 401, leaf 11 b.
b. Garland of 1663, No 5.
c. Garland of 1670, No 4.

d. Pepys, II, 109, No 96.

e. Roxburghe, I, 362, in the Ballad Societys reprint, II, 448.

ALSO Pepys, II, 122, No 107, by Alexander Milbourne (1670-97): Old Ballads, 1723, II, 39.

a is printed in Ritson's Robin Hood, 1795, II, 19. Evans, Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 102, apparently follows the Aldermay Churchyard garland.

Robin Hood, while ranging the forest, sees a bishop and all his men coming, and, knowing that if he is taken no mercy will be given him, asks the help of an old woman, to whom he makes himself known. The old woman has had a kindness from him, and wishes to return it. She consents to exchange her gray coat and spindle for his green mantle and arrows, and Robin makes for his band in this disguise. The bishop carries off the old woman on a horse, making no doubt that he has Robin in custody, but, as he proceeds through the wood, sees a hundred bowmen, and asks his prisoner what this may be. I think it be Robin Hood, says the supposed outlaw. "And who are you?" "Why, I am an old woman." The bishop turns about, but Robin stays him, ties him to a tree, takes

five hundred pound from his portmantle, and then is willing he should go. But Little John will not let him off till he has sung a mass; after which the bishop is mounted on his dapple-gray, with his face to the tail, and told to pray for Robin Hood.

This ballad and the following are variations upon the theme of Robin Hood and the Monk, in the Gest. The disguise as a woman occurs in other outlaw stories; as in Eustace the Monk, Michel, p. 43. Also in Blind Harry's Wallace, ed. Moir, Book I, 239, and Book IV, 764, pp 9, 72: in the first case Wallace has a rock and sits spinning. See also the ballad of Gude Wallace, further on.

We hear again of the forced mass, st. 23, in Robin Hood and Queen Katherine, A 31, B 40; and of money borrowed against the bishop's will, in A 32 of the same. It is the Bishop of Hereford who suffers: see the ballad which follows.

Translated by Doenniges, p. 203; Anastasius Grün, p. 113.

1 COME, gentlemen all, and listen a while,
Hey down down an a down
And a story I'll to you unfold;
I'll tell you how Robin Hood served the
Bishop,
When he robbed him of his gold.

2 As it fell out on a sun-shining day,
When Phebus was in his prime,
Then Robin Hood, that archer good,
In mirth would spend some time.

3 And as he walkd the forrest along,
Some pastime for to spy,
There was he aware of a proud bishop,
And all his company.

4 'O what shall I do?' said Robin Hood then,
'If the Bishop he doth take me,
No mercy he'll show unto me, I know,
But hanged I shall be.'

- 5 Then Robin was stout, and turnd him about,
And a little house there he did spy;
And to an old wife, for to save his life,
He loud began for to cry.
- 6 'Why, who art thou?' said the old woman,
'Come tell it to me for good:'
'I am an out-law, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood.
- 7 'And yonder 's the Bishop and all his men,
And if that I taken be,
Then day and night he 'l work me spight,
And hanged I shall be.'
- 8 'If thou be Robin Hood,' said the old wife,
'As thou dost seem to be,
I 'le for thee provide, and thee I will hide
From the Bishop and his company.
- 9 'For I well remember, one Saturday night
Thou bought me both shoos and hose;
Therefore I 'le provide thy person to hide,
And keep thee from thy foes.'
- 10 'Then give me soon thy coat of gray,
And take thou my mantle of green;
Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,
And take thou my arrows so keen.'
- 11 And when that Robin Hood was so araid,
He went straight to his company;
With his spindle and twine, he oft lookt be-
hind
For the Bishop and his company.
- 12 'O who is yonder,' quoth Little John,
'That now comes over the lee?
An arrow I will at her let flie,
So like an old witch looks she.'
- 13 'O hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said Robin
then,
'And shoot not thy arrows so keen;
I am Robin Hood, thy master good,
And quickly it shall be seen.'
- 14 The Bishop he came to the old womans house,
And he called with furious mood,
'Come let me soon see, and bring unto me,
That traitor Robin Hood.'
- 15 The old woman he set on a milk-white steed,
Himselfe on a dapple-gray,
And for joy he had got Robin Hood,
He went laughing all the way.
- 16 But as they were riding the forrest along,
The Bishop he chanc'd for to see
A hundred brave bow-men bold
Stand under the green-wood tree.
- 17 'O who is yonder,' the Bishop then said,
'That 's ranging within yonder wood?'
'Marry,' says the old woman, 'I think it to be
A man calld Robin Hood.'
- 18 'Why, who art thou,' the Bishop he said,
'Which I have here with me?'
'Why, I am an old woman, thou cuckoldly
bishop;
Lift up my leg and see.'
- 19 'Then woe is me,' the Bishop he said,
'That ever I saw this day!'
He turnd him about, but Robin so stout
Calld him, and bid him stay.
- 20 Then Robin took hold of the Bishops horse,
And ty'd him fast to a tree;
Then Little John smil'd his master upon,
For joy of that company.
- 21 Robin Hood took his mantle from 's back,
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the Bishops portmantle he
Soon told five hundred pound.
- 22 'So now let him go,' said Robin Hood;
Said Little John, That may not be;
For I vow and protest he shall sing us a
mass
Before that he goe from me.
- 23 Then Robin Hood took the Bishop by the hand,
And bound him fast to a tree,
And made him sing a mass, God wot,
To him and his yeomandree.
- 24 And then they brought him through the wood,
And set him on his dapple-gray,
And gave the tail within his hand,
And bade him for Robin Hood pray.

- a. Robin Hood and the Bishop: Shewing how Robin Hood went to an old womans house and changed cloaths with her, to scape from the Bishop; and how he robbed the Bishop of all his gold, and made him sing a mass. To the tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger.

London, Printed for F. Grove on Snow-Hill. (1620-55.)

Burden: sometimes With a hey, etc.; With hey, etc.

2². her for his: cf. b, c.

8². doth: cf. b, c, d, e. 9¹. on for one: cf. e. 16². chance.

- b. *Title as in a. Burden: with the same variations as in a.*

2². in his. 5⁴. for wanting. 8¹. then said.

8². dost. 9¹. on. 14³. soon wanting.

16². chanc'd. 17¹. then wanting.

17². yonders. 18³. cuckoldy. 19¹. to me.

19³. Robin Hood.

- c. *Title as in a. Burden: always* With a hey, etc.

2². in his. 4⁴. wanting. 5^{3,4}. for wanting.

8². dost. 9¹. on. 16¹. long. 16². chanced.

17¹. he said. 18³. cuckoldy. 19¹. to me.

19³. Robin Hood. 24⁴. bid.

- d. *Title as in a, except, escape: robbed him: sing mass.*

Burden: With a hey down down and a down.

2¹. of a. 2². in her.

2³. That for Then. 4⁴. shall I.

5⁴. for wanting. 7³. my for me.

8¹. old woman. 8². dost.

9¹. well wanting: on.

11¹. that wanting: thus for so.

13¹. Robin Hood. 16². chanc'd.

18³. am a woman: cuckoldy.

19³. Robin Hood. 20⁴. of his.

22¹. So wanting. 23¹. by'th.

24¹. And when.

- e. *Title as in a, except, escape: robbed him: sing mass.*

London, Printed by and for W. O[nley], etc. (1650-1702.)

Burden: With a hey down down an a down.

1². to you I'll. 1³. to you. 2¹. of a.

2². in her. 2³. Bold Robin Hood.

3³. he wanting.(?) 4¹. saith. 4⁴. shall I.

5². did he. 5³. for wanting.

5⁴. aloud began to. 7³. my for me.

7⁴. shall I. 8¹. then said the old woman.

8². dost. 9¹. well wanting: one.

9². brought. 10². the for my.

11¹. thus for so. 11³. and wanting.

12³. at her I will. 13¹. saith.

16². chanc'd. 17⁴. A wanting.

18³. am a woman. 19³. Robin Hood.

19⁴. to him. 20⁴. of this. 22¹. So wanting.

23¹. by th'.

144

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD

A. a. Robin Hood's Garland, London, J. Marshall & Co., Aldermay Churchyard, No 23. b. 'Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford,' Douce Ballads, III, 123 b, London, C. Sheppard, 1791. c. Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 395, from

a broadside printed for Daniel Wright, next the Sun Tavern in Holborn. d. Robin Hood's Garland, 1749, No 23.

B. E. Cochrane's Song-Book, p. 149, No 113.

A a in Ritson's Robin Hood, 1795, II, 146, "compared with the York copy," that is, with two or three slight changes: Evans, Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 211. B, the Scottish copy, is very likely only an imperfect remembrance of a broadside, but the date of the

MS., though this is perhaps not determinable, has been put as early as 1730.

Robin Hood, expecting the Bishop of Hereford to pass near Barnsdale, has a deer killed for his dinner. He dresses himself and six of his men in shepherd's attire, and when the

Bishop approaches they make an ado to attract his attention. The Bishop interrogates them. Robin owns that they mean to make merry with the king's venison. The Bishop will show them no mercy; they must go before the king with him. Robin summons his band with his horn and it is the Bishop's turn to cry mercy. Robin will not let him off, but takes him to Barnsdale, and makes him great cheer. The Bishop foresees that there will be a heavy reckoning. Little John searches the Bishop's portmanteau, and takes out three hundred pound; enough, he says, to make him in charity with the churchman. They make the Bishop dance in his boots, A, or sing a mass, B, and he is glad to get off so lightly.

The Bishop of Hereford appears in the

next ballad, Robin Hood and Queen Katherine. He there tells us that Robin had made him sing a mass out of hours, and had borrowed money of him against his will.

The conclusion of this ballad is to the same effect as that of the preceding, and was probably suggested by the Gest. No copy has been found, in print or writing, earlier than the last century; a fact of no special importance. Whenever written, if written it was, it is far superior to most of the seventeenth century broadsides. Mr Chappell speaks of it as being now (thirty years ago) the most popular of the Robin Hood set.

Translated by Talvj, *Charakteristik*, p. 493; Anastasius Grün, p. 151; Loève-Veimars, p. 204.

A

a. Robin Hood's Garland, Aldermay Churchyard, No 23. b. Douce Ballads, III, 123 b, 1791. c. Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 395, from a broadside printed for Daniel Wright. d. Robin Hood's Garland, without place, 1749, No 23, p. 98.

1 SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood,
And some of barons bold,
But I'll tell you how he servd the Bishop of
Hereford,
When he robbd him of his gold.

2 As it befel in merry Barnsdale,
And under the green-wood tree,
The Bishop of Hereford was to come by,
With all his company.

3 'Come, kill a venson,' said bold Robin Hood,
'Come, kill me a good fat deer;
The Bishop of Hereford is to dine with me
to-day,
And he shall pay well for his cheer.

4 'We'll kill a fat venson,' said bold Robin
Hood,
'And dress it by the highway-side;
And we will watch the Bishop narrowly,
Lest some other way he should ride.'

5 Robin Hood dressd himself in shepherd's attire,
With six of his men also;
And, when the Bishop of Hereford came by,
They about the fire did go.

6 'O what is the matter?' then said the Bishop,
'Or for whom do you make this a-do?
Or why do you kill the king's venson,
When your company is so few?'

7 'We are shepherds,' said bold Robin Hood,
'And we keep sheep all the year,
And we are disposed to be merry this day,
And to kill of the king's fat deer.'

8 'You are brave fellows!' said the Bishop,
'And the king of your doings shall know;
Therefore make haste and come along with
me,
For before the king you shall go.'

9 'O pardon, O pardon,' said bold Robin Hood,
'O pardon, I thee pray!
For it becomes not your lordship's coat
To take so many lives away.'

10 'No pardon, no pardon,' says the Bishop,
'No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go.'

- 11 Then Robin set his back against a tree,
And his foot against a thorn,
And from underneath his shepherd's coat
He pulld out a bugle-horn.
- 12 He put the little end to his mouth,
And a loud blast did he blow,
Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's men
Came running all on a row ;
- 13 All making obeysance to bold Robin Hood ;
'T was a comely sight for to see :
'What is the matter, master,' said Little John,
'That you blow so hastily ?'
- 14 'O here is the Bishop of Hereford,
And no pardon we shall have :'
'Cut off his head, master,' said Little John,
'And throw him into his grave.'
- 15 'O pardon, O pardon,' said the Bishop,
'O pardon, I thee pray !
For if I had known it had been you,
I'd have gone some other way.'
- 16 'No pardon, no pardon,' said Robin Hood,
'No pardon I thee owe ;
Therefore make haste and come along with me,
For to merry Barnsdale you shall go.'
- 17 Then Robin he took the Bishop by the hand,
And led him to merry Barnsdale ;
He made him to stay and sup with him that
night,
And to drink wine, beer, and ale.
- 18 'Call in the reckoning,' said the Bishop,
'For methinks it grows wondrous high :'
'Lend me your purse, Bishop,' said Little
John,
'And I'll tell you bye and bye.'
- 19 Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the bishop's portmantua
He told three hundred pound.
- 20 'Here's money enough, master,' said Little
John,
'And a comely sight 't is to see ;
It makes me in charity with the Bishop,
Tho he heartily loveth not me.'
- 21 Robin Hood took the Bishop by the hand,
And he caused the music to play,
And he made the Bishop to dance in his boots,
And glad he could so get away.

B

E. Cochrane's Song-Book, p. 149, No 113.

- 1 SOME talk of lords, and some talk of lairds,
And some talk of barrons bold,
But I'll tell you a story of bold Robin Hood,
How he robbed the Bishop of his gold.
- 2 'Cause kill us a venison,' says Robin Hood,
'And we'll dress it by the high-way side,
And we will watch narrowly for the Bishop,
Lest some other way he do ride.'
- 3 'Now who is this,' says the Bishop,
'That makes so boldly here
To kill the king's poor small venison,
And so few of his company here ?'
- 4 'We are shepherds,' says Robin Hood,
'And do keep sheep all the year ;
- And we thought it fit to be merry on a day,
And kill one of the king's fallow deer.'
- 5 'Thou art a bold fellow,' the Bishop replies,
'And your boldness you do show ;
Make hast, make hast, and go along with me,
For the king of your doings shall know.'
- 6 He leand his back unto a brae,
His foot against a thorn,
And out from beneath his long shepherds coat
He pulled a blowing-horn.
- 7 He put his horn in to his mouth,
And a snell blast he did blow,
Till four and twenty of bold Robins men
Came riding up all in a row.
- 8 'Come, give us a reckoning,' says the Bishop,
'For I think you drink wondrous large :'

- 'Come, give me your purse,' said bold Robin Hood,
'And I will pay all your charge.'
- 9 He pulled off his long shepherds coat,
And he spread it on the ground,
And out of the Bishops long trunk-hose,
He pulled a hundred pound.
- 10 'O master,' quoth Little John,
'It's a very bony sight for to see ;
It makes me to favour the Bishop,
Tho in heart he loves not me.'
- 11 'Come, sing us a mass,' sayes bold Robin Hood,
'Come, sing us a mass all anon ;
Come, sing us a mass,' sayes bold Robin Hood,
'Take a kick in the a—se, and be gone.'
-
- A. a. The Bishop of Hereford's Entertainment by Robin Hood and Little John, &c., in merry Barnsdale.
8⁴. Forr. 18⁸. master *for* Bishop : *cf.* b.
b. London, Published April 7th, 1791, by C. Sheppard, No 19, Lambert Hill, Doctors Commons.
3⁸. 's to. 7⁴. to taste. 10¹. said. 11⁴. out his.
12². he did. 12⁸. Robin Hood's.
13². for *wanting*. 13⁸. What 's.
14². Says no. 17¹. he *wanting*.
17⁸. him stay and dine with him that day.
18². For I think. 18⁸. bishop *for* master.
20⁸. me have charity for.
21⁸. And *wanting* : the old.
c. *Title as in a.*
1¹. O some : of brave. 1⁸. ye.
1⁴. And robbd. 2¹. All under. 3¹. kill me.
3⁸. 's to. 10¹. said. 16¹. said bold.
18¹. in a. 18⁸. purse, master. 21⁸. the old.
d. *Title as in a : &c wanting.*
- 1¹. they *wanting*. 1⁸. of Hereford *wanting*.
1⁴. his *wanting*. 3¹. Hood *wanting*.
3⁸. to-day *wanting*. 3⁴. well *wanting*.
4¹. kill the vension. 5¹. Hood he.
5². And six : men likewise.
5⁴. Then *for* They. 6¹. then *wanting*.
6⁸. of the. 6⁴. And your : so small.
7¹. Hood *wanting*. 9¹. bold *wanting*.
10¹. said. 10⁴. you must. 11⁴. out his fine.
12². he did. 12⁴. marching down in a.
13⁸. master *wanting*. 14⁴. into the.
15⁴. I would : gone another.
16¹. bold Robin : Hood *wanting*.
17¹. he *wanting*. 17². And he.
17⁸. to *wanting*. 18¹. in a.
18². Methinks it runs. 18⁸. master *wanting*.
19⁸. portmantle. 19⁴. He took.
20¹. master *wanting*.
20². And it is : 't is *wanting*.
21¹. Robin he took. 21². he *wanting*.
21⁸. And *wanting*. 21⁴. so *wanting*.
-

145

ROBIN HOOD AND QUEEN KATHERINE

- A. 'Robin Hoode and Quene Kath[erine],' Percy MS., p. 15; Hales and Furnivall, I, 37.
B. 'Renowned Robin Hood,' etc. a. Wood, 502, leaf 10. b. Roxburghe, I, 356, in the Ballad Society's reprint, II, 419. c. Garland of 1663, No 9. d. Garland of 1670, No 8. e. Wood, 401, leaf 31 b. f. Pepys, II, 103, No 90.
C. 'Robin Hood, Scarlet and John,' etc., Garland of 1663, No 1.
-

A COPY in Roxburghe, III, 450, printed by L. How, in Petticoat Lane, is of the eighteenth century. In Ritson's Robin Hood, 1795, II, 82, "from an old black-letter copy

in a private collection, compared with another in that of Anthony a Wood." In Evans's *Old Ballads*, 1777, 1784, I, 149, from an Aldermary garland.

Robin Hood has made Queen Katherine his friend by presenting her with a sum of gold which he had taken from the king's harbingers. The king has offered a heavy wager that his archers cannot be excelled, and the queen may have her choice of all other bowmen in England. Availing herself of these terms, the queen summons Robin Hood and his men, who are to come to London on St George's day, under changed names. She hopes to have Robin relieved of his outlawry. The king's archers lead off, and make three. The ladies think the queen has no chance. She asks Sir Richard Lee, known to us already from the *Gest*, to be on her side. Sir Richard Lee, we are told, is sprung from Gawain's blood (*A*, Gower's, Gowrie's in other texts), and naturally would deny nothing to a lady. The Bishop of Hereford declines to be of the queen's party, but stakes a large sum on the king's men. The queen's archers shoot, and the game stands three and three; the queen bids the king beware. The third three shall pay for all, says the king. It is now time for the outlaws to do their best. Loxly, as Robin Hood is called, leads off. The particulars of the outlaws' exploits are wanting in *A*.

In *B*, *C*, Robin's feat is obscurely described. Clifton, who represents Scarlet (for in *B*, *C*, contrary to older tradition, Scarlet seems to be put before John), cleaves the willow wand, and Midge (Mutch), the Miller's Son, who, according to *A* 10, is John, is but little behind him.* The queen, to assure the safety of her men, begs the boon that the king will not be angry with any of her party, and the king replies, Welcome, friend or foe.

After this there is no occasion for concealment. The Bishop of Hereford, learning who

Loxly is, says that Robin is only too old an acquaintance; Robin had once made him say a mass at two in the afternoon, and borrowed money of him which had never been repaid. Robin offers to pay him for the mass by giving half of the gold back. Small thanks, says the bishop, for paying me with my own money. King Henry, quite outstripping even the easiness of Edward in the *Gest*, says he loves Robin never the worse, and invites him to leave his outlaws and come live at the court, a proposal which is peremptorily rejected. This is a very pleasant ballad, with all the exaggeration, and it is much to be regretted that one half of *A* is lost.

C is a piece of regular hack-work, and could not maintain itself in competition with *B*, upon which, perhaps, it was formed. It will be observed that Sir Richard Lee is changed into Sir Robert Lee in *C*, and that the thirty-fourth stanza represents the king as subsequently making Robin Hood Earl of Huntingdon.

The adventure of the Bishop of Hereford with Robin Hood is the subject of a separate ballad, now found only in a late form: see No 144.

Loxly, the name given to Robin in the present ballad, is, according to the *Life* in the Sloane MS., a town in Yorkshire, "or after others in Nottinghamshire," where Robin was born. The ballad of Robin Hood's Birth, Breeding, etc., following the same tradition, or invention, says "Locksly town in Nottinghamshire." It appears from Spencer Hall's *Forester's Offering*, London, 1841, that there is a Loxley Chase near Sheffield, in Yorkshire, and a Loxley River too: Gutch, I, 75.

Finsbury field was long a noted place for the practice of archery. In the year 1498, says Stow, all the gardens which had continued time out of mind without Moorgate, to wit, about and beyond the lordship of Fensberry, were destroyed. And of them was made a

* Even the author of *A* seems not to be aware that Much, the Miller's Son, is the standing name of one of Robin Hood's men, and therefore would not answer for a disguise. In *B*, *C*, nothing is expressly said about the change of names, and in fact this arrangement seems not

to be understood, since in *B* 21¹ Clifton is spoken of as *one* Clifton. Comparing *B* 33, 34, 37, we see that Clifton should be Little John, but Midge, the Miller's Son, himself, not Scathlock, still less John.

plain field for archers to shoot in. Survey of London, 1598, p. 351, cited, with other things pertinent, by Ritson, Robin Hood, 1795, II, 86 f.

R. H. and the Shepherd, R. H. rescuing Will Stutly, and R. H.'s Delight, are directed to be sung to the tune of R. H. and Queen Katherine, B, and may therefore be inferred to be of later date. R. H.'s Progress to Nottingham is to be sung to "Bold Robin Hood," and as this conjunction of words oc-

curs several times in R. H. and Queen Katherine, and the burden and its disposition, in the Progress to Nottingham, are the same as in R. H. and Queen Katherine, "Bold Robin Hood" may indicate this present ballad. R. H. and Queen Katherine, C, is directed to be sung to the tune of The Pinder of Wakefield.

R. H.'s Chase is a sequel to R. H. and Queen Katherine.

Translated by Anastasius Grün, p. 172.

A

Percy MS., p. 15; Hales and Furnivall, I, 37.

1 Now list you, lithe you, gentlemen,
A while for a litle space,
And I shall tell you how Queene Katterine
Gott Robin Hood his grace.

2 Gold taken from the kings harbengers
Seldome times hath beene seene,
.

* * * * *

3
'Queene Katherine, I say to thee ;'
'That's a princely wager,' quoth Queene Kath-
erine,
'Betweene your grace and me.'

4 'Where must I haue mine archers?' says
Queene Katherine ;
'You haue the flower of archery :'
'Now take your choice, dame,' he sayes,
'Thorow out all England free.'

5 'Yea from North Wales to Westchester,
And also to Couentry ;
And when you haue chosen the best you can,
The wager must goe with mee.'

6 'If that prouoe,' says Queene Katherine,
'Soone that wilbe tride and knowne ;
Many a man counts of another mans pursse,
And after looseth his owne.'

7 The queene is to her palace gone,
To her page thus shee can say :
Come hither to me, Dicke Patrinton,
Trusty and trew this day.

8 Thou must bring me the names of my archers
all,
All strangers must they bee,
Yea from North Wales to West Chester,
And alsoe to Couentrie.

9 Commend me to Robin Hood, says Queene
Katherine,
And alsoe to Litle John,
And specially to Will Scarlett,
Ffryar Tucke and Maid Marryan.

10 Robin Hood we must call Loxly,
And Little John the Millers sonne ;
Thus wee then must change their names,
They must be strangers euery one.

11 Commend mee to Robin Hood, sayes Queene
Katherine,
And marke, page, what I say ;
In London they must be with me
[Vpon S^t Georges day.]

* * * * *

12
'These words hath sent by me ;
Att London you must be with her
Vpon S^t Georg[e]s day.

13 'Vpon S^t Georg[e]s day att noone
Att London needs must you bee ;

- Shee wold not misse your companie
For all the gold in Cristinty.
- 14 'Shee hath tane a shooting for your sake,
The greatest in Christentie,
And her part you must needs take
Against her prince, Henery.
- 15 'Shee sends you heere her gay gold ring
A trew token for to bee;
And, as you are [a] banisht man,
Shee trusts to sett you free.'
- 16 'And I loose that wager,' says bold Robin
Hooede,
'I 'le bring mony to pay for me;
And wether that I win or loose,
On my queenes part I will be.'
- 17 In sommer'time when leaues grow greene,
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Then Robin Hood he deckt his men
Eche one in braue array.
- 18 He deckt his men in Lincolne greene,
Himselke in scarlett red;
Fayre of theire brest then was it seene
When his siluer armes were spread.
- 19 With hattis white and fethers blacke,
And bowes and arrowes keene,
And thus he ietted towards lonly London,
To present Queene Katherine.
- 20 But when they cam to lonly London,
They kneeled vpon their knee;
Sayes, God you saue, Queene Katherine,
And all your dignitie!
- * * * * *
- 21 of my guard,'
Thus can King Henry say,
'And those that wilbe of Queene Katerines
side,
They are welcome to me this day.'
- 22 'Then come hither to me, Sir Richard Lee,
Thou art a knight full good;
Well it is knowen ffrom thy pedygree
Thou came from Gawiins blood.
- 23 'Come hither, Bishopp of Hereford,' quoth
Queene Katherine —
A good preacher I watt was hee —
'And stand thou heere vpon a odd side,
On my side for to bee.'
- 24 'I like not that,' sayes the bishopp then,
'By faikine of my body,
For if I might haue my owne will,
'On the kings I wold bee.'
- 25 'What will thou be[t] against vs,' says Loxly
then,
'And stake it on the ground?'
'That will I doe, fine fellow,' he says,
'And it drawes to fue hundreth pound.'
- 26 'There is a bett,' says Loxly then;
'Wee 'le stake it merrily';
But Loxly knew full well in his mind
And whose that gold shold bee.
- 27 Then the queenes archers they shot about
Till it was three and three;
Then the lady's gaue a merry shout,
Sayes, Woodcocke, beware thine eye!
- 28 'Well, gam and gam,' then quoth our king,
'The third three payes for all';
Then Robine rounded with our queene,
Says, The kings part shall be small.
- 29 Loxly puld forth a broad arrowe,
He shott it vnder hand,
. s vnto . . .
.
* * * * *
- 30
'For once he vndidd mee;
If I had thought it had beene bold Robin
Hooede,
I wold not haue betted one peny.
- 31 'Is this Robin Hood?' says the bishopp againe;
'Once I knew him to soone;
He made me say a masse against my will,
Att two a clocke in the afternoone.
- 32 'He bound me fast vnto a tree,
Soe did he my merry men;

- He borrowed ten pound against my will,
But he neuer paid me againe.'
- 33 'What and if I did?' says bold Robin Hood,
'Of that masse I was full faine;
In recompence, befor king and queene
Take halfe of thy gold againe.'
- 34 'I thanke thee for nothing,' says the bishopp,
'Thy large gift to well is knowne,
That will borrow a mans mony against his will,
And pay him againe with his owne.'
- 35 'What if he did soe?' says King Henery,
'For that I loue him neuer the worsse;
Take vp thy gold againe, bold Robin Hood,
And put [it] in thy purse.
- 36 'If thou woldest leaue thy bold outlawes,
And come and dwell with me,
Then I wold say thou art welcome, bold Robin
Hood,
The flower of archery.'
- 37 'I will not leaue my bold outlawes
For all the gold in Christentie;
In merry Sherwood I'll take my end,
Vnder my trusty tree.
- 38 'And gett your shooters, my leeig[e], where
you will,
For in faith you shall haue none of me;
And when Queene Katherine puts up her
f[inger]
Att her Graces commandement I'll bee.'

* * * * *

B

a. Wood, 402, leaf 10. b. Roxburghe, I, 356, in the Ballad Society's reprint, II, 419. c. Garland of 1663, No 9. d. Garland of 1670, No 8. e. Wood, 401, leaf 31 b. f. Pepys, II, 103, No 90.

- 1 GOLD tane from the kings harbengers,
Down a down a down
As seldome hath been seen,
Down a down a down
And carried by bold Robin Hood
For a present to the queen.
Down a down a down
- 2 'If that I live a year to an end,'
Thus gan Queen Katherin say,
'Bold Robin Hood, I will be thy friend,
And all thy yeomen gay.'
- 3 The queen is to her chamber gone,
As fast as she can wen;
She cals unto her her lovely page,
His name was Richard Patrington.
- 4 'Come hither to mee, thou lovely page,
Come thou hither to mee;
For thou must post to Notingham,
As fast as thou canst dree.
- 5 'And as thou goest to Notingham,
Search all those English wood;
- Enquire of one good yeoman or another
That can tell thee of Robin Hood.'
- 6 Sometimes he went, sometimes hee ran,
As fast as he could win;
And when hee came to Notingham,
There he took up his inne.
- 7 And when he came to Notingham,
And had took up his inne,
He calls for a pottle of Renish wine,
And drank a health to his queen.
- 8 There sat a yeoman by his side;
'Tell mee, sweet page,' said hee,
'What is thy business or the cause,
So far in the North Country?'
- 9 'This is my business and the cause,
Sir, I'll tell it you for good,
To inquire of one good yeoman or another
To tell mee of Robin Hood.'
- 10 'I'll get my horse betime in the morn,
By it be break of day,
And I will shew thee bold Robin Hood,
And all his yeomen gay.'
- 11 When that he came at Robin Hoods place,
Hee fell down on his knee:

- 'Queen Katherine she doth greet you well,
She greets you well by mee.
- 12 'She bids you post to fair London court,
Not fearing any thing;
For there shall be a little sport,
And she hath sent you her ring.'
- 13 Robin took his mantle from his back —
It was of the Lincoln green —
And sent it by this lovely page,
For a present unto the queen.
- 14 In summer time, when leaves grow green,
It is a seemly sight to see
How Robin Hood himself had drest,
And all his yeomandry.
- 15 He cloathed his men in Lincoln green,
And himself in scarlet red,
Black hats, white feathers, all alike;
Now bold Robin Hood is rid.
- 16 And when he came at Londons court,
Hee fell downe on his knee:
'Thou art welcome, Locksly,' said the queen,
'And all thy good yeomendree.'
- 17 The king is into Finsbury field,
Marching in battel ray,
And after follows bold Robin Hood,
And all his yeomen gay.
- 18 'Come hither, Tepus,' said the king,
'Bow-bearer after mee,
Come measure mee out with this line
How long our mark shall be.'
- 19 'What is the wager?' said the queen,
'That must I now know here:.'
'Three hundred tun of Renish wine,
Three hundred tun of beer.
- 20 'Three hundred of the fattest harts
That run on Dallom lee;
That's a princely wager,' said the king,
'That needs must I tell thee.'
- 21 With that bespake one Clifton then,
Full quickly and full soon;
'Measure no mark for us, most sovereign leige,
Wee'l shoot at sun and moon.'
- 22 'Ful fifteen score your mark shall be,
Ful fifteen score shall stand;'
'I'le lay my bow,' said Clifton then,
'I'le cleave the willow wand.'
- 23 With that the kings archers led about,
While it was three and none;
With that the ladies began to shout,
Madam, your game is gone!
- 24 'A boon, a boon,' Queen Katherine cries,
'I crave on my bare knee;
Is there any knight of your privy counsel
Of Queen Katherines part will be?
- 25 'Come hither to mee, Sir Richard Lee,
Thou art a knight full good;
For I do know by thy pedigree
Thou springst from Goweres blood.
- 26 'Come hither to me, thou Bishop of Hereford-
shire' —
For a noble priest was he —
'By my silver miter,' said the bishop then,
'I'le not bet one peny.
- 27 'The king hath archers of his own,
Full ready and full light,
And these be strangers every one,
No man knows what they height.'
- 28 'What wilt thou bet,' said Robin Hood,
'Thou seest our game the worse?'
'By my silver miter,' said the bishop then,
'All the mony within my purse.'
- 29 'What is in thy purse?' said Robin Hood,
'Throw it down on the ground;'
'Fifteen score nobles,' said the bishop then,
'It's neer an hundred pound.'
- 30 Robin Hood took his bagge from his side,
And threw it down on the green;
William Scadlocke went smiling away,
'I know who this mony must win.'
- 31 With that the queens archers led about,
While it was three and three;
With that the ladies gave a shout,
'Woodcock, beware thyn ee!'
- 32 'It is three and three, now,' said the king,
'The next three pays for all;'

- Robin Hood went and whispered to the queen,
 'The kings part shall be but small.'
- 33 Robin Hood he led about,
 He shot it under hand,
 And Clifton, with a bearing arrow,
 He clave the willow wand.
- 34 And little Midge, the Miller's son,
 Hee shot not much the worse;
 He shot within a finger of the prick;
 'Now, bishop, beware thy purse!'
- 35 'A boon, a boon,' Queen Katherine cries,
 'I crave on my bare knee, —
 That you will angry be with none
 That is of my party.'
- 36 'They shall have forty days to come,
 And forty days to go,
 And three times forty to sport and play;
 Then welcome friend or fo.'
- 37 'Then thou art welcome, Robin Hood,' said
 the queen,
 'And so is Little John,
- So is Midge, the Miller's son;
 Thrice welcome every one.'
- 38 'Is this Robin Hood?' the king now said;
 'For it was told to mee
 That he was slain in the pallace-gate,
 So far in the North Country.'
- 39 'Is this Robin Hood,' said the bishop then,
 'As I see well to be?
 Had I knowne that had been that bold outlaw,
 I would not have bet one peny.'
- 40 'Hee took me late one Saturday at night,
 And bound mee fast to a tree,
 And made mee sing a mass, God wot,
 To him and his yeomendree.'
- 41 'What and if I did?' says Robin Hood,
 'Of that mass I was full fain;
 For recompense to thee,' he says,
 'Here 's half thy gold again.'
- 42 'Now nay, now nay,' saies Little John,
 'Master, that shall not be;
 We must give gifts to the kings officers;
 That gold will serve thee and mee.'

O

The Garland of 1663, No 1.

- 1 Stout Robin Hood, a most lusty out-law,
 As ever yet lived in this land,
 As ever yet lived in this land.
 His equal I'm sure you never yet saw,
 So valiant was he of his hand,
 So valiant was he of his hand.
- 2 No archers could ever compare with these
 three,
 Although from us they are gone;
 The like was never, nor never will be,
 To Robin Hood, Scarlet and John.
- 3 Many stout robberies by these men were done,
 Within this our kingdom so wide;
 Vpon the highway much treasure they have
 won,
 No one that his purse ere deny'd.
- 4 Great store of money they from the kings men
 Couragiously did take away;
 Vnto fair Queen Katherine they gave it again,
 Who to them these words did say.
- 5 If that I live but another fair year,
 Kind Robin Hood, said the fair queen,
 The love for this courtesie that I thee bear,
 Assure thy self it shall be seen.
- 6 Brave Robin Hood courteously thanked her
 Grace,
 And so took his leave of the queen;
 He with his bold archers then hied him apace,
 In summer time, to the woods green.
- 7 'Now wend we together, my merry men all,
 To the green wood to take up our stand:'
 These archers were ready at Robin Hoods call,
 With their bent bows all in their hand.

- 8 'Come, merrily let us now valiantly go
With speed unto the green wood,
And there let us kill a stout buck or a do,
For our master, Robin Hood.'
- 9 At London must now be a game of shooting,
Where archers should try their best skill;
It was so commanded by their gracious king;
The queen then thought to have her will.
- 10 Her little foot-page she sent with all speed,
To find out stout Robin Hood,
Who in the North bravely did live, as we read,
With his bow-men in the green wood.
- 11 When as this young page unto the North came,
He staid under a hill at his inn;
Within the fair town of sweet Nottingham,
He there to enquire did begin.
- 12 The page then having enquired aright
The way unto Robin Hoods place,
As soon as the page had obtained of him sight,
He told him strange news from her Grace.
- 13 'Her Majestie praies you to haste to the court,'
And therewithall shewd him her ring;
We must not delay his swift haste to this sport,
Which then was proclaimd by the king.
- 14 Then Robin Hood hies him with all speed he
may,
With his fair men attired in green,
And towards fair London he, then takes his
way;
His safety lay all on the queen.
- 15 Now Robin Hood welcome was then to the
court,
Queen Katharine so did allow;
Now listen, my friends, and my song shal re-
port
How the queen performed her vow.
- 16 The king then went marching in state with his
peers
To Finsbury field most gay,
Where Robin Hood follows him, void of all
fears,
With his lusty brave shooters that day.
- 17 The king did command that the way should be
Straight mete with a line that was good;
- The answer was made to him presently,
By lusty bold Robin Hood.
- 18 'Let there be no mark measured,' then said he
soon;
'I,' so said Scarlet and John,
'For we will shoot to the sun or the moon;
We scorn to be outreacht with none.'
- 19 'What shall the wager be?' then said the
queen,
'Pray tell me before you begin:'
'Three hundred tuns of good wine shall be
seen,
And as much of strong bear for to win.
- 20 'Three hundred of lusty fat bucks, sweet, beside,
Shall now be our royal lay:'
Quoth Robin Hood, What ere does betide,
I 'le bear this brave purchase away.
- 21 'Full fifteenscore,' saith the king, 'it shall be;'
Then straight did the bow-men begin,
And Robin Hoods side gave them leave cer-
tainly
A while some credit to win.
- 22 The royal queen Katharine aloud cried she,
Is here no lord, nor yet knight,
That will take my part in this bold enmity?
Sir Robert Lee, pray do me right.
- 23 Then to the bold Bishop of Herefordshire
Most mildly spoke our good queen;
But he straight refused to lay any more,
Such ods on their parties were seen.
- 24 'What wilt thou bet, seeing our game is the
worse?'
Unto him then said Robin Hood:
'Why then,' quoth the bishop, 'all that's in
my purse;'
Quoth Scarlet, That bargain is good.
- 25 'A hundred good pounds there is in the same,'
The bishop unto him did say;
Then said Robin Hood, Now here's for the
game,
And to bear this your money away.
- 26 Then did the kings archer his arrows com-
mand
Most bravely and with great might,

- But brave jolly Robin shot under his hand,
And then did hit the mark right.
- 27 And Clifton he then, with his arrow so good,
The willow-wood cleaved in two;
The Miller's young son came not short, by the
rood,
His skill he most bravely did show.
- 28 Thus Robin Hood and his crew won the rich
prize,
From all archers that there could be;
Then loudly unto the king Queen Katherine
cries,
Forgive all my company!
- 29 The king then did say, that for forty daies,
Free leave then to come or go,
For any man there, though he got the praise,
'Be he friend,' quoth he, 'or be he foe.'
- 30 Then quoth the queen, Welcome thou art,
Robin Hood,
And welcome, brave bow-men all three;
Then straight quoth the king, I did hear, by
the rood,
That slain he was in the country.
- 31 'Is this Robin Hood?' the bishop did say,
'Is this Robin Hood certainly?
He made me to say him mass last Saturday,
To him and his bold yeomendry.'
- 32 'Well,' quoth Robin Hood, 'in requital thereof,
Half thy gold I give unto thee;'
'Nay, nay,' then said Little John in a scoff,
'T will serue us ith' North Countrey.'
- 33 Then Robin Hood pardon had straight of the
king,
And so had they every one;
The fame of these days most loudly does ring,
Of Robin Hood, Scarlet and John.
- 34 Great honours to Robin Hood after were done,
As stories for certain do say;
The king made him Earl of fair Huntington,
Whose fame will never decay.
- 35 Thus have you heard the fame of these men,
Good archers they were every one;
We never shall see the like shooters again
As Robin Hood, Scarlet and John.

A. After 2², 11³, 20⁴, 29³, 38⁴, half a page is gone.
2¹. Perhaps harvengers. 5². cauntry.
9³. Perhaps William. After 16: The 2d part.
18². himselfe. 25⁴. 500th. 27², 28². 3.
31⁴. 2. 32³. 10th.

B. Renowned Robin Hood: or, his famous archery truly related; with the worthy exploits hee acted before Queen Katherine, hee being an outlaw-man; and how shee for the same obtained of the king his own and his fellows pardon. To a new tune.

a. London, Printed for F. Grove, on Snow-hill.
Entred according to order. (1620-55.)

16⁴. yeomen three: so b-e, but yeomendree, the reading of f, must be right, since the whole band is present, and only two yeomen besides Robin are distinguished.

23², 31². While, if preserved, must be taken in the sense of till, which occurs in f, 23², as in A, 27².

31¹. the kings: so all. A, 27 has queenes, rightly.

31⁴. thy knee: so all except b, which has thy nee.

35². crave that on.

39⁴. have wanting: cf. A 30, c, f.

40⁴. yeomen three: so all. See 16⁴.

b. Printed at London for Francis Grove.

2². can. 3. unto her lovely. 3⁴. Parrington.

4⁴. can. 6³, 7¹. came at. 8¹. sate. 8⁴. in this.

10². Be it the. 11¹. Hood. 13³. sent that.

14². It's. 21³. markes. 23¹. archer.

25⁴. sprungst. 31¹. the kings. 31⁴. thy nee.

33³. baring. 33⁴. clove. 35¹. cryed.

35². crave that on. 38¹. now said the king.

38². so told. 38³. in Pallace gates.

39⁴. not bet. 40⁴. yeomen three.

41¹. an if. 41². full wanting.

c. 3³. unto her lovelie. 5³, 9³. or other.

8¹. sate. 9¹. is the. 10⁴. yeoman.

16⁴. yeomen three. 17¹. gone for field.

20⁴. must I needs. 23³. shoot.

24⁴. On for Of. 25⁴. sprangst from Gowries.

30³. Sadlock. 30⁴. whose this money must be.

- 31¹. the kings. 31⁴. thy knee.
 32³. to *wanting*. 35². crave that on.
 39⁴. have bet. 40¹. on *for* one.
 40⁴. yeomen three.
- d. 3³. unto her lovely. 3⁴. Patrington.
 13⁴. to *for* unto. 14⁴. his *wanting*.
 16⁴. yeomen three. 24⁴. On *for* Of.
 25⁴. sprangst. 31¹. the kings.
 31⁴. thy knee. 35². crave that on.
 36⁴. welcome every one. 39¹. quoth *for* said.
 39⁴. not bet. 40¹. on *for* one.
 40⁴. yeomen three.
- e. London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere & J. Wright. (1655-80.)
 3⁴. Patrington. 7³. calld. 8¹. sate.
 8³. thy cause. 10¹. betimes.
 16⁴. good *wanting*: yeomen three.
 17². gallant ray. 19². needs *for* now.
 20². runs. 22³. quoth *for* said.
 31¹. the kings. 31³. shoot. 31⁴. thy knee.
 35². that *wanting*. 38³. the *wanting*.
 39³. I thought it had. 39⁴. not bet.
 40⁴. yeomen three. 42². may not.
- f. In the title: being an outlaw man (hee *wanting*): how he *for* how shee.
 Printed for J. W[right], J. C[larke], W. T[hackeray], and T. Passenger. (1670-86?)
 3³. unto her lovely. 3⁴. Parington.
- 4¹. Come thou: my *for* thou. 4³. now *for* post.
 5². woods. 6². wen. 7³. bottle. 7⁴. drinks.
 8¹. sate. 8³. or thy. 10¹. betimes.
 11¹. to *for* at. 13². the *wanting*.
 13⁴. to *for* unto. 14². It was.
 16⁴. thy yeomandree. 17¹. is gone to.
 17². array. 18⁴. must be. 20⁴. to the.
 23¹. lead. 23². Till it. 24². crave it.
 24³. ever a *for* any. 24⁴. side *for* part.
 25⁴. sprangest. 28³. then said the bishop.
 29¹. in it said. 30³. Will. 31¹. the kings.
 31⁴. thy knee. 32⁴. part *wanting*.
 35². crave it. 35³. would *for* will.
 36⁴. welcome every one. 37³. And so.
 38¹. said now. 39¹. quoth *for* said.
 39³. it had. 39⁴. not a bet.
 40¹. on Saturday night. 40⁴. yeomen three.
 41¹. then says. 42². may not.
- C. Robin Hood, Scarlet and John: Wherein you may see how Robin Hood, having lived an out-law many years, the Queen sent for him, and shooting a match before the King and Queen at London, and winning the rich prize, the Queen gained his pardon, and he was afterwards Earl of Huntington.
 To the tune of The Pinder of Wakefield.
 20². what or. 26¹. archers. 27³. yonng.
 28³. Katheline. 30^{1,3}. qd.

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ROBIN HOOD'S CHASE

a. Garland of 1663, No 15.

c. Wood, 401, leaf 29 b.

b. Garland of 1670, No 14.

d. Pepys, II, 104, No 91.

ROXBURGHE, III, 14, 418; Douce, III, 121 b, London, by L. How, an eighteenth-century copy. c is signed T. R., and has no printer's name.

Reprinted in Ritson's Robin Hood, 1795, II, 92, from c. Evans, Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 156, agrees nearly with the Aldermary garland.

Robin Hood's Chase is a sequel to Robin

Hood and Queen Katherine, and begins with a summary of that ballad. King Henry, who has been gracious, and over-gracious, to the outlaw, has a revulsion of feeling after Robin has left his presence, and sets out in pursuit of him. When the king reaches Nottingham, Robin leaves Sherwood for Yorkshire, whence he speeds successively to Newcastle, Berwick, Carlisle, Lancaster, Chester, the

king always following him close. At Chester the happy idea occurs to him of going back to London, as if to inquire whether he were wanted. Queen Katherine informs Robin that the king has gone to Sherwood to seek him, and Robin says he will return to the forest immediately to learn the king's will. King Henry, coming home weary and vexed,

is told by his queen that Robin has been there to seek him. A cunning knave, quoth the king. The queen intercedes for Robin.

This is a well-conceived ballad, and only needs to be older.

Translated by A. Grün, p. 169, with omission of stanzas 1-7, 24.

-
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 COME you gallants all, to you I do call,
 With a hey down down a down down
 That now is within this place,
 For a song I will sing of Henry the king,
 How he did Robin Hood chase.</p> <p>2 Queen Katherine she a match then did make,
 As plainly doth appear,
 For three hundred tun of good red wine,
 And three hundred tun of beer.</p> <p>3 But yet her archers she had to seek,
 With their bows and arrows so good ;
 But her mind it was bent, with a good intent,
 To send for bold Robin Hood.</p> <p>4 But when bold Robin Hood he came there,
 Queen Katherine she did say,
 Thou art welcome, Locksley, said the queen,
 And all thy yeomen gay.</p> <p>5 For a match at shooting I have made,
 And thou my part must be :
 ' If I miss the mark, be it light or dark,
 Then hanged I will be.'</p> <p>6 But when the game came to be playd,
 Bold Robin he then drew nigh ;
 With his mantle of green, most brave to be
 seen,
 He let his arrows fly.</p> <p>7 And when the game it ended was,
 Bold Robin wan it with a grace,
 But after, the king was angry with him,
 And vowed he would him chase.</p> <p>8 What though his pardon granted was
 While he with them did stay,
 But yet the king was vexed at him
 When as he was gone his way.</p> | <p>9 Soon after the king from the court did hie,
 In a furious angry mood,
 And often enquire, both far and near,
 After bold Robin Hood.</p> <p>10 But when the king to Nottingham came,
 Bold Robin was then in the wood ;
 ' O come now,' said he, ' and let me see
 Who can find me bold Robin Hood.'</p> <p>11 But when that Robin Hood he did hear
 The king had him in chase,
 Then said Little John, T is time to be gone,
 And go to some other place.</p> <p>12 Then away they went from merry Sherwood,
 And into Yorkshire he did hie,
 And the king did follow, with a hoop and a
 hallow,
 But could not come him nigh.</p> <p>13 Yet jolly Robin he passed along,
 He [went] straight to Newcastle town,
 And there stayed he hours two or three,
 And then he for Berwick was gone.</p> <p>14 When the king he did see how Robin did
 flee,
 He was vexed wondrous sore ;
 With a hoop and a hallow he vowed to follow,
 And take him, or never give ore.</p> <p>15 ' Come now, let's away,' then cries Little John,
 ' Let any man follow that dare ;
 To Carlile wee'l hie with our company,
 And so then to Lancaster.'</p> <p>16 From Lancaster then to Chester they went,
 And so did king Henery ;
 But Robin away, for he durst not stay,
 For fear of some treachery.</p> |
|--|---|

- 17 Saies Robin, Come, let us to London go,
To see our noble queens face ;
It may be she wants our company,
Which makes the king so us chase.
- 18 When Robin he came Queen Katherine before,
He fell upon his knee :
'If it please your Grace, I am come to this
place,
To speak with king Henery.'
- 19 Queen Katherine she answered bold Robin
again,
The king is gone to merry Sherwood ;
And when he went he to me did say
He would go seek Robin Hood.
- 20 'Then fare you well, my gracious queen,
For to Sherwood I will hie apace ;
For fain would I see what he would with me,
If I could but meet with his Grace.'
- 21 But when King Henery he came home,
Full weary, and vexed in mind,
When he did hear Robin had been there,
He blamed Dame Fortune unkind.
- 22 'You are welcome home,' Queen Katherine
cried,
'Henry, my sovereign liege ;
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
Your person hath been to seek.'
- 23 But when King Henry he did hear
That Robin had been there him to seek,
This answer he gave, He's a cunning knave,
For I have sought him this whole three
weeks.
- 24 'A boon ! a boon !' Queen Katherine cried,
'I beg it here on your Grace,
To pardon his life, and seek no more strife :'
And so endeth Robin Hoods chase.

a, b, c. Robin Hood's Chase : or, A merry
progress between Robin Hood and King
Henry, shewing how Robin Hood led the
King his chase from London to London,
and when he had taken his leave of the
Queen he returned to merry Sherwood.

To the tune of Robin Hood and the Begger.

a. *Burden* : variously printed With a hey, etc.,
With hey, etc. ; twice Down a down a down.
5^{2,3}. Robin *between the lines*, to show that
what follows is his speech. So b, c. In
d Robin *stands at the head of the third*
line.

21⁸. But when : so b, c. 23⁴, 3 weeks.

b. *Burden* : With hey, etc., or, With a hey, etc.

2¹. she then a match.

3¹. she had her archers. 6¹. game it.

7². a *wanting*. 10². then *wanting*.

11¹. that bold. 13². went *wanting*.

14⁴. and *for* or. 15¹. cry'd.

16². good King Henry. 18⁴. Henry.

21⁸. But when. 23². there *wanting*.

23⁴. 3 weeks. 24². here on my knee.

c. Signed T. R. No printer.

Burden : With hey down down an a down.

2⁴. hundred *wanting*. 3⁸. it *wanting*.

5¹. of *for* at. 6¹. it came. 8⁸. after *for* yet.

10². then *wanting*. 13². went *wanting*.

16², 18⁴, 21¹. Henry. 16⁸. to stay.

18². fell low. 18⁴. For to. 21⁸. But when.

22². leech. 23⁴. 3 weeks.

d. *Title as in a, b, c, except* : The tune is.
Printed for William Thackeray at the Angel
in Duck-Lane. (1689.)

Burden : With hey down down a down.

2¹. then a match did.

3¹. yet she had her archers. 5¹. of *for* at.

5². on my. 5⁴. will I. 6². he *wanting*.

7². a *wanting*. 8⁴. had *for* was.

10². O bold : then *wanting*.

10⁸. Come said he. 11¹. that bold Robin he.

13². And went strait. 13⁸. he stayed.

13⁴, 14¹. he *wanting*. 14⁴. gave.

15¹. than said Little. 16², 18⁴, 21¹. Henry.

17¹. for London. 18². fell low.

18⁴. For to. 19⁸. he *wanting*.

19⁴. go to. 20⁸. what he'd have.

21⁸. And that he. 22¹. You're.

23². there *wanting*. 23⁸. He is a.

23⁴. 3 week. 24². of your.

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ROBIN HOOD'S GOLDEN PRIZE

a. Wood, 401, leaf 39 b.

c. Garland of 1670, No 13.

b. Garland of 1663, No 14.

d. Pepys, II, 114, No 101.

ALSO Roxburghe, III, 12, 486; Old Ballads, 1723, II, 121; Douce, III, 121, London, by L. How, of the last century.

Ritson's Robin Hood, 1795, II, 97, from a, with changes. Evans, Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 160, agrees nearly with the Aldermay garland.

Entered, says Ritson, in the Stationers' book, by Francis Grove, 2d June, 1656.* Being directed to be sung to the tune "R. H. was a tall young man," that is, R. H.'s Progress to Nottingham, this ballad is the later of the two.

Robin Hood, disguised as a friar, asks charity of two priests. They pretend to have been robbed, and not to have a penny. Robin pulls them from their horses, saying, Since you have no money, we will pray for some, and keeps them at their prayers for an hour. Now, he says, we will see what heaven has sent us; but the monks can find nothing in their pockets. We must search one another, Robin says, and beginning the operation finds five hundred pounds on the monks. Of this he gives fifty pounds to each of the priests to pay for their prayers, keeping the remainder. The priests would now move on, but Robin

requires three oaths of them, of truth, chastity and charity, before he lets them go.

The kernel of the story is an old tale which we find represented in Pauli's Schimpf und Ernst, 1533, Österley, p. 397, Anhang, No 14, 'Wie drey lantzknecht vmb ein zerung batten.' Three soldiers, out of service, meet the cellarer of a rich Benedictine cloister, who has a bag hanging at his saddle-bow, with four hundred ducats in it. They ask for some money, for God's sake and good fellowship's. The cellarer answers that he has no money: there is nothing but letters in his bag. Then, since we all four are without money, they say, we will kneel down and pray for some. After a brief orison, the three jump up, search the bag, and find four hundred ducats. The cellarer offers them a handsome douceur, and says he had the money in the bag before; but to this they will give no credence. They give the monk his share of one hundred, and thank God devoutly for his grace. Retold by Waldis, with a supplement, Esopus, IV, 21, ed. Kurz, II, 64; and by others, see Oesterley's notes, p. 552, Kurz's, p. 156.

a seems to be signed L. P., and these would most naturally be the initials of the versifier.

* Also says Ritson, Robin Hood, II, 97, by Francis Coule, 13th June, 1631; but the ballad there entered is The Noble Fisherman.

Translated by Doenniges, p. 198, by Anastasius Grün, p. 131.

- 1 I HAVE heard talk of bold Robin Hood,
Derry derry down
And of brave Little John,
Of Fryer Tuck, and Will Scarlet,
Loxley, and Maid Marion.
Hey down derry derry down
- 2 But such a tale as this before
I think there was never none ;
For Robin Hood disguised himself,
And to the wood is gone.
- 3 Like to a fryer, bold Robin Hood
Was accoutered in his array ;
With hood, gown, beads and crucifix,
He past upon the way.
- 4 He had not gone [past] miles two or three,
But it was his chance to spy
Two lusty priests, clad all in black,
Come riding gallantly.
- 5 'Benedicete,' then said Robin Hood,
'Some pitty on me take ;
Cross you my hand with a silver groat,
For Our dear Ladies sake.
- 6 'For I have been wandring all this day,
And nothing could I get ;
Not so much as one poor cup of drink,
Nor bit of bread to eat.'
- 7 'Now, by my holydame,' the priests repli'd,
'We never a peny have ;
For we this morning have been robd,
And could no mony save.'
- 8 'I am much afraid,' said bold Robin Hood,
'That you both do tell a lye ;
And now before that you go hence,
I am resolv'd to try.'
- 9 When as the priests heard him say so,
Then they rode away amain ;
But Robin Hood betook him to his heels,
And soon overtook them again.
- 10 Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,
And pulld them down from their horse :
'O spare us, fryer !' the priests cry'd out,
'On us have some remorse !'
- 11 'You said you had no mony,' quoth he,
'Wherefore, without delay,
We three will fall down on our knees,
And for mony we will pray.'
- 12 The priests they could not him gainsay,
But down they kneeled with speed ;
'Send us, O send us,' then quoth they,
'Some mony to serve our need.'
- 13 The priests did pray with mournful chear,
Sometimes their hands did wring,
Sometimes they wept and cried aloud,
Whilst Robin did merrily sing.
- 14 When they had been praying an hours space,
The priests did still lament ;
Then quoth bold Robin, Now let 's see
What mony heaven hath us sent.
- 15 We will be sharers now all alike
Of the mony that we have ;
And there is never a one of us
That his fellows shall deceive.
- 16 The priests their hands in their pockets put,
But mony would find none :
'We 'l search our selves,' said Robin Hood,
'Each other, one by one.'
- 17 Then Robin Hood took pains to search them
both,
And he found good store of gold ;
Five hundred peeces presently
Vpon the grass was told.
- 18 'Here is a brave show,' said Robin Hood,
'Such store of gold to see,
And you shall each one have a part,
Cause you prayed so heartily.'
- 19 He gave them fifty pound a-peece,
And the rest for himself did keep ;
The priests durst not speak one word,
But they sighed wondrous deep.
- 20 With that the priests rose up from their
knees,
Thinking to have parted so ;
'Nay, stay,' said Robin Hood, 'one thing more
I have to say ere you go.

- 21 'You shall be sworn,' said bold Robin Hood,
 'Vpon this holy grass,
 That you will never tell lies again,
 Which way soever you pass.
- 22 'The second oath that you here must take,
 All the days of your lives
 You never shall tempt maids to sin,
 Nor lye with other mens wives.
- 23 'The last oath you shall take, it is this,
 Be charitable to the poor;
 Say you have met with a holy fryer,
 And I desire no more.'
- 24 He set them upon their horses again,
 And away then they did ride;
 And hee returnd to the merry green-wood,
 With great joy, mirth and pride.
-

a. Robin Hoods Golden Prize.

He met two priests upon the way,
 And forced them with him to pray.
 For gold they prayed, and gold they had,
 Enough to make bold Robin glad.
 His share came to four hundred pound,
 That then was told upon the ground;
 Now mark, and you shall hear the jest;
 You never heard the like exprest.

Tune is, Robin Hood was a tall young man.
 London, Printed for F. Grove on Snow-hill.
 Entred according to order. Finis, L. P.
 F. Grove's *date, according to Mr Chappell,*
 is 1620-55. *Ritson says that the ballad*
was entered in the Stationers' book by
Francis Grove, 2d June, 1656.

b. Robin Hoods Golden Prize: Shewing how he
 robbed two priests of five hundred pound.
 The tune is, Robin Hood was a tall young
 man.

4¹. gone past. 6¹. all the.
 7¹. holy dame: priest. 9². Then *wanting*.

10¹. hold on. 13¹. with a. 15⁴. fellow.
 17⁴. he *for* was. 18⁴. For praying so.
 19¹. pounds. 19⁸. not to. 23¹. it *wanting*.

c. *Title the same: except, Tune is.*

2⁴. he is. 4¹. gone past. 7¹. holy dame.
 9². Then *wanting*. 10¹. holt of. 13¹. with a.
 15¹. now *wanting*. 15⁴. fellow.
 17¹. pain: both *wanting*. 18⁸. each one shall.
 19¹. pounds. 24¹. upon *wanting*.

d. *Title as in c.* Printed for William Thackeray
 at the Angel in Duck-lane. (1689.)

1¹. bold *wanting*. 2². think was never known.
 4¹. gone past. 7¹. holy dame.
 8⁸. before you do go. 9¹. so say.
 10¹. hold on. 11¹. you'd: quoth Robin Hood.
 12². kneel. 13¹. with a. 14⁸. let us.
 15¹. now *wanting*. 15². the *wanting*.
 15⁴. fellow. 16². could.
 17¹. pain: both *wanting*. 17⁴. he *for* was.
 18⁸. each one shall. 19¹. pounds.
 19². doth *for* did. 20¹. up *wanting*.
 22⁸. unto sin. 23⁸. with *wanting*.
 24¹. on *for* upon.

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THE NOBLE FISHERMAN, OR, ROBIN HOOD'S PREFERMENT

- a. Wood, 402, p. 18. b. Wood, 401, leaf 25 b. c. Garland of 1663, No 12. d. Garland of 1670, No 11. e. Rawlinson, 566. f. Pepys, II, 108, No 95. g. Pepys, II, 123, No 108.

Also Roxburghe, II, 370, III, 524; The Noble Fisherman's Garland, 1686; Bagford, 643. m. 10, 22.

'The Noble Fisherman, or, Robin Hood's great Prize' is receipted for to Francis Coules in the Stationers' Registers, June 13, 1631: Arber, IV, 254.

Ritson, Robin Hood, II, 110, 1795, "from three old black-letter copies, one in the collection of Anthony a Wood, another in the British Museum, and the third in a private collection." Evans, Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 171, from an Aldermay garland.

Robin Hood is here made to try his fortunes on the sea, like Eustace the Monk and Wallace. He goes to Scarborough and gives himself out as a fisherman, and is engaged as such by a widow with whom he lodges, who is the owner of a ship. Out of his wantonness, rather than his ignorance, we must suppose, Simon, as he calls himself, when others cast baited hooks into the water, casts in bare lines; for which he is laughed to scorn. A French cruiser bears down on the fishermen, and the master gives up all for lost. Simon asks for his bow; not a Frenchman will he

spare. The master, not strangely, takes such talk for brag. Simon requests to be tied to a mast, 'that at his mark he may stand fair,' and to have his bow in his hand, when never a Frenchman will he spare. He shoots one of the enemy through the heart, and then asks to be loosed and to have his bow in his hand, when, again, never a Frenchman will he spare. The Englishmen board, and find a booty of twelve thousand pound. Simon announces that he shall give half the ship to the dame who employed him, and the other half to his comrades. The master objects; Simon has won the vessel with his own hand (a point which might have been made more distinctly to appear in the narrative), and he shall have her. But the outlaw afloat has still his munificent old ways; so it shall be as to the ship, and the twelve thousand pound shall build an asylum 'for the oppressed'! All this may strike us as infantile, but the ballad was evidently in great favor two hundred years ago.

Translated (not entirely) by A. Grün, p. 295.

1 In summer time, when leaves grow green,
When they doe grow both green and long,
Of a bould outlaw, calld Robin Hood,
It is of him I sing this song.

2 When the lilly leafe and the elephant
Doth bud and spring with a merry good
cheere,

This outlaw was weary of the wood-side,
And chasing of the fallow deere.

3 'The fishermen brave more mony have
Then any merchant, two or three;
Therefore I will to Scarborough goe,
That I a fisherman brave may be.'

- 4 This outlaw calld his merry men all,
As they sate under the green-wood tree :
'If any of you have gold to spend,
I pray you heartily spend it with me.
- 5 'Now,' quoth Robin, 'I'le to Scarborough goe,
It seemes to be a very faire day ;'
Who tooke up his inne at a widdow-womans
house,
Hard by upon the water gray.
- 6 Who asked of him, Where wert thou borne ?
Or tell to me, where dost thou fare ?
'I am a poore fisherman,' saith he then,
'This day intrapped all in care.'
- 7 'What is thy name, thou fine fellow ?
I pray thee heartily tell to me ;'
'In mine own country where I was borne,
Men called me Simon over the Lee.'
- 8 'Simon, Simon,' said the good wife,
'I wish thou maist well brook thy name ;'
The outlaw was ware of her courtesie,
And rejoiced he had got such a dame.
- 9 'Simon, wilt thou be my man ?
And good round wages I'le give thee ;
I have as good a ship of mine owne
As any sayle upon the sea.
- 10 'Anchors and planks thou shalt want none,
Masts and ropes that are so long ;'
'And if that you thus furnish me,'
Said Simon, 'nothing shall goe wrong.'
- 11 They pluckt up anchor, and away did sayle,
More of a day then two or three ;
When others cast in their baited hooks,
The bare lines into the sea cast he.
- 12 'It will be long,' said the master then,
'Ere this great lubber do thrive on the sea ;
I'le assure you he shall have no part of our fish,
For in truth he is of no part worthy.'
- 13 'O woe is me,' said Simon then,
'This day that ever I came here !
I wish I were in Plomton Parke,
In chasing of the fallow deere.
- 14 'For every clowne laughs me to scorne,
And they by me set nought at all ;
If I had them in Plomton Park,
I would set as little by them all.'
- 15 They pluckt up anchor, and away did sayle,
More of a day then two or three ;
But Simon spied a ship of warre,
That sayld towards them most valourously.
- 16 'O woe is me,' said the master then,
'This day that ever I was borne !
For all our fish we have got to-day
Is every bit lost and forlorne.
- 17 'For your French robbers on the sea,
They will not spare of us one man,
But carry us to the coast of France,
And ligge us in the prison strong.'
- 18 But Simon said, Doe not feare them,
Neither, master, take you no care ;
Give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.
- 19 'Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,
For thou art nought but braggs and boast ;
If I should cast the over-board,
There were nothing but a lubber lost.'
- 20 Simon grew angry at these words,
And so angry then was he
That he tooke his bent bow in his hand,
And to the ship-hatch goe doth he.
- 21 'Master, tye me to the mast,' saith he,
'That at my mark I may stand fair,
And give me my bended bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.'
- 22 He drew his arrow to the very head,
And drew it with all might and maine,
And straightway, in the twinkling of an eye,
Doth the Frenchmans heart the arow gain.
- 23 The Frenchman fell downe on the ship-hatch,
And under the hatches down below ;
Another Frenchman that him espy'd
The dead corps into the sea doth throw.
- 24 'O master, loose me from the mast,' he said,
'And for them all take you no care,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.'

25 Then streight [they] did board the French-
mans ship,
They lying all dead in their sight;
They found within the ship of warre
Twelve thousand pound of money bright.

26 'The one halfe of the ship,' said Simon then,
'I'le give to my dame and children small;
The other halfe of the ship I'le bestow
On you that are my fellowes all.'

27 But now bespake the master then,
For so, Simon, it shall not be;
For you have won her with your own hand,
And the owner of it you shall bee.

28 'It shall be so, as I have said;
And, with this gold, for the opprest
An habitation I will build,
Where they shall live in peace and rest.'

a. The Noble Fisher-man, or, Robin Hoods Pre-
ferment: shewing how he won a great prize
on the sea, and how he gave the one halfe
to his dame and the other to the building of
almes-houses.

The tune is, In summer time.

London, Printed for F. Coles, in the Old
Bailey. (1631?)

3¹. fisher-man, *which perhaps should stand.*

5¹. with *for* quoth. 20⁴. hatchs. 21². fare.

22⁴. Frenchman. 23¹. fell owne. 25². lyin.

28². for thee.

b. *Title as in a, except*: won a prize, gave one
half.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbert-
son. (1648-63?)

2¹. Clephant. 2². good *wanting*.

3¹. fisherman. 3². will I. 5¹. with *for* quoth.

12⁴. of *wanting*. 14². set nothing.

16². fish that we have got: to-day *wanting*.

17¹. For yon. 19⁴. There's but a simple.

20⁴. ship-hatch. 21¹. mast he said. 21². fare.

21³. bent. 22⁴. Frenchmans. 23¹. downe.

25¹. streight they boarded the French ship.

25². lying. 25⁴. in mony.

26². of my ship I'le give. 26⁴. To you.

27². hands. 27⁴. must be. 28². for thee.

c, d. *Title as in a, except*: won a prize, gave one.

The tune is, Summer time.

2². good *wanting*. 3¹. fisher men.

3². Than. 5¹. Now quoth. 6². c, thou dost.

6³. said. 6⁴. d, cares. 7⁴. call. 9⁴. sails.

11². d, than. 12². you *wanting*.

12⁴. of *wanting*. 14². set nothing.

15². than. 15⁴. most *wanting*.

16². fish that we have got: to-day *wanting*.

17¹. yon: robber. 18². you any.

19⁴. There's but a simple. 20⁴. shiphatch.

21¹. mast he said. 21². fair. 21³. bent.

21⁴. d, a *wanting*. 22⁴. Frenchmans.

23¹. down. 24¹. c, mast side.

25¹. they boarded the French ship. 25². lying.

25⁴. in *for* of. 26². of my ship I'le give.

26⁴. To you. 27¹. c, But *wanting*.

27². hands. 27⁴. you must: d, of you it.

28². for the.

e. *Title as in b. Variations found also in b*
are not given.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and
J. Clarke. (1650-80?)

5¹. Now quoth. 5⁴. waters. 6¹. of *wanting*.

9⁴. sails. 15². espy'd. 17⁴. And lay.

18². any *for* no. 23². that him did espy.

f. *Title as in b.*

Printed for Alex. Milbourn, Will. Ownley,
Tho. Thackeray at the Angel in Duck-lane.
(Date indeterminable: after 1670.)

1². doe *wanting*. 1⁴. my song.

2². good *wanting*. 3¹. fishermen.

3². merchants. 3⁴. fisherman might be.

4². If you have any.

5¹. Now quoth Robin Hood. 5⁴. waters.

6¹. of *wanting*. 6². said. 7². tell it.

7⁴. call. 9². I will. 9³. of my. 9⁴. sails.

10¹. shalt not want. 10². that *wanting*.

12². you *wanting*. 12⁴. of *wanting*.

14². set nothing. 15². espyed.

15⁴. most *wanting*.

16². fish that we have got. 17¹. robber.

17⁴. And lay. 18². you any.

19⁴. There's but a simple lubber lost.

20⁴. And in. 21¹. saith he *wanting*.

21². fair. 21³. bent. 22⁴. Frenchmans.

23¹. ship-catch: so g. 23². there below.

25¹. Then they boarded the French: so g.

25⁴. in *for* of. 26². other part: I'le give.

26⁴. To you. 27². hands.

27⁴. owner thereof you must. 28². for the.

g. *Title as in b.*

Printed for I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Thack-
eray, and T. Passinger. (1670-86?)

Agrees generally with f. 17¹. For yon.

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ROBIN HOOD'S BIRTH, BREEDING, VALOR AND MARRIAGE

a. Roxburghe, I, 360, in *The Ballad Society's reprint*, II, 440. b. Pepys, II, 116, No 103. c. Pepys, II, 118, No 104.

PRINTED in Dryden's *Miscellany*, VI, 346, ed. 1716; *A Collection of Old Ballads*, 1723, I, 64; Ritson's *Robin Hood*, 1795, II, 1 (a); Evans, *Old Ballads*, 1777, 1784, I, 86.

The jocular author of this ballad, who would certainly have been diverted by any one's supposing him to write under the restraints of tradition, brings Adam Bell, Clim, and Cloudesly into company with Robin Hood's father. So again the silly *Second Part of Adam Bell* in one of the copies, that of 1616. Robin Hood's father's bow, st. 3, carried two north-country miles and an inch. The son, then, was only half his father, though, in Ritson's words, "Robin Hood and Little John have frequently shot an arrow a measured mile."

Robin Hood's mother was niece to Guy of Warwick, and sister to Gamwel of Gamwel Hall. In *Robin Hood newly Revived*, Young Gamwel is Robin Hood's sister's son. According to this ballad, Robin Hood goes with his mother to keep Christmas with old Gamwell, his uncle, whose seat is forty miles from Locksly town. Little John is a member of the household, a fine lad at gambols and juggling, and twenty such tricks. Robin Hood, however, puts Little John down in this way, and everybody else. His uncle is so much pleased that he tells Robin he shall be his heir, and no more go home. Robin asks the boon that Little John may be his page. All the while, for how long we know not, Robin Hood has had his band of yeomen in Sherwood. Thither he goes (the time is not specified, but birds are singing in st. 50), and while he is collecting his men, Clorinda, queen of the shepherds and archeress, passes, and arrests his at-

tention. The favorable impression which she makes at first sight is confirmed by her presently shooting a deer through side and side. Robin takes her to his bower for a refectation, which is served by four-and-twenty yeomen. She inquires his name; he gives it, and asks her to be his bride. After a blush and a pause, Clorinda says, With all my heart, and it is no wonder that Robin proposes to send for a priest immediately. Clorinda is, however, engaged to go to Titbury feast, whither she invites Robin to keep her company. On the way he has an affray with eight yeomen, who bid him hand over the buck which Clorinda had killed, and which he is somehow taking along with him. With Little John's help, five of the eight are killed; the rest are spared. A bull-baiting is going on at Titbury, which one wonders that a person of Clorinda's imputed "wisdom and modesty" should care for; but somehow Clorinda throws off her dignity in the 45th stanza. After dinner the parson is sent for, the marriage ceremony is performed, and Robin and Clorinda return to Sherwood.

The author of this ballad ("the most beautiful and one of the oldest extant" of the series, says the editor of the collection of 1723) knew nothing of the Earl of Huntington and Matilda Fitzwater, but represents Robin Hood as the son of a forester. In everything except keeping Robin a yeoman, he writes "as the world were now but to begin, antiquity forgot, custom not known;" but poets in his day, to quote the critic of 1723, "were looked upon like other Englishmen, born to live and write with freedom."

Concerning the bull-running at Tutbury,

or Stutesbury, Staffordshire (a hideously brutal custom, of long standing), a compendium of antiquarian information is given by Gutch, II,

118. Arthur a Bradley, a rollicking ballad of a Merry Wedding, mentioned in stanza 46, is printed by Ritson, Robin Hood, 1795, II, 210.

-
- 1 KIND gentlemen, will you be patient awhile?
Ay, and then you shall hear anon
A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,
And of his man, brave Little John.
- 2 In Locksly town, in Nottinghamshire,
In merry sweet Locksly town,
There bold Robin Hood he was born and was
bred,
Bold Robin of famous renown.
- 3 The father of Robin a forrester was,
And he shot in a lusty long bow,
Two north country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the Pinder of Wakefield does know.
- 4 For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clugh,
And William a Clowdesle
To shoot with our forrester for forty mark,
And the forrester beat them all three.
- 5 His mother was neece to the Coventry knight,
Which Warwickshire men call Sir Guy;
For he slew the blue bore that hangs up at the
gate,
Or mine host of The Bull tells a lye.
- 6 Her brother was Gamwel, of Great Gamwel Hall,
And a noble house-keeper was he,
Ay, as ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,
And a squire of famous degree.
- 7 The mother of Robin said to her husband,
My honey, my love, and my dear,
Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamwel,
To taste of my brothers good cheer.
- 8 And he said, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan,
Take one of my horses, I pray;
The sun is a rising, and therefore make haste,
For to-morrow is Christmas-day.
- 9 Then Robin Hoods fathers grey gelding was
brought,
And saddled and bridled was he;
God wot, a blew bonnet, his new suit of cloaths,
And a cloak that did reach to his knee.
- 10 She got on her holiday kirtle and gown,
They were of a light Lincoln green;
The cloath was homespun, but for colour and make
It might a besemed our queen.
- 11 And then Robin got on his basket-hilt sword,
And his dagger on his tother side,
And said, My dear mother, let 's haste to be gone,
We have forty long miles to ride.
- 12 When Robin had mounted his gelding so grey,
His father, without any trouble,
Set her up behind him, and bad her not fear,
For his gelding had oft carried double.
- 13 And when she was settled, they rode to their
neighbours,
And drank and shook hands with them all;
And then Robin gallopt, and never gave ore,
Till they lighted at Gamwel Hall.
- 14 And now you may think the right worshipful squire
Was joyful his sister to see;
For he kist her and kist her, and swore a great oath,
Thou art welcome, kind sister, to me.
- 15 To-morrow, when mass had been said in the chap-
pel,
Six tables were coverd in the hall,
And in comes the squire, and makes a short speech,
It was, Neighbours, you 're welcome all.
- 16 But not a man here shall taste my March beer,
Till a Christmas carol he sing:
Then all clapt their hands, and they shouted and
sung,
Till the hall and the parlour did ring.
- 17 Now mustard and braun, roast beef and plumb pies,
Were set upon every table:
And noble George Gamwel said, Eat and be merry,
And drink too, as long as you 're able.
- 18 When dinner was ended, his chaplain said grace,
And, 'Be merry, my friends,' said the squire;
'It rains, and it blows, but call for more ale,
And lay some more wood on the fire.
- 19 'And now call ye Little John hither to me,
For Little John is a fine lad
At gambols and juggling, and twenty such tricks
As shall make you merry and glad.'
- 20 When Little John came, to gambols they went,
Both gentleman, yeoman and clown;
And what do you think? Why, as true as I live,
Bold Robin Hood put them all down.

- 21 And now you may think the right worshipful
squire
Was joyful this sight for to see;
For he said, Cousin Robin, thou 'st go no more
home,
But tarry and dwell here with me.
- 22 Thou shalt have my land when I dye, and till
then
Thou shalt be the staff of my age;
'Then grant me my boon, dear uncle,' said Robin,
'That Little John may be my page.'
- 23 And he said, Kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon;
With all my heart, so let it be;
'Then come hither, Little John,' said Robin Hood,
'Come hither, my page, unto me.
- 24 'Go fetch me my bow, my longest long bow,
And broad arrows, one, two, or three;
For when it is fair weather we 'll into Sherwood,
Some merry pastime to see.'
- 25 When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,
He winded his bugle so clear,
And twice five and twenty good yeomen and bold
Before Robin Hood did appear.
- 26 'Where are your companions all?' said Robin
Hood,
'For still I want forty and three;'
Then said a bold yeoman, Lo, yonder they stand,
All under a green-wood tree.
- 27 As that word was spoke, Clorinda came by;
The queen of the shepherds was she;
And her gown was of velvet as green as the grass,
And her buskin did reach to her knee.
- 28 Her gait it was graceful, her body was straight,
And her countenance free from pride;
A bow in her hand, and quiver and arrows
Hung dangling by her sweet side.
- 29 Her eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her
hair,
And her skin was as smooth as glass;
Her visage spoke wisdom, and modesty too;
Sets with Robin Hood such a lass!
- 30 Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, whither away?
O whither, fair lady, away?
And she made him answer, To kill a fat buck;
For to-morrow is Titbury day.
- 31 Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, wander with me
A little to yonder green bower;
There sit down to rest you, and you shall be sure
Of a brace or a lease in an hour.
- 32 And as we were going towards the green bower,
Two hundred good bucks we espy'd;
She chose out the fattest that was in the herd,
And she shot him through side and side.
- 33 'By the faith of my body,' said bold Robin Hood,
'I never saw woman like thee;
And comst thou from east, ay, or comst thou from
west,
Thou needst not beg venison of me.
- 34 'However, along to my bower you shall go,
And taste of a forresters meat:'
And when we come thither, we found as good
cheer
As any man needs for to eat.
- 35 For there was hot venison, and warden pies cold,
Cream clouted, with honey-combs plenty;
And the sarvitors they were, beside Little John,
Good yeomen at least four and twenty.
- 36 Clorinda said, Tell me your name, gentle sir;
And he said, 'T is bold Robin Hood:
Squire Gamwel 's my uncle, but all my delight
Is to dwell in the merry Sherwood.
- 37 For 't is a fine life, and 't is void of all strife.
'So 't is, sir,' Clorinda reply'd;
'But oh,' said bold Robin, 'how sweet would
it be,
If Clorinda would be my bride!'
- 38 She blusht at the motion; yet, after a pause
Said, Yes, sir, and with all my heart;
'Then let 's send for a priest,' said Robin Hood,
'And be married before we do part.'
- 39 But she said, It may not be so, gentle sir,
For I must be at Titbury feast;
And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,
I 'll make him the most welcome guest.
- 40 Said Robin Hood, Reach me that buck, Little
John,
For I 'll go along with my dear;
Go bid my yeomen kill six brace of bucks,
And meet me to-morrow just here.
- 41 Before we had ridden five Staffordshire miles,
Eight yeomen, that were too bold,
Bid Robin Hood stand, and deliver his buck;
A truer tale never was told.
- 42 'I will not, faith!' said bold Robin: 'come, John,
Stand to me, and we 'll beat em all:'
Then both drew their swords, an so cut em and
slasht em
That five of them did fall.

43 The three that remaind calld to Robin for quarter,
And pitiful John beggd their lives;
When John's boon was granted, he gave them good
counsel,
And so sent them home to their wives.

44 This battle was fought near to Titbury town,
When the bagpipes bated the bull;
I am king of the fidlers, and sware 't is a truth,
And I call him that doubts it a gull.

45 For I saw them fighting; and fiddl the while,
And Clorinda sung, Hey derry down!
The bumpkins are beaten, put up thy sword, Bob,
And now let's dance into the town.

46 Before we came to it, we heard a strange shouting,
And all that were in it lookd madly;
For some were a bull-back, some dancing a morris,
And some singing Arthur-a-Bradly.

47 And there we see Thomas, our justices clerk,
And Mary, to whom he was kind;
For Tom rode before her, and calld Mary, Madam,
And kist her full sweetly behind.

48 And so may your worships. But we went to dinner,
With Thomas and Mary and Nan;
They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her
Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.

49 When dinner was ended, Sir Roger, the parson
Of Dubbridge, was sent for in haste;

He brought his mass-book, and he bade them take
hands,
And he joynd them in marriage full fast.

50 And then, as bold Robin Hood and his sweet bride
Went hand in hand to the green bower,
The birds sung with pleasure in merry Sherwood,
And 't was a most joyful hour.

51 And when Robin came in the sight of the bower,
'Where are my yeomen?' said he;
And Little John answered, Lo, yonder they stand,
All under the green-wood tree.

52 Then a garland they brought her, by two and by
two,
And plac'd them upon the bride's head;
The music struck up, and we all fell to dance,
Till the bride and the groom were a-bed.

53 And what they did there must be counsel to me,
Because they lay long the next day,
And I had haste home, but I got a good piece
Of the bride-cake, and so came away.

54 Now out, alas! I had forgotten to tell ye
That marryd they were with a ring;
And so will Nan Knight, or be buried a maiden,
And now let us pray for the king:

55 That he may get children, and they may get more,
To govern and do us some good;
And then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bower,
And sing em in merry Sherwood.

a. A new ballad of bold Robin Hood, shewing his
Birth, Breeding, Valour and Marriage, at Tit-
bury Bull-running: calculated for the meridian
of Staffordshire, but may serve for Derbyshire
or Kent.

London, Printed by and for W. O[nley], and are
to be sold by the booksellers. (1650-1702.)

15¹. Morrow. 16². be sung.

17¹. mustards, braun: cf. b.

20². gentlemen, yeomen: cf. b. 30². Oh.

38⁴. be merry: cf. b. 40³. Go wanting: cf. b.

43³. good wanting: cf. b. 52¹. the brought.

52². them at the bride's bed: cf. b.

b. A proper new ballad of bold Robin Hood, shewing
his Birth, his Breeding, his Valour, etc., as above.
To a pleasant new northern tune.

Printed for I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Thackeray,
and T. Passenger. (1670-86?)

1², 6³, 29¹, 33³. I for Ay.

2¹. And, by mistake, for In: in merry Nottingham-
shire.

3³. shoot. 4⁴. beat um. 5³. at that.

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9³. Got on his. 13¹. And wanting. 13². drunk.

13⁴. at great. 15¹. To-morrow. 15². ith hall.

15⁴. y're. 16². be sung. 17¹. mustard and braun.

17⁴. y' are. 18¹. this for his. 19⁴. you both.

20². gentleman, yeoman. 21⁴. here wanting.

24¹. Go and fetch my bow. 24². and for or.

24³. 'tis. 26⁴. the for a. 27⁴. buskins.

28³. quiver of. 30². O. 30³. him an.

30⁴. Tilbery. 34³. came. 38³. let us.

38⁴. be married. 40³. Go bid.

41². Six for Eight: too too. 42². beat um.

42³. slasht um. 42⁴. of the six.

43³. good counsel. 45³. Rob. 46¹. came in we.

51¹. in sight. 51⁴. a for the.

52¹. they. 52². upon the bride's head.

55⁴. sing um.

c. Printed by and for Alex. Milbourn, at the Station-
ers-Arms, in Green-Arbor-Court, in the Little-
Old-Baily. (1670-97.) Compared only here and
there.

9¹. God wot his. 30⁴. Tilbury.

41². Eight: too too. 42⁴. of the eight. 45³. Bob.

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ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN

Wood, 401, leaf 21 b.

RITSON, Robin Hood, 1795, II, 157, from Wood's copy. In none of the garlands.

The Earl of Huntington, *alias* Robin Hood, is forced by fortune's spite to part from his love Marian, and take to the green wood. Marian dresses herself "like a page," and, armed with bow, sword, and buckler, goes in quest of Robin. Both being disguised, neither recognizes the other until they have had an hour at swords, when Robin Hood, who has lost some blood, calls to his antagonist to give over and join his band. Marian knows his voice, and discovers herself. A banquet follows, and Marian remains in the wood.

Though Maid Marian and Robin Hood had perhaps been paired in popular sports, no one thought of putting more of her than her name into a ballad, until one S. S. (so the broadside is signed) composed this foolish ditty. The bare name of Maid Marian occurs in No 145 A, 9⁴ and in No 147, 1⁴.

Even in Barclay's fourth eclogue, written not long after 1500, where, according to Ritson,* the earliest notice of Maid Marian occurs, and where, he says, "she is evidently connected with Robin Hood," the two are really kept distinct; for the lusty Codrus in

that eclogue wishes to hear "some mery fit of Maide Marion, or *els* of Robin Hood."

In Munday's play of The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, Matilda, otherwise Marian, daughter to Lord Lacy, accompanies Earl Robert to Sherwood, upon his being outlawed for debt the very day of their troth-pledge. There she lives a spotless maiden, awaiting the time when the outlawry shall be repealed and Robin may legally take her to wife. Neither the author of the play nor that of the ballad was, so far as is known, repeating any popular tradition.

The ordinary partner of Maid Marian is Friar Tuck, not Robin Hood. There is no ground for supposing that there ever were songs or tales about the Maid and Friar, notwithstanding what is cursorily said by one of the characters in Peele's Edward I:

Why so, I see, my mates, of old
All were not lies that *beldames* told
Of Robin Hood and Little John,
Friar Tuck and Maid Marian.

ed. Dyce, I, 133.

Translated by Anastasius Grün, p. 72, Loève-Weimars, p. 208.

1 A BONNY fine maid of a noble degree,
With a hey down down a down down
Maid Marian calld by name,
Did live in the North, of excellent worth,
For she was a gallant dame.

2 For favour and face, and beauty most rare,
Queen Hellen shee did excell;
For Marian then was praised of all men
That did in the country dwell.

3 'T was neither Rosamond nor Jane Shore,
Whose beauty was clear and bright,

That could surpass this country lass,
Beloved of lord and knight.

4 The Earl of Huntington, nobly born,
That came of noble blood,
To Marian went, with a good intent,
By the name of Robin Hood.

5 With kisses sweet their red lips meet,
For shee and the earl did agree;
In every place, they kindly imbrace,
With love and sweet unity.

* Robin Hood, ed. 1832, p. xxxvi, note, p. lxxxvii.

- 6 But fortune bearing these lovers a spight,
That soon they were forced to part,
To the merry green wood then went Robin Hood,
With a sad and sorrowfull heart.
- 7 And Marian, poor soul, was troubled in mind,
For the absence of her friend ;
With finger in eye, shee often did cry,
And his person did much comend.
- 8 Perplexed and vexed, and troubled in mind,
Shee drest her self like a page,
And ranged the wood to find Robin Hood,
The bravest of men in that age.
- 9 With quiver and bow, sword, buckler, and all,
Thus armed was Marian most bold,
Still wandering about to find Robin out,
Whose person was better then good.
- 10 But Robin Hood, hee himself had disguisd,
And Marian was strangly attir'd,
That they provd foes, and so fell to blowes,
Whose vallour bold Robin admird.
- 11 They drew out their swords, and to cutting they
went,
At least an hour or more,
That the blood ran apace from bold Robins face,
And Marian was wounded sore.
- 12 'O hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said Robin
Hood,
'And thou shalt be one of my string,
To range in the wood with bold Robin Hood,
To hear the sweet nightingall sing.'
- 13 When Marian did hear the voice of her love,
Her self shee did quickly discover,
And with kisses sweet she did him greet,
Like to a most loyall lover.
- 14 When bold Robin Hood his Marian did see,
Good lord, what clipping was there !

With kind imbraces, and jobbing of faces,
Providing of gallant cheer.

- 15 For Little John took his bow in his hand,
And wandring in the wood,
To kill the deer, and make good chear,
For Marian and Robin Hood.
- 16 A stately banquet the[y] had full soon,
All in a shaded bower,
Where venison sweet they had to eat,
And were merry that present hour.
- 17 Great flaggons of wine were set on the board,
And merrily they drunk round
Their boules of sack, to strengthen the back,
Whilst their knees did touch the ground.
- 18 First Robin Hood began a health
To Marian his onely dear,
And his yeomen all, both comly and tall,
Did quickly bring up the rear.
- 19 For in a brave veine they tost off the[ir] bouls,
Whilst thus they did remain,
And every cup, as they drunk up,
They filled with speed again.
- 20 At last they ended their merrymment,
And went to walk in the wood,
Where Little John and Maid Marian
Attended on bold Robin Hood.
- 21 In sollid content together they livd,
With all their yeomen gay;
They livd by their hands, without any lands,
And so they did many a day.
- 22 But now to conclude, an end I will make
In time, as I think it good,
For the people that dwell in the North can tell
Of Marian and bold Robin Hood.

A Famous Battle between Robin Hood and Maid
Marian, declaring their Love, Life, and Liberty.
Tune, Robin Hood Reviv'd.

No printer : black-letter. S. S. at the end.

11^l. out rheir. 19^l. vente. 21^l. there : wirhout.

A MS. copy in Percy's papers has in 16^l he had,
and in 19^l, in a brave venie they tost off their
bowles. It is barely possible that venie, which
Ritson prints, may be right.

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THE KING'S DISGUISE, AND FRIENDSHIP WITH ROBIN HOOD

a. Robin Hood's Garland, London, W. & C. Dicey, in St Mary Aldermary Church Yard, Bow Lane, Cheap-side, n. d. (but not older than 1753), p. 76, No 25. b. Robin Hood's Garland, London, Printed by L. How, in Petticoat Lane, n. d. c. 'The King's Dis-

guise and True Friendship with Robin Hood,' London, Printed by L. How, in Petticoat Lane, Douce Ballads, III, 113 b (not black letter). d. Robin Hood's Garland, London, R. Marshall, in Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, n. d., p. 80, No 25.

RITSON, Robin Hood, 1795, II, 162, "from the common collection of Aldermary Church Yard;" Evans, Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 218; Gutch, Robin Hood, II, 281, Ritson's copy "compared with one in the York edition."

The ballad is not found in a garland of 1749; but this garland has only twenty-four pieces.

The story, as far as st. 38, is a loose paraphrase, with omissions, of the seventh and eighth fits of the Gest, and seems, like the two which here follow it, "to have been written by some miserable retainer to the press, merely to eke out the book; being, in fact, a most contemptible performance:" Ritson.

12¹ may have been borrowed from Martin Parker's True Tale, No 154, 15¹. By the clergyman who was first Robin Hood's bane, 29¹, is meant the prior of York, who in Munday's play, The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, procures his outlawry. The forcing of the sheriff to give the king a supper may be the beggarly author's own invention. The last two lines are intended to serve as a link with Robin Hood and the Valiant Knight, which, however, does not immediately succeed in the garlands, Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow being interposed.

Translated by Doenniges, p. 185; A. Grün, p. 159; Loève-Weimars, p. 212.

- 1 KING RICHARD hearing of the pranks
Of Robin Hood and his men,
He much admir'd, and more desir'd,
To see both him and them.
- 2 Then with a dozen of his lords
To Nottingham he rode;
When he came there, he made good cheer,
And took up his abode.
- 3 He having staid there some time,
But had no hopes to speed,
He and his lords, with [free] accord,
All put on monk's weeds.
- 4 From Fountain-abbey they did ride,
Down to Barnsdale;

Where Robin Hood prepar'd stood
All company to assail.

- 5 The king was higher then the rest,
And Robin thought he had
An abbot been whom he did spleen;
To rob him he was glad.
- 6 He took the king's horse by the head,
'Abbot,' says he, 'abide;
I am bound to rue such knaves as you,
That live in pomp and pride.'
- 7 'But we are messengers from the king,'
The king himself did say;
'Near to this place his royal Grace
To speak with thee does stay.'

- 8 'God save the king,' said Robin Hood,
 'And all that wish him well ;
 He that does deny his sovereignty,
 I wish he was in hell.'
- 9 'O thyself thou curses,' says the king,
 'For thou a traitor art :'
 'Nay, but that you are his messenger,
 I swear you lie in heart.'
- 10 'For I never yet hurt any man
 That honest is and true ;
 But those that give their minds to live
 Upon other men's due.'
- 11 'I never hurt the husbandman,
 That use to till the ground ;
 Nor spill their blood that range the wood
 To follow hawk or hound.'
- 12 'My chiefest spite to clergy is,
 Who in these days bear a great sway ;
 With fryars and monks, with their fine sprunks,
 I make my chiefest prey.'
- 13 'But I am very glad,' says Robin Hood,
 'That I have met you here ;
 Come, before we end, you shall, my friend,
 Taste of our green-wood cheer.'
- 14 The king did then marvel much,
 And so did all his men ;
 They thought with fear, what kind of cheer
 Robin would provide for them.'
- 15 Robin took the king's horse by the head,
 And led him to the tent ;
 'Thou would not be so usd,' quoth he,
 'But that my king thee sent.'
- 16 'Nay, more than that,' said Robin Hood,
 'For good king Richard's sake,
 If you had as much gold as ever I told,
 I would not one penny take.'
- 17 Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
 And a loud blast he did blow,
 Till a hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men
 Came marching all of a row.'
- 18 And when they came bold Robin before,
 Each man did bend his knee ;
 'O,' thought the king, 't is a gallant thing,
 And a seemly sight to see.'
- 19 Within himself the king did say,
 These men of Robin Hood's
 More humble be than mine to me ;
 So the court may learn of the woods.'
- 20 So then they all to dinner went,
 Upon a carpet green ;
 Black, yellow, red, finely mingled,
 Most curious to be seen.'
- 21 Venison and fowls were plenty there,
 With fish out of the river :
 King Richard swore, on sea or shore,
 He neer was feasted better.'
- 22 Then Robin takes a can of ale :
 'Come, let us now begin ;
 Come, every man shall have his can ;
 Here 's a health unto the king.'
- 23 The king himself drank to the king,
 So round about it went ;
 Two barrels of ale, both stout and stale,
 To pledge that health were spent.'
- 24 And after that, a bowl of wine
 In his hand took Robin Hood ;
 'Until I die, I'll drink wine,' said he,
 'While I live in the green-wood.'
- 25 'Bend all your bows,' said Robin Hood,
 'And with the grey goose wing
 Such sport now shew as you would do
 In the presence of the king.'
- 26 They shewd such brave archery,
 By cleaving sticks and wands,
 That the king did say, Such men as they
 Live not in many lands.'
- 27 'Well, Robin Hood,' then says the king,
 'If I could thy pardon get,
 To serve the king in every thing
 Wouldst thou thy mind firm set?'
- 28 'Yes, with all my heart,' bold Robin said,
 So they flung off their hoods ;
 To serve the king in every thing,
 They swore they would spend their bloods.'
- 29 'For a clergyman was first my bane,
 Which makes me hate them all ;
 But if you'll be so kind to me,
 Love them again I shall.'
- 30 The king no longer could forbear,
 For he was movd with ruth ;
 ['Robin,' said he, 'I now tell thee
 The very naked truth.']
- 31 'I am the king, thy sovereign king,
 That appears before you all ;'
 When Robin see that it was he,
 Strait then he down did fall.'

- 32 'Stand up again,' then said the king,
'I'll thee thy pardon give ;
Stand up, my friend ; who can contend,
When I give leave to live ?'
- 33 So they are all gone to Nottingham,
All shouting as they came ;
But when the people them did see,
They thought the king was slain,
- 34 And for that cause the outlaws were come,
To rule all as they list ;
And for to shun, which way to run
The people did not wist.
- 35 The plowman left the plow in the fields,
The smith ran from his shop ;
Old folks also, that scarce could go,
Over their sticks did hop.
- 36 The king soon let them understand
He had been in the green wood,
And from that day, for evermore,
He'd forgiven Robin Hood.
- 37 When the people they did hear,
And the truth was known,
They all did sing, ' God save the king !
Hang care, the town 's our own !'
- 38 'What 's that Robin Hood ?' then said the sheriff ;
'That varlet I do hate ;
- Both me and mine he causd to dine,
And servd us all with one plate.'
- 39 'Ho, ho,' said Robin, 'I know what you mean ;
Come, take your gold again ;
Be friends with me, and I with thee,
And so with every man.
- 40 'Now, master sheriff, you are paid,
And since you are beginner,
As well as you give me my due ;
For you neer paid for that dinner.
- 41 'But if that it should please the king
So much your house to grace
To sup with you, for to speak true,
[I] know you neer was base.'
- 42 The sheriff could not [that] gain say,
For a trick was put upon him ;
A supper was drest, the king was guest,
But he thought 't would have undone him.
- 43 They are all gone to London court,
Robin Hood, with all his train ;
He once was there a noble peer,
And now he 's there again.
- 44 Many such pranks brave Robin playd
While he lived in the green wood :
Now, my friends, attend, and hear an end
Of honest Robin Hood.

The King's Disguise, and Friendship with Robin Hood.

To a Northern Tune.

- a. 9¹. thyself, thyself. 9³. yon. 28⁴. spent.
29¹. ban. 30². with truth.
30^{3,4}. *Supplied from R. H.'s Garland, York, Thomas Wilson & Son, 1811.*
- b, c. 3³. with free. 6¹. c, livd. 9¹. O thyself thou.
13¹. said. 14³. that kind. 18¹. bold *wanting*.
21¹. was. 23⁴. was. 26⁴. c, Lived.
27². I [s]hould. 27⁴. would. 28². they *wanting*.
28⁴. they 'd. 29¹. ban. 30². with truth.
30^{3,4}. *wanting*. 33¹. c, they 're. 34¹. was.

- 35¹. his plow : field. 36⁴. b, Ha'd : c, Had.
37². And that. 38⁴. b, with plate : c, in plate.
40². are the. 41¹. c, it *wanting*.
41⁴. b, I *wanting* : c, I know. 42¹. that gain say.
42⁴. it would undone. 43¹. They 're.
- d. 3³. with one. 5³. he had seen. 6⁴. lives.
9¹. Thyself thou curstest said. 10³. who give.
14¹. king he then did. 16¹. quoth *for* said.
21⁴. never. 22³. And every. 23⁴. was spent.
28⁴. blood. 29¹. bane. 30². with truth.
30^{3,4}. *wanting*. 31³. saw *for* see. 36¹. did let.
37¹. Then. 41⁴. I *wanting*. 42¹. that *wanting*.
42⁴. a guest.

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ROBIN HOOD AND THE GOLDEN ARROW

a. Robin Hood's Garland, London, W. and C. Dicey, St Mary Aldermay Church-yard, Bow-Lane, n. d., p. 80, No 26. b. Robin Hood's Garland, London,

R. Marshall, in Aldermay Church-yard, Bow-Lane, n. d., p. 84, No 26. c. Robin Hood's Garland, Preston, Printed and sold by W. Sergeant, n. d.

EVANS, Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 226, and Ritson, Robin Hood, 1795, II, 171, from an Aldermay garland. Gutch, II, 289, from Ritson, "compared with the York edition."

The ballad is not found in a garland of 1749.

The first twenty-three stanzas are based upon The Gest, sts 282-95. The remainder is mostly taken up with John's astute device for sending information to the sheriff. The two concluding lines are for connection with R.

H. and the Valiant Knight, which follows in some garlands, as here.

According to Martin Parker's True Tale, Robin Hood shot a letter addressed to the king into Nottingham, on an arrow-head, offering to submit upon terms: sts 78-81. Two cases of a message shot on an arrow are cited by Rochholz, Tell u. Gessler in Sage u. Geschichte, p. 28 and note.

Translated by A. Grün, p. 140.

1 WHEN as the sheriff of Nottingham
Was come, with mickle grief,
He talkd no good of Robin Hood,
That strong and sturdy thief.
Fal lal dal de

2 So unto London-road he past,
His losses to unfold
To King Richard, who did regard
The tale that he had told.

3 'Why,' quoth the king, 'what shall I do?
Art thou not sheriff for me?
The law is in force, go take thy course
Of them that injure thee.

4 'Go get thee gone, and by thyself
Devise some tricking game
For to enthral yon rebels all;
Go take thy course with them.'

5 So away the sheriff he returnd,
And by the way he thought
Of the words of the king, and how the thing
To pass might well be brought.

6 For within his mind he imagined
That when such matches were,
Those outlaws stout, without [all] doubt,
Would be the bowmen there.

7 So an arrow with a golden head
And shaft of silver white,
Who won the day should bear away
For his own proper right.

8 Tidings came to brave Robin Hood,
Under the green-wood tree:
'Come prepare you then, my merry men,
We'll go yon sport to see.'

9 With that stept forth a brave young man,
David of Doncaster:
'Master,' said he, 'be rul'd by me,
From the green-wood we'll not stir.

10 'To tell the truth, I'm well informed
Yon match is a wile;
The sheriff, I wiss, devises this
Us archers to beguile.'

- 11 'O thou smells of a coward,' said Robin Hood,
 'Thy words does not please me;
 Come on 't what will, I'll try my skill
 At yon brave archery.'
- 12 O then bespoke brave Little John:
 Come, let us thither gang;
 Come listen to me, how it shall be
 That we need not be kend.
- 13 Our mantles, all of Lincoln green,
 Behind us we will leave;
 We'll dress us all so several
 They shall not us perceive.
- 14 One shall wear white, another red,
 One yellow, another blue;
 Thus in disguise, to the exercise
 We'll gang, whateer ensue.
- 15 Forth from the green-wood they are gone,
 With hearts all firm and stout,
 Resolving [then] with the sheriff's men
 To have a hearty bout.
- 16 So themselves they mixed with the rest,
 To prevent all suspicion;
 For if they should together hold
 They thought [it] no discretion.
- 17 So the sheriff looking round about,
 Amongst eight hundred men,
 But could not see the sight that he
 Had long expected then.
- 18 Some said, If Robin Hood was here,
 And all his men to boot,
 Sure none of them could pass these men,
 So bravely they do shoot.
- 19 'Ay,' quoth the sheriff, and scratchd his head,
 'I thought he would have been here;
 I thought he would, but, tho he's bold,
 He durst not now appear.'
- 20 O that word grieved Robin Hood to the heart;
 He vex'd in his blood;
 Eer long, thought he, thou shalt well see
 That here was Robin Hood.
- 21 Some cried, Blue jacket! another cried, Brown!
 And the third cried, Brave Yellow!
 But the fourth man said, Yon man in red
 In this place has no fellow.
- 22 For that was Robin Hood himself,
 For he was cloathd in red;
- At every shot the prize he got,
 For he was both sure and dead.
- 23 So the arrow with the golden head
 And shaft of silver white
 Brave Robin Hood won, and bore with him
 For his own proper right.
- 24 These outlaws there, that very day,
 To shun all kind of doubt,
 By three or four, no less no more,
 As they went in came out.
- 25 Until they all assembled were
 Under the green-wood shade,
 Where they report, in pleasant sport,
 What brave pastime they made.
- 26 Says Robin Hood, All my care is,
 How that yon sheriff may
 Know certainly that it was I
 That bore his arrow away.
- 27 Says Little John, My counsel good
 Did take effect before,
 So therefore now, if you'll allow,
 I will advise once more.
- 28 'Speak on, speak on,' said Robin Hood,
 'Thy wit's both quick and sound;
 [I know no man amongst us can
 For wit like thee be found.']
- 29 'This I advise,' said Little John;
 'That a letter shall be pend,
 And when it is done, to Nottingham
 You to the sheriff shall send.'
- 30 'That is well advised,' said Robin Hood,
 'But how must it be sent?'
 'Pugh! when you please, it's done with ease,
 Master, be you content.
- 31 'I'll stick it on my arrow's head,
 And shoot it into the town;
 The mark shall show where it must go,
 When ever it lights down.'
- 32 The project it was full performd;
 The sheriff that letter had;
 Which when he read, he scratchd his head,
 And rav'd like one that's mad.
- 33 So we'll leave him chafing in his grease,
 Which will do him no good;
 Now, my friends, attend, and hear the end
 Of honest Robin Hood.

- a. 12². hither. 25³. relate *for* report.
 28^{3,4}. supplied from *R. H.'s Garland, York, Thomas Wilson & Son, 1811.*
 b, c. 3². to take. 6³. without all. 10¹. the *wanting*.
 10². it is. 11¹. O *wanting*. 11². do not.
 12². thither. 14². in the.

- 15³. then *wanting*. 16⁴. thought it.
 17⁴. suspected.
 19³. c, but *wanting*. 21². a third.
 22¹. c, bold Robin. 24². kinds. 24³. nor more.
 25³. relate. 28^{3,4}. *wanting*. 31³. must show.
 32¹. well *for* full. 33¹. in the.

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ROBIN HOOD AND THE VALIANT KNIGHT

a. Robin Hood's Garland, London, C. Dicey, Bow Church Yard, n. d., but before 1741, p. 88, Bodleian Library, Douce H H, 88. b. Robin Hood's Garland, 1749, without place or printer, p. 101, No 24.

c. Robin Hood's Garland, London, R. Marshall, in Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, n. d., p. 87, No 27.

EVANS, Old Ballads, 1777, 1784, I, 232, from an Aldermary garland; Ritson, Robin Hood, 1795, II, 178, from an Aldermary garland, corrected by a York copy.

Written, perhaps, because it was thought that authority should in the end be vindicated

against outlaws, which may explain why this piece surpasses in platitude everything that goes before.

Translated by Loève-Veimars, p. 219.

- 1 WHEN Robin Hood, and his merry men all,
 Derry, etc.
 Had reigned many years,
 The king was then told they had been too bold
 To his bishops and noble peers.
 Hey, etc.
- 2 Therefore they called a council of state,
 To know what was best to be done
 For to quell their pride, or else, they reply'd,
 The land would be over-run.
- 3 Having consulted a whole summers day,
 At length it was agreed
 That one should be sent to try the event,
 And fetch him away with speed.
- 4 Therefore a trusty and worthy knight
 The king was pleas'd to call,
 Sir William by name; when to him he came,
 He told him his pleasure all.
- 5 'Go you from hence to bold Robin Hood,
 And bid him, without more a-do,
 Surrender himself, or else the proud elf
 Shall suffer with all his crew.

- 6 'Take here a hundred bowmen brave,
 All chosen men of might,
 Of excellent art for to take thy part,
 In glittering armour bright.'
- 7 Then said the knight, My sovereign liege,
 By me they shall be led;
 I'll venture my blood against bold Robin Hood,
 And bring him alive or dead.
- 8 One hundred men were chosen straight,
 As proper as eer men saw;
 On Midsummer-day they marched away,
 To conquer that brave outlaw.
- 9 With long yew bows and shining spears,
 They march'd in mickle pride,
 And never delayd, or halted, or stayd,
 Till they came to the greenwood-side.
- 10 Said he to his archers, Tarry here;
 Your bows make ready all,
 That, if need should be, you may follow me;
 And see you observe my call.

- 11 'I'll go in person first,' he cry'd,
 'With the letters of my good king,
 Both sign'd and seal'd, and if he will yield,
 We need not draw one string.'
- 12 He wanderd about till at length he came
 To the tent of Robin Hood;
 The letter he shews; bold Robin arose,
 And there on his guard he stood.
- 13 'They'd have me surrender,' quoth bold Robin
 Hood,
 'And lie at their mercy then;
 But tell them from me, that never shall be,
 While I have full seven-score men.'
- 14 Sir William the knight, both hardy and bold,
 Did offer to seize him there,
 Which William Locksly by fortune did see,
 And bid him that trick forbear.
- 15 Then Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
 And blew a blast or twain,
 And so did the knight, at which there in sight
 The archers came all amain.
- 16 Sir William with care he drew up his men,
 And plac'd them in battle array;
 Bold Robin, we find, he was not behind;
 Now this was a bloody fray.
- 17 The archers on both sides bent their bows,
 And the clouds of arrows flew;
 The very first flight, that honoured knight
 Did there bid the world adieu.
- 18 Yet nevertheless their fight did last
 From morning till almost noon;
 Both parties were stout, and loath to give out;
 This was on the last [day] of June.
- 19 At length they went off; one part they went
 To London with right good will;
 And Robin Hood he to the green-wood tree,
 And there he was taken ill.
- 20 He sent for a monk, who let him blood,
 And took his life away;
 Now this being done, his archers they run,
 It was not a time to stay.
- 21 Some got on board and cross'd the seas,
 To Flanders, France, and Spain,
 And others to Rome, for fear of their doom,
 But soon return'd again.
- 22 Thus he that never fear'd bow nor spear
 Was murder'd by letting of blood;
 And so, loving friends, the story doth end
 Of valiant bold Robin Hood.
- 23 There's nothing remains but his epitaph now,
 Which, reader, here you have;
 To this very day, and read it you may,
 As it was upon his grave.

Robin Hood's Epitaph,
 Set on his tomb
 By the Prioress of Birkslay Monastery, in
 Yorkshire.

Robin, Earl of Huntington,
 Lies under this little stone.
 No archer was like him so good;
 His wildness nam'd him Robin Hood.
 Full thirteen years, and something more,
 These northern parts he vexed sore.
 Such outlaws as he and his men
 May England never know again!

Robin Hood and the Valiant Knight; together
 with an account of his Death and Burial, &c.
 Tune of Robin Hood and the Fifteen Foresters.

a. *Inside the cover is written, William Stukely, 1741.*

18⁴. day found in b.

b. *A carelessly printed book, with only twenty-four
 ballads. It belonged to Bishop Percy. Burden
 omitted.*

1¹. When bold Robin and. 1⁸. had been told he.

1⁴. With his. 2¹. the best. 2⁴. will be.

3. *wanting*. 6¹. Take an. 6³. art to.

7⁸. again Robin. 12¹. till at last. 12². of bold.

13¹. would have: bold, Hood, *wanting*.

13³. that it. 13⁴. Whilst. 15¹. Robin he set.

17⁴. there *wanting*. 18¹. the fight. 18⁴. last day.

19². For London. 19³. he *wanting*. 20¹. to let.

20². done away they ran. 21. *wanting*.

22¹. that neither. 24³. it *wanting*. 24⁴. it were.

The epitaph is not given.

c. *Burden: Derry down down: Hey down derry
 derry down.*

1³. that they had been bold. 2². best *wanting*.

5¹. Go you. 6¹. an. 7⁸. bold *wanting*.

10⁴. see that. 11³. Well sign'd.

14⁴. bid them: to forbear. 18⁴. day *wanting*.

19¹. party. 19². For London. 20¹. to let.

20². Who took. 20⁴. a *wanting*. 21¹. Some went.

23³. and *wanting*.

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A TRUE TALE OF ROBIN HOOD

MARTIN PARKER's True Tale of Robin Hood was entered to Francis Grove the 29th of February, 1632: Stationers' Registers, Arber, IV, 273. A copy in the British Museum (press-mark C. 39. a. 52), which is here reprinted, is assumed by Mr W. C. Hazlitt, Handbook, p. 439, and Mr George Bullen, Brit. Mus. Catalogue, to be of this first edition. The title of this copy is: A True Tale of Robbin [Hood], or, A briefe touch of the life and death o[f that] Renowned Outlaw, Robert Earle of Huntin[gton] vulgarly called Robbin Hood, who lived and died in [A. D.] 1198, being the 9. yeare of the reigne of King Ric[hard] the first, commonly called Richard Cuer de Lyon. Carefully collected out of the truest Writers of our English C[hroni]cles. And published for the satisfaction of those who desire to s[ee] Truth purged from falsehood. By Martin Parker. Printed at London for T. Cotes, and are to be sold by F. Grove dwellin[g] upon Snow-hill, neare the Saracen[s head].*

Martin Parker professes in st. 117 to follow chronicles, not "fained tales." Perhaps he regards broadside-ballads with historical names

in them as chronicles: at any rate, though he reports some things which are found in Grafton, and in Major as cited by Grafton, much the larger part of his True Tale is now to be found only in ballads. When he does not agree with ballads which have come down to us, he may have used earlier copies, or he may have invented. The story of the abbot in 23-26 is at least from the same source as Robin Hood and the Bishop; the plundering of King Richard's receivers in 33 is evidently the same event as that referred to in the first stanza of Robin Hood and Queen Katherine; Robin Hood is said to have built eight almshouses in 71, and one in the last stanza of The Noble Fisherman. The Gest could hardly have been unknown to Parker. Stanzas 3-9, concerning Robin's rank, prodigality, and outlawry, may have been based upon Munday's play; but nothing is said of Maid Marian. 44-50 and 56-65 may report the substance of some lost broadside.

Perhaps Parker calls his compilation a *True* Tale because a tale of Robin Hood was a proverb for an incredible story: "Tales of Robin Hood are good for fools."

1 BOTH gentlemen, or yeomen bould,
Or whatsoever you are,
To have a stately story told,
Attention now prepare.

2 It is a tale of Robin Hood,
Which I to you will tell,

Which being rightly understood,
I know will please you well.

3 This Robbin, so much talked on,
Was once a man of fame,
Instiled Earle of Huntington,
Lord Robert Hood by name.

* The mutilated parts are supplied, to a slight extent, from a copy in the Bodleian Library (L: 78. Art., 5th tract), which happens to be injured on the right side of the title-page in nearly the same places as the Museum copy, and also has the lower portion cut off, to the loss of the printer's name; the rest from an edition printed for J.

Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger, 1686. Mr J. P. Collier possessed a copy with the same imprint as that of the Museum, which he lent Gutch, and which Gutch says he used for his text. If Gutch followed the Collier copy, then that was not identical with the Museum copy. Ritson reprinted the text of 1686.

- 4 In courtship and magnificence,
His carriage won him prayse,
And greater favour with his prince
Than any in his dayes.
- 5 In bounteous liberality
He too much did excell,
And loved men of quality
More than exceeding well.
- 6 His great revennues all he sould
For wine and costly cheere;
He kept three hundred bowmen bold,
He shooting lov'd so deare.
- 7 No archer living in his time
With him might well compare;
He practis'd all his youthfull prime
That exercise most rare.
- 8 At last, by his profuse expence,
He had consumd his wealth,
And being outlawed by his prince,
In woods he liv'd by stealth.
- 9 The abbot of *Saint Maries* rich,
To whom he mony ought,
His hatred to this earle was such
That he his downefall wrought.
- 10 So being outlawed, as 't is told,
He with a crew went forth
Of lusty cutters, stout and bold,
And robbed in the North.
- 11 Among the rest, one Little John,
A yeoman bold and free,
Who could, if it stood him upon,
With ease encounter three.
- 12 One hundred men in all he got,
With whom, the story sayes,
Three hundred common men durst not
Hold combate any wayes.
- 13 They Yorkshire woods frequented much,
And Lancashire also,
Wherein their practises were such
That they wrought mickle woe.
- 14 None rich durst travell to and fro,
Though nere so strongly armd,
But by these theeves, so strong in show,
They still were robd and harmd.
- 15 His chieffest spight to the clergie was,
That lived in monstrous pride;
No one of them he would let passe
Along the high-way side,
- 16 But first they must to dinner goe,
And afterwards to shrift:
Full many a one he served so,
Thus while he liv'd by theft.
- 17 No monkes nor fryers he would let goe,
Without paying their fees:
If they thought much to be usd so,
Their stones he made them leese.
- 18 For such as they the country filld
With bastards in those dayes;
Which to prevent, these sparkes did geld
All that came by their wayes.
- 19 But Robbin Hood so gentle was,
And bore so brave a minde,
If any in distresse did passe,
To them he was so kinde
- 20 That he would give and lend to them,
To helpe them at their neede:
This made all poore men pray for him,
And wish he well might speede.
- 21 The widdow and the fatherlesse
He would send meanes unto,
And those whom famine did oppresse
Found him a friendly foe.
- 22 Nor would he doe a woman wrong,
But see her safe conveid;
He would protect with power strong
All those who crav'd his ayde.
- 23 The abbot of *Saint Maries* then,
Who him undid before,
Was riding with two hundred men,
And gold and silver store.
- 24 But Robbin Hood upon him set
With his couragious sparkes,
And all the coyne perforce did get,
Which was twelve thousand markes.
- 25 He bound the abbot to a tree,
And would not let him passe
Before that to his men and he
His lordship had sayd masse.
- 26 Which being done, upon his horse
He set him fast astride,
And with his face towards his ar—
He forced him to ride.
- 27 His men were faine to be his guide,
For he rode backward home;
The abbot, being thus villifide,
Did sorely chafe and fume.

- 28 Thus Robbin Hood did vindicate
His former wrongs receivd ;
For 't was this covetous prelate
That him of land bereavd.
- 29 The abbot he rode to the king
With all the haste he could,
And to his Grace he every thing
Exactly did unfold.
- 30 And sayd if that no course were tane,
By force or stratagem,
To take this rebell and his traine,
No man should passe for them.
- 31 The king protested by and by
Unto the abbot then
That Robbin Hood with speed should dye,
With all his merry men.
- 32 But ere the king did any send,
He did another feate,
Which did his Grace much more offend ;
The fact indeed was great.
- 33 For in a short time after that,
The kings receivers went
Towards London with the coyne they got,
For 's Highnesse northerne rent.
- 34 Bold Robbin Hood and Little John,
With the rest of their traine,
Not dreading law, set them upon,
And did their gold obtaine.
- 35 The king much moved at the same,
And the abbots talke also,
In this his anger did proclaime,
And sent word to and fro,
- 36 That whosoere, alive or dead,
Could bring him Robbin Hood,
Should have one thousand markes, well payd
In gold and silver good.
- 37 This promise of the king did make
Full many yeomen bold
Attempt stout Robbin Hood to take,
With all the force they could.
- 38 But still when any came to him,
Within the gay greene wood,
He entertainment gave to them,
With venison fat and good.
- 39 And shewd to them such martiall sport,
With his long bow and arrow,
That they of him did give report,
How that it was great sorow,
- 40 That such a worthy man as he
Should thus be put to shift,
Being late a lord of high degree,
Of living quite bereft.
- 41 The king, to take him, more and more
Sent men of mickle might,
But he and his still beate them sore,
And conquered them in fight.
- 42 Or else, with love and courtesie,
To him he won their hearts :
Thus still he lived by robbery,
Throughout the northerne parts.
- 43 And all the country stood in dread
Of Robbin Hood and 's men ;
For stouter lads nere livd by bread,
In those dayes nor since then.
- 44 The abbot which before I nam'd
Sought all the meanes he could
To have by force this rebell tane,
And his adherents bold.
- 45 Therefore he armd five hundred men,
With furniture compleate,
But the outlawes slew halfe of them,
And made the rest retreat.
- 46 The long bow and the arrow keene
They were so usd unto
That still they kept the forest greene,
In spight o th' proudest foe.
- 47 Twelve of the abbots men he tooke,
Who came him to have tane,
When all the rest the field forsooke ;
These he did entertaine
- 48 With banquetting and merriment,
And, having usd them well,
He to their lord them safely sent,
And willd them him to tell
- 49 That if he would be pleasd at last
To beg of our good king
That he might pardon what was past,
And him to favour bring,
- 50 He would surrender backe agen
The money which before
Was taken by him and his men,
From him and many more.
- 51 Poore men might safely passe by him,
And some that way would chuse,
For well they knew that to helpe them
He evermore did use.

- 52 But where he knew a miser rich,
That did the poore oppresse,
To feele his coyne his hand did itch;
Hee 'de have it, more or lesse.
- 53 And sometimes, when the high-way fayld,
Then he his courage rouses;
He and his men have oft assayld
Such rich men in their houses.
- 54 So that, through dread of Robbin then
And his adventurous crew,
The mizers kept great store of men,
Which else maintaynd but few.
- 55 King Richard, of that name the first,
Sirnamed Cuer de Lyon,
Went to defeate the Pagans curst,
Who kept the coasts of Syon.
- 56 The Bishop of Ely, chancelor,
Was left as vice-roy here,
Who like a potent emperor
Did proudly dominere.
- 57 Our chronicles of him report
That commonly he rode
With a thousand horse from court to court,
Where he would make abode.
- 58 He, riding downe towards the north,
With his aforesayd traine,
Robbin and his did issue forth,
Them all to entertaine.
- 59 And, with the gallant gray-goose wing,
They shewed to them such play,
That made their horses kicke and fling,
And downe their riders lay.
- 60 Full glad and faine the bishop was,
For all his thousand men,
To seeke what meanes he could to passe
From out of Robbins ken.
- 61 Two hundred of his men were kil'd,
And fourescore horses good;
Thirty, who did as captives yeeld,
Were carryed to the greene wood.
- 62 Which afterwards were ransomed,
For twenty markes a man;
The rest set spurres to horse, and fled
To th' town of Warrington.
- 63 The bishop, sore enraged then,
Did, in King Richards name,
Muste a power of northerne men,
These outlawes bold to tame.
- 64 But Robbin, with his courtesie,
So wonne the meaner sort,
That they were loath on him to try
What rigor did import.
- 65 So that bold Robbin and his traine
Did live unhurt of them,
Vntill King Richard came againe
From faire Jerusalem.
- 66 And then the talke of Robbin Hood
His royall eares did fill;
His Grace admir'd that ith' greene wood
He thus continued still.
- 67 So that the country farre and neare
Did give him great applause;
For none of them neede stand in feare,
But such as broke the lawes.
- 68 He wished well unto the king,
And prayed still for his health,
And never practised any thing
Against the common wealth.
- 69 Onely, because he was undone
By th' crewell clergie then,
All meanes that he could thinke upon
To vex such kinde of men
- 70 He enterprized, with hatefull spleene;
For which he was to blame,
For fault of some, to wreeke his teene
On all that by him came.
- 71 With wealth which he by robbery got
Eight almes-houses he built,
Thinking thereby to purge the blot
Of blood which he had spilt.
- 72 Such was their blinde devotion then,
Depending on their workes;
Which, if 't were true, we Christian men
Inferiour were to Turkes.
- 73 But, to speake true of Robbin Hood,
And wrong him not a iot,
He never would shed any mans blood
That him invaded not.
- 74 Nor would he iniure husbandmen,
That toyl at cart and plough;
For well he knew, were 't not for them,
To live no man knew how.
- 75 The king in person, with some lords,
To Nottingham did ride,
To try what strength and skill affords
To crush these outlawes pride.

- 76 And, as he once before had done,
He did againe proclaime,
That whosoere would take upon
To bring to Notingham,
- 77 Or any place within the land,
Rebellious Robbin Hood,
Should be preferd in place to stand
With those of noble blood.
- 78 When Robbin Hood heard of the same,
Within a little space,
Into the towne of Notingham
A letter to his Grace
- 79 He shot upon an arrow-head,
One evening cunningly ;
Which was brought to the king, and read
Before his Maiestie.
- 80 The tennour of this letter was
That Robbin would submit,
And be true leigeman to his Grace,
In any thing that 's fit,
- 81 So that his Highnesse would forgive
Him and his merry men all ;
If not, he must i th' greene wood live,
And take what chance did fall.
- 82 The king would faine have pardoned him,
But that some lords did say,
This president will much condemne
Your Grace another day.
- 83 While that the king and lords did stay
Debating on this thing,
Some of these outlawes fled away
Unto the Scottish king.
- 84 For they supposd, if he were tane,
Or to the king did yeeld,
By th' commons all the rest on 's traine
Full quickly would be quelld.
- 85 Of more than full a hundred men
But forty tarryed still,
Who were resolvd to sticke to him,
Let fortune worke her will.
- 86 If none had fled, all for his sake
Had got their pardon free ;
The king to favour meant to take
His merry men and he.
- 87 But ere the pardon to him came,
This famous archer dy'd :
His death, and manner of the same,
I 'le presently describe.
- 88 For, being vext to thinke upon
His followers revolt,
In melancholly passion
He did recount their fault.
- 89 'Perfideous traytors !' sayd he then,
'In all your dangers past
Have I you guarded as my men
To leave me thus at last ?'
- 90 This sad perplexity did cause
A fever, as some say,
Which him unto confusion drawes,
Though by a stranger way.
- 91 This deadly danger to prevent,
He hide him with all speede
Vnto a nunnery, with intent
For his healths sake to bleede.
- 92 A faithlesse fryer did pretend
In love to let him blood ;
But he by falshood wrought the end
Of famous Robbin Hood.
- 93 The fryer, as some say, did this
To vindicate the wrong
Which to the clergie he and his
Had done by power strong.
- 94 Thus dyed he by trechery,
That could not dye by force ;
Had he livd longer, certainly,
King Richard, in remorse,
- 95 Had unto favour him receavd ;
He brave men elevated ;
'T is pity he was of life bereavd
By one which he so hated.
- 96 A treacherous leech this fryer was,
To let him bleed to death ;
And Robbin was, me thinkes, an asse,
To trust him with his breath.
- 97 His corpes the priores of the place,
The next day that he dy'd,
Caused to be buried, in mean case,
Close by the high-way side.
- 98 And over him she caused a stone
To be fixed on the ground ;
An epitaph was set thereon,
Wherein his name was found.
- 99 The date o th' yeare, and day also,
Shee made to be set there,
That all who by the way did goe
Might see it plaine appeare

- 100 That such a man as Robbin Hood
Was buried in that place ;
And how he lived in the greene wood,
And robd there for a space.
- 101 It seemes that though the clergie he
Had put to mickle woe,
He should not quite forgotten be,
Although he was their foe.
- 102 This woman, though she did him hate,
Yet loved his memory ;
And thought it wondrous pittie that
His fame should with him dye.
- 103 This epitaph, as records tell,
Within this hundred yeares
By many was discerned well,
But time all things outweares.
- 104 His followers, when he was dead,
Were some received to grace ;
The rest to forraigne countries fled,
And left their native place.
- 105 Although his funerall was but meane,
This woman had in minde
Least his fame should be buried cleane
From those that came behind.
- 106 For certainly, before nor since,
No man ere understood,
Vnder the reigne of any prince,
Of one like Robbin Hood.
- 107 Full thirteene yeares, and something more,
These outlawes lived thus,
Feared of the rich, loved of the poore,
A thing most marvelous.
- 108 A thing impossible to us
This story seemes to be ;
None dares be now so venturous ;
But times are chang'd, we see.
- 109 We that live in these latter dayes
Of civill government,
If neede be, have a hundred wayes
Such outlawes to prevent.
- 110 In those dayes men more barbarous were,
And lived lesse in awe ;
- Now, God be thanked ! people feare
More to offend the law.
- 111 No roaring guns were then in use,
They dreamt of no such thing ;
Our English men in fight did chuse
The gallant gray-goose wing.
- 112 In which activity these men,
Through practise, were so good,
That in those dayes non equald them,
Specially Robbin Hood.
- 113 So that, it seemes, keeping in caves,
In woods and forrests thicke,
Thei'd beate a multitude with staves,
Their arrowes did so pricke.
- 114 And none durst neare unto them come,
Unlesse in courtesie ;
All such he bravely would send home,
With mirth and iollity.
- 115 Which courtesie won him such love,
As I before have told ;
'T was the cheefe cause that he did prove
More prosperous than he could.
- 116 Let us be thankfull for these times
Of plenty, truth and peace,
And leave out great and horrid crimes,
Least they cause this to cease.
- 117 I know there 's many fained tales
Of Robbin Hood and 's crew ;
But chronicles, which seldome fayles,
Reports this to be true.
- 118 Let none then thinke this a lye,
For, if 't were put to th' worst,
They may the truth of all discry
I th' raigne of Richard the first.
- 119 If any reader please to try,
As I direction show,
The truth of this brave history,
Hee 'l finde it true I know.
- 120 And I shall thinke my labour well
Bestowed, to purpose good,
When 't shall be sayd that I did tell
True tales of Robbin Hood.

At the end of the Tale:

The Epitaph which the Prioress of the Monastery of Kirkes Lay in Yorke-shire set over Robbin Hood, which, as is before mentioned, was to be reade within these hundreth yeares, though in old broken English, much to the same sence and meaning. —

Decembris quarto die, 1198: anno regni Richardii Primi 9.

Robert Earle of Huntington
Lies under this little stone.
No archer was like him so good :
His wildnesse named him Robbin Hood.
Full thirteene yeares, and something more,
These northerne parts he vexed sore.

Such out-lawes as he and his men
May England never know agen.

Some other superstitious words were in it, which
I thought fit to leave out.*

Bodl. L. 78. 2³. That *for* which. 20⁴. wisht.

59². kicke *for* kickle. 70². In *for* For.

94². Who *for* That.

108¹. impossible *for* impossible. 116². our *for* out.

* "Now, under this precise gentleman's favor, one would be glad to know what these same superstitious words were; there not being anything of the kind in Dr Gale's copy, which seems to be the original, and which is shorter by two lines than the above. Thirteen should be thirty." Ritson, Robin Hood, ed. 1832, II, 127 f. For the epitaph and the gravestone, see the same volume, pp. liv-lvii.

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SIR HUGH, OR, THE JEW'S DAUGHTER

- A. 'Hugh of Lincoln,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 151.
- B. 'The Jew's Daughter,' Percy's Reliques, 1765, I, 32.
- C. 'The Jewis Daughter,' Bishop Percy's Papers.
- D. 'Sir Hugh,' Herd's MSS, I, 213; stanzas 7-10, II, 219. Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, I, 96.
- E. 'Sir Hugh, or, The Jew's Daughter,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 51.
- F. A. Hume, Sir Hugh of Lincoln, p. 35.
- G. From the recitation of an American lady.
- H. 'The Jew's Daughter,' from the recitation of an American lady.
- I. Sir Egerton Brydges, Restituta, I, 381.
- J. 'Sir Hugh.' a. Notes and Queries, First Series, XII, 496. b. The same, VIII, 614.
- K. Notes and Queries, First Series, IX, 320; Salopian
- Shreds and Patches, in Miss C. S. Burne's Shropshire Folk-Lore, p. 539.
- L. a. Communicated by the Rev. E. Venables. b. A Walk through Lincoln Cathedral, by the same, p. 41.
- M. F. H. Groome, In Gipsy Tents, Edinburgh, 1880, p. 145.
- N. 'Little Harry Hughes and the Duke's Daughter,' Newell, Games and Songs of American Children, p. 75.
- O. G. A. Sala, Illustrated London News, LXXXI, 415, October 21, 1882, and Living London, 1883, p. 465.
- P. Halliwell, Ballads and Poems respecting Hugh of Lincoln, p. 37, Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales, p. 192: two stanzas.
- Q. 'The Jew's Daughter,' Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 54: two stanzas.
- R. 'Sir Hew, or, The Jew's Daughter,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xvii, VII: one stanza.

THE copy in Pinkerton's *Tragic Ballads*, 1781, p. 50, is made up of eight stanzas of D and six of B, slightly retouched by the editor; that in Gilchrist's collection, 1815, I, 210, is eight stanzas of D and nine of A; that in Stenhouse's edition of Johnson's *Museum*, IV, 500, "communicated by an intelligent antiquarian correspondent," is compounded from A, B, D, E and Pinkerton, with a little chaff of its own; that printed by W. C. Atkinson, of Brigg, Lincolnshire, in the *London Athenæum*, 1867, p. 96, is Pinkerton's, with two trifling changes. Allen, *History of the County of Lincoln*, 1834, p. 171 (repeating Wilde, *Lincoln Cathedral*, 1819, p. 27, as appears from *Notes and Queries*, 4th Series, II, 60), says that a complete manuscript of the ballad was once in the library of the cathedral, and cites the first stanza, which differs from Pinkerton's only in having "Mary Lincoln" for "merry Lincoln."

The several versions agree in the outline of the story, and in many of the details. According to A, boys who are playing football are joined by Sir Hugh, who kicks the ball through the Jew's window. Sir Hugh sees the Jew's daughter looking out of the window, and asks her to throw down the ball. She tells him to come and get it; this he is afraid to do, for fear she may do to him "as she did to his father." The Jew's daughter entices him in with an apple, leads him through nine dark doors, lays him on a table, and sticks him like a swine; then rolls him in a cake of lead, and throws him into a draw-well fifty fathoms deep, Our Lady's draw-well. The boy not returning at eve, his mother sets forth to seek him; goes to the Jew's castle, the Jew's garden, and to the draw-well, entreating in each case Sir Hugh to speak. He answers from the well, bidding his mother go make his winding-sheet, and he will meet her at the back of merry Lincoln the next morning. His mother makes his winding-sheet, and the dead corpse meets her at the back of merry Lincoln: all the bells of Lincoln are rung without men's hands, and all the books of Lincoln are read without man's tongue.

The boy's name is Sir Hugh in A-F, etc.;

in K the name is corrupted to Saluter, and in the singular and interesting copy obtained in New York, N, to Harry Hughes, the Jew's Daughter in this becoming the Duke's Daughter. The place is Merry Lincoln in A, D, L (Lincoln, J; Lincolnshire, Q); corrupted in B, C, to Mirryland town,* in E to Maitland town; changed to Merry Scotland, I, J, O, which is corrupted to Merrycock land, K; in G, H, old Scotland, fair Scotland. The ball is tossed [patted] into the Jew's garden, G, H, I, L, M, O, P, where the Jews are sitting a-row, I, O. The boy will not come in without his play-feres, B, C, D, F, G, I, J, K; if he should go in, his mother would cause his heart's blood to fall, etc., G, I, K.† The boy is rolled in a cake [case] of lead, A-E (L, b?); in a quire of tin, N. The draw-well is Our Lady's only in A (L, b?); it is the Jew's in C, D; it is a [the] deep draw-well, simply, in B, E, F, G; a little draw-well, N, a well, O; fifty fathoms deep, A-F, N; G, eighteen fathoms, O, five and fifty feet. In G, the Jew's daughter lays the Bible at the boy's head, and the Prayer-Book at his feet (how came these in the Jew's house?) before she sticks him; in I, K, the Bible and Testament after; in I, the Catechism in his heart's blood. In H, the boy, at the moment of his death, asks that the Bible may be put at his head, and the Testament at his feet, and in M, wants "a seven-foot Bible" at his head and feet. In E, F, the boy makes this request from the draw-well ("and pen and ink at every side," E), and in N with the variation that his Bible is to be put at his head, his "busker" at his feet, and his Prayer-Book at his right side. In O there is a jumble:

'Oh lay a Bible at my head,
And a Prayer-Book at my feet,
In the well that they did throw me in,' etc.

* Percy: "As for Mirryland Town, it is probably a corruption of Milan (called by the Dutch *Meylandt*) town; the Pa is evidently the river Po, although the Adige, not the Po, runs through Milan." B¹ is unintelligible. Do the lads run down the Pa?

† In J, 4, he will be beaten for losing his ball. In the Irish F, 8, the mother takes a little rod in her hand, meaning to bate him for staying so long: cf. J 10, N 4, 12, and the last verse of T. Hood's 'Lost Heir.'

The boy asks his mother to go and make ready his winding-sheet in A, B, C, E, F; and appoints to meet her at the back of the town, A, B, E; at the birks of Mirryland town, C.

The fine trait of the ringing of the bells without men's hands, and the reading of the books without man's tongue, occurs only in A. When Florence of Rome approached a church, "the bellys range thorow Godys grace, withowtyn helpe of hande:" *Le Bone Florence of Rome*, Ritson, *Met. Rom.*, III, 80, v. 1894 f. Bells which ring without men's hands are very common in popular tradition. See Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, I, 140; Wunderhorn, II, 272, ed. 1808; Luzel, C. P. de la Basse-Bretagne, I, 446 f., 496 f., II, 44 f., 66 f., 308 f., 542 f.; Maurer, *Isländische Volkssagen*, p. 215; Weckenstedt, *Wendische Sagen*, p. 379, No 5; Temme, *Volkssagen der Altmark*, p. 29, No 31; *Münsterische Geschichten*, u. s. w., p. 186; Bartsch, *Sagen aus Meklenburg*, I, 390, No 539; Mone's *Anzeiger*, VIII, 303 f., No 41 and note, and VII, 32; Birlinger, *Aus Schwaben*, *Neue Sammlung*, I, 72; Birlinger u. Buck, I, 144, No 223, 145, No 225, a, b, c; Schöppner, *Sagenbuch der bayerischen Lande*, I, 294, No 301, etc.*

The story of Hugh of Lincoln is told in the *Annals of Waverley*, under the year 1255, by a contemporary writer, to this effect.† A boy in Lincoln, named Hugh, was crucified by the Jews in contempt of Christ, with various preliminary tortures. To conceal the act from Christians, the body, when taken from the cross, was thrown into a running stream; but the water would not endure the wrong done its maker, and immediately ejected it upon dry land. The body was then buried in the

earth, but was found above ground the next day. The guilty parties were now very much frightened and quite at their wit's end; as a last resort they threw the corpse into a drinking-well. Thereupon the whole place was filled with so brilliant a light and so sweet an odor that it was clear to everybody that there must be something holy and prodigious in the well. The body was seen floating on the water, and, upon its being drawn up, the hands and feet were found to be pierced, the head had, as it were, a crown of bloody points, and there were various other wounds: from all which it was plain that this was the work of the abominable Jews. A blind woman, touching the bier on which the blessed martyr's corpse was carrying to the church, received her sight, and many other miracles followed. Eighteen Jews, convicted of the crime, and confessing it with their own mouth, were hanged.

Matthew Paris, also writing contemporaneously, supplies additional circumstances, one of which, the mother's finding of the child, is prominent in the ballad.‡ The Jews of Lincoln stole the boy Hugh, who was some eight years old, near Peter and Paul's day, June 29, and fed him properly for ten days, while they were sending to all parts of England to convoke their co-believers to a crucifixion of him in contempt of Jesus. When they were assembled, one of the Lincoln Jews was appointed judge, a Pilate, as it were, and the boy was sentenced to various torments; he was scourged till the blood ran, crowned with thorns, spit upon, pricked with knives, made to drink gall, mocked and scoffed at, hailed as false prophet; finally he was crucified, and a lance thrust into his heart. He was then taken down and disembowelled; for what reason is not known, but, as it was said, for magical purposes. The mother (whose name, not given by this chronicler, is known to have been Beatrice) made diligent search for her lost child for several days, and was told by her neighbors that they had seen the boy playing with Jewish children, and going into

* Dem Volke war die Glocke nicht herzlos; sie war ihm eine beseelte Persönlichkeit, und stand als solche mit dem Menschen in lebendigem Verkehr. . . . Die Glocken . . . scheinen auch von höheren Mächten berührt zu werden; sie sprechen wie Gottesstimmen, ertönen oft von selbst, als Mahnung von oben, als Botschaft vom Tode bedeutender Personen, als Wahrzeichen der Unschuld eines Angeklagten, zur Bewährung der Heiligkeit eines von Gott erwählten Rüstzeugs. Uhland, *Schriften zur Geschichte der Dichtung* u. Sage, VIII, 588 f.

† *Annales Monastici*, ed. Luard, II, 346 ff. "From 1219 to 1266 the MS. was written contemporaneously with the events described, from year to year:" p. xxxvi.

‡ *Chronica Majora*, ed. Luard, V, 516-19. Matthew Paris died in 1259.

a Jew's house. This house the mother entered, and saw the boy's body, which had been thrown into a well. The town officers were sent for, and drew up the corpse. The mother's shrieks drew a great concourse to the place, among whom was Sir John of Lexington, a long-headed and scholarly man (a priest of the cathedral), who declared that he had heard of the Jews doing such things before. Laying hands on the Jew into whose house the boy had been known to go, John of Lexington told him that all the gold in England would not buy him off; nevertheless, life and limb should be safe if he would tell everything. The Jew, Copin by name, encouraged and urged by Sir John, made a full confession: all that the Christians had said was true; the Jews crucified a boy every year, if they could get hold of one, and had crucified this Hugh; they had wished to bury the body, after they had come to the conclusion that an innocent's bowels were of no use for divination, but the earth would not hold it; so they had thrown it into a well, but with no better success, for the mother had found it, and reported the fact to the officers. The canons of Lincoln Cathedral begged the child's body, and buried it in their church with the honors due to so precious a martyr. The king, who had been absent in the North, being made acquainted with these circumstances, blamed Sir John for the promise which he had so improperly made the wretch Copin. But Copin was still in custody, and, seeing he had no chance for life, he volunteered to complete his testimony! almost all the Jews in England had been accessory to the child's death, and almost every city of England where Jews lived had sent delegates to the ceremony of his immolation, as to a Paschal sacrifice. Copin was then tied to a horse, and dragged to the gallows, and ninety-one other Jews carried to London and imprisoned. The inquisition made by the king's justices showed that the crime had been virtually the common act of the Jews of England, and the mother's appeal to the king, which was pressed unremittingly, had such effect that on St Clement's day eighteen of the richer and more considerable Jews

of Lincoln were hanged on gallows specially constructed for the purpose, more than sixty being reserved for a like sentence in the tower of London.*

The Annals of Burton give a long report of this case, which is perhaps contemporary, though the MS. is mostly of the next century. On the last day of July, at a time when all the principal Jews of England were collected at Lincoln, Hugh, a school-boy (*scholaris*) of nine, the only son of a poor woman, was kidnapped towards sunset, while playing with his comrades, by Jopin, a Jew of that place. He was concealed in Jopin's house six and twenty days, getting so little to eat and drink that he had hardly the strength to speak. Then, at a council of all the Jews, resident and other, it was determined that he should be put to death. They stripped him, flogged him, spat in his face, cut off the cartilage of the nose and the upper lip, and broke the main upper teeth; then crucified him. The boy, fortified by divine grace, maintained himself with cheerfulness, and uttered neither complaint nor groan. They ran sharp points into him from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, till the body was covered with the blood from these wounds, then pierced his side with a lance, and he gave up the ghost. The boy not coming home as usual, his mother made search for him. As he was not found, the information given by his playmates as to when and where they had last seen him roused a strong suspicion among the Christians that he had been carried off and killed by the Jews; all the more because there were so many of them present in the town at that time, and from all parts of the kingdom, though the Jews pretended that the occasion for this unusual congregation was a grand wedding. The truth becoming every day clearer, the mother set off for Scotland, where the king then chanced to be, and laid the complaint at his feet. The Jews, meanwhile, knowing that the business would be

* Seventy-one were thus reserved, but escaped, by the use of money or by the intercession of the Franciscans, or both. See the same volume, p. 546; but also the account which follows, from the Annals of Burton.

looked into, were in great consternation; they took away the body in the night, and threw it into a well. In the well it was found in the course of an inquisition ordered by the king, and, when it was drawn out, a woman, blind for fifteen years, who had been very fond of the boy, laid her hand on the body in faith, exclaiming, Alas, sweet little Hugh, that it so happened! and then rubbed her eyes with the moisture of the body, and at once recovered her sight. The miracle drew crowds of people to the spot, and every sick or infirm person that could get near the body went home well and happy: hearing whereof, the dean and canons of the cathedral went out in procession to the body of the holy martyr, and carried it to the minster with all possible ceremony, where they buried it very honorably (disregarding the passionate protests of a brother canon, of the parish to which the boy belonged, who would fain have retained so precious, and also valuable, an object within his own bounds). The king stopped at Lincoln, on his way down from Scotland, looked into the matter, found the charges against the Jews to be substantiated, and ordered an arrest of the whole pack. They shut themselves up in their houses, but their houses were stormed. In the course of the examination which followed, John of Lesington promised Jopin, the head of the Jews, and their priest (who was believed to be at the bottom of the whole transaction), that he would do all he could to save his life, if Jopin would give up the facts. Jopin, delighted at this assurance, and expecting to be able to save the other Jews by the use of money, confessed everything. But considering what a disgrace it would be to the king's majesty if the deviser and perpetrator of such a felony escaped scot-free, Jopin was, by sentence of court, tied to the tail of a horse, dragged a long way through the streets, over sticks and stones, and hanged. Such other Jews as had been taken into custody were sent to London, and a good many more, who were implicated but had escaped, were arrested in the provinces. Eighteen suffered the same fate as Jopin. The Dominicans

exerted themselves to save the lives of the others,—bribed so to do, as some thought; but they lost favor by it, and their efforts availed nothing. It was ordered by the government that all the Jews in the land who had consented to the murder, and especially those who had been present, namely, seventy-one who were in prison in London, should die the death of Jopin. But Richard of Cornwall, the king's brother, to whom the king had pledged all the Jews in England as security for a loan, stimulated also by a huge bribe, withstood this violation of vested rights, and further execution was stayed.*

An Anglo-French ballad of ninety-two stanzas, which also appears to be contemporary with the event, agrees in many particulars with the account given in the *Annals of Burton*, adding several which are found in none of the foregoing narratives.† Hugh of Lincoln was kidnapped one evening towards the beginning of August, by Peitevin, the Jew.‡ His mother at once missed him, and searched for him, crying, I have lost my child! till curfew. She slept little and prayed much, and immediately after her prayer the suspicion arose in her mind that her child had been abducted by the Jews. So, with the break of day, the woman went weeping

* *Annales de Burton*, in *Annales Monastici*, Luard, I, 340–48. Hugh of Lincoln is commemorated in the *Acta Sanctorum*, July (27), VI, 494.

† Michel, *Hugues de Lincoln*, etc., from a MS. in the "Bibliothèque royale, No 7268, 3. 3. A. Colb. 3745, fol. 135, r^o, col. 1." Reprinted by Halliwell, *Ballads and Poems respecting Hugh of Lincoln*, p. 1, and from Halliwell by Hume, *Sir Hugh of Lincoln*, etc., p. 43 ff. In stanzas 13, 75, there is an invocation in behalf of King Henry (*Qui Den gard et tenge sa vie!*), which implies that he is living. The ballad shows an acquaintance with the localities.

‡ "A la gule de aust." The day, according to the *Annals of Burton*, was the *vigil* of St Peter ad vincula. We find in Henschel's *Dncange*, "ad festum S. Petri, in gula Augusti," and "le jour de feste S. Pere, en goule Aoust." Strictly taken, goule should be the first day, Lamas.

Peitevin was actually resident in Lincoln at the time. "He was called Peitevin the Great, to distinguish him from another person who bore the appellation of Peitevin the Little. The Royal Commission issued in 1256 directs an inquisition to be taken of the names of all those who belonged to the school of Peytevin Magnus, who had fled on account of his implication in the crucifixion of a Christian boy." *London Athenæum*, 1849, p. 1270 f.

through the Jewry, calling at the Jews' doors, Where is my child? Impelled by the suspicion which, as it pleased God, she had of the Jews, she kept on till she came to the court. When she came before King Henry (whom God preserve!), she fell at his feet and begged his grace: "Sire, my son was carried off by the Lincoln Jews one evening; see to it, for charity!" The king swore by God's pity, If it be so as thou hast told, the Jews shall die; if thou hast lied on the Jews, by St Edward, doubt not thou shalt have the same judgment. Soon after the child was carried off, the Jews of Lincoln made a great gathering of all the richest of their sect in England. The child was brought before them, tied with a cord, by the Jew Jopin. They stripped him, as erst they did Jesus. Then said Jopin, thinking he spoke to much profit, The child must be sold for thirty pence, as Jesus was. Agim, the Jew, answered, Give me the child for thirty pence; but I wish that he should be sentenced to death, since I have bought him. The Jews said, Let Agim have him, but let him be put to death forthwith: worse than this, they all cried with one voice, Let him be put on the cross! The child was unbound and hanged on the cross, vilely, as Jesus was. His arms were stretched to the cross, and his feet and hands pierced with sharp nails, and he was crucified alive. Agim took his knife and pierced the innocent's side, and split his heart in two. As the ghost left the body, the child called to his mother, Pray Jesus Christ for me! The Jews buried the body, so that no one might know of their privy, but some of them, passing the place the next morning, found it lying above ground. When they heard of this marvel, they determined in council that the corpse should be thrown into a jakes; but the morning after it was again above ground. While they were in agonies of terror, one of their number came and told them that a woman, who had been his nurse, had agreed for money to take the body out of the city; but he recommended that all the wounds should first be filled with boiling wax. The body was taken off by this nurse and thrown

into a well behind the castle.* A woman coming for water the next day discovered it lying on the ground, so filthy that she scarce durst touch it. This woman bethought herself of the child which had been stolen. She went back to Lincoln, and gave information to Hugh's stepfather, who found her tale probable by reason of the suspicion which he already had of the Jews. The woman went through the city proclaiming that she had found the child, and everybody flocked to the well. The coroners were sent for, and came with good will to make their inspection. The body was taken back to Lincoln. A woman came up, who had long before lost her sight, and calling out, Alas, pretty Hugh, why are you lying here! applied her hands to the corpse and then to her eyes, and regained her sight. All who were present were witnesses of the miracle, and gave thanks to God. A converted† Jew presented himself, and suggested that if they wished to know how the child came by its death they should wash the body in warm water; and this being done, the examination which he made enabled him to show that this treason had been done by the Jews, for the very wounds of Jesus were found upon the child. They of the cathedral, hearing of the miracle, came out and carried the body to the church, and buried it among other saints with great joy: mult ben firent, cum m' est avis. Soon after, the mother arrived from the court, very unhappy because she had not been able to find her child. The Lincoln Jews were apprehended and thrown into prison; they said, We have been betrayed by Falsim. The next day King Henry came to Lincoln, and ordered the Jews before him for an inquest. A wise man who was there took it upon him to say that the Jew who would tell the truth to the king should fare the better for it. Jopin, in whose house the treason had been done, told the whole story as already related. King Henry, when all had been told, cried, Right ill did he that

* The site of the Jewry was on the hill and about the castle: London Athenæum, 1849, p. 1271.

† These renegades play a like part in many similar cases.

killed him! The justices* went to council, and condemned Jopin to death: his body was to be drawn through the city "*de chivals forts et ben ferré[s]*" till life was extinct, and then to be hanged. And this was done. I know well where, says the singer: by Cane-wic, on the high hill.† Of the other Jews it is only said that they had much shame.

The English ballads, the oldest of which were recovered about the middle of the last century, must, in the course of five hundred years of tradition, have departed considerably from the early form; in all of them the boy comes to his death for breaking a Jew's window, and at the hands of the Jew's daughter. The occurrence of Our Lady's draw-well, in A, is due to a mixing, to this extent, of the story of Hugh with that of the young devotee of the Virgin who is celebrated in Chaucer's *Prioresses Tale*. In Chaucer's legend, which somewhat strangely removes the scene to a city in Asia, a little "*clergeon*" (cf. the *scholaris* of the *Annals of Burton*) excites, not very unnaturally, the wrath of the Jews by singing the hymn "*Alma redemptoris mater*" twice a day, as he passes, schoolward and homeward, through the Jewry. For this they cut his throat and throw him into a privy. The Virgin comes to him, and bids him sing the anthem still, till a grain which she lays upon his tongue shall be removed. The mother, in the course of her search for her boy, goes to the pit, under divine direction, and hears him singing.

Another version of this legend occurs in a collection of the *Miracles of Our Lady* in the *Vernon MS.*, c. 1375, leaf cxxiii, back; printed by Dr. Horstmann in *Herrig's Archiv*, 1876, LVI, 224, and again in the *Chaucer Society's Originals and Analogues*, p. 281. The boy, in this, contributes to the support of his family by singing and begging in the streets of Paris. His song is again *Alma redemptoris mater*, and he sings it one Saturday as he goes through the Jewry. He is

* *Les Jns*, 82¹; but this is impossible, and we have *li justis* in 91¹.

† "Canwick is pleasantly situated on a bold eminence, about a mile northward of Lincoln." Allen, *History of the County of Lincoln*, I, 208.

killed, disposed of, and discovered as in Chaucer's tale, and the bishop, who "was come to see that wonder," finds in the child's throat a lily, inscribed all over with *Alma redemptoris mater*, which being taken out the song ceases. But when the child's body is carried to the minster, and a requiem mass is begun, the corpse rises up, and sings *Salve, sancta parens*.

Another variety of the legend is furnished by the Spanish Franciscan Espina, *Fortalicium Fidei*, 1459, in the edition of Lyons, 1500, fol. ccviii, reprinted by the *Chaucer Society, Originals and Analogues*, p. 108.‡ The boy is here called Alfonsus of Lincoln. The Jews, having got him into their possession, deliberate what shall be done to him, and decide that the tongue with which he had sung *Alma redemptoris* shall be torn out, likewise the heart in which he had meditated the song, and the body be thrown into a jakes. The Virgin comes to him, and puts a precious stone in his mouth, to supply the place of his tongue, and the boy at once begins to sing the anthem, and keeps on incessantly for four days; at the end of which time the discovery is made by the mother, as before. The body is taken to the cathedral, where the bishop delivers a sermon, concluding with an injunction upon all present to pour out their supplications to heaven that this mystery may be cleared up. The boy rises to his feet, takes the jewel from his mouth, explains everything that has passed, hands the jewel to the bishop, to be preserved with other reliques, and expires.

A miracle versified from an earlier source by Gautier de Coincy, some thirty or forty years before the affair of Hugh of Lincoln, is obviously of the same ultimate origin as the *Prioresses Tale*. A poor woman in England had an only son with a beautiful voice, who did a good deal for the support of his mother by his singing. The Virgin took a particular interest in this clerçoncel, among whose songs was *Gaude Maria*, which he used to give in a style that moved many to tears. One day, when he was playing in the streets

‡ I do not find this story in the Basel edition of c. 1475.

with his comrades, they came to the Jews' street, where some entertainment was going on which had collected a great many people, who recognized the boy, and asked him to give them a song about Our Lady. He sang with his usual pathos and applause. Jews were listening with the rest, and one of them was so exasperated by a passage in the hymn that he would have knocked the singer on the head then and there, had he dared. When the crowd was dispersed, this Jew enticed the child into his house by flattery and promises, struck him dead with an axe, and buried him. His mother went in search of him, and learned the second day that the boy had been singing in the Jewry the day before, and it was intimated that the Jews might have laid hands on him and killed him. The woman gave the Virgin to understand that if she lost her child she should never more have confidence in her power; nevertheless, more than twenty days passed before any light was thrown on his disappearance. At the end of that time, being one day in the Jews' street, and her wild exclamations having collected a couple of thousand people, she gave vent to her conviction that the Jews had killed her son. Then the Virgin made the child, dead and buried as he was, sing out *Gaude Maria* in a loud and clear voice. An assault was made on the Jews and the Jews' houses, including that of the murderer; and here, after much searching, guided by the singing, they found the boy buried under the door, perfectly well, and his face as red as a fresh cherry. The boy related how he had been decoyed into the house and struck with an axe; the Virgin had come to him in what seemed a sleep, and told him that he was remiss in not singing her response as he had been wont, upon which he began to sing. Bells were rung, the Virgin was glorified, some Jews were converted, the rest massacred. (G. de Coincy, ed. Poquet, col. 557 ff; Chaucer Society, *Originals and Analogues*, p. 253 ff.) The same miracle, with considerable variations, occurs in *Mariu Saga*, ed. Unger, p. 203, No 62, 'Af klerk ok gyðingum;' also in Collin de Plancy, *Légendes des Saintes*

Images, p. 218, 'L'Enfant de Chœur de Notre-Dame du Puy,' under the date 1325.

Murders like that of Hugh of Lincoln have been imputed to the Jews for at least seven hundred and fifty years,* and the charge, which there is reason to suppose may still from time to time be renewed, has brought upon the accused every calamity that the hand of man can inflict, pillage, confiscation, banishment, torture, and death, and this in huge proportions. The process of these murders has often been described as a parody of the crucifixion of Jesus. The motive most commonly alleged, in addition to the expression of contempt for Christianity, has been the obtaining of blood for use in the Paschal rites, — a most unhappily devised slander, in stark contradiction with Jewish precept and practice. That no Christian child was ever killed by a Jew, that there never even was so much truth as that (setting aside the object) in a single case of these particular criminalities, is what no Christian or Jew would undertake to assert; but of these charges in the mass it may safely be said, as it has been said, that they are as credible as the miracles which, in a great number of cases, are asserted to have been worked by the reliques of the young saints, and as well substantiated as the absurd sacrilege of stabbing, baking, or boiling the Host,† or the enormity of poisoning springs, with which the Jews have equally been taxed.‡ And these pretended child-mur-

* A case cited by Eisenmenger, *Entdecktes Judenthum*, 2^e Theil, p. 220, from Socrates, *Ecclesiastical History*, I. vii, 16, differs from later ones by being a simple extravagance of drunkenness. Some Jews in Syria, "A. D. 419," who were making merry after their fashion, and indulging in a good deal of tomfoolery, began, as they felt the influence of wine, to jeer at Christ and Christians; from which they proceeded to the seizing of a Christian boy and tying him to a cross. At first they were contented to make game of him, but, growing crazy with drink, they fell to beating him, and even beat him to death; for which they were properly punished.

† See the ballads 'Vom Judenmord zu Deggen Dorf,' 1337, 'Von den Juden zu Passau,' 1478, in Liliencron, I, 45, No 12, II, 142, No 153.

‡ Nothing could be more just than these words of Percy: "If we consider, on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be caught up by the bar-

ders, with their horrible consequences, are only a part of a persecution which, with all moderation, may be rubricated as the most disgraceful chapter in the history of the human race.*

Cases in England, besides that of Hugh of Lincoln, are William of Norwich, 1187, the *Saxon Chronicle*, Earle, p. 263, *Acta Sanctorum*, March (25), III, 588; a boy at Gloucester, 1160, Brompton, in Twysden, col. 1050, Knyghton, col. 2394; Robert of St Edmondsbury, 1181, Gervasius Dorobornensis, Twysden, col. 1458; a boy at Norwich, stolen, circumcised, and kept for crucifixion, 1235, Matthew Paris, *Chronica Majora*, Luard, III, 305 (see also III, 543, 1239, IV, 30, 1240); a boy at London, 1244, Matthew Paris, IV, 377 (doubtful, but solemnly buried in St. Paul's); a boy at Northampton, 1279, crucified, but not quite killed, the continuator of Florence of Worcester, Thorpe, II, 222.

It would be tedious and useless to attempt to make a collection of the great number of similar instances which have been mentioned by chroniclers and ecclesiastical writers; enough come readily to hand without much research.

A boy was crucified and thrown into the Loire by the Jews of Blois in 1171: Sigiberti Gemblacensis *Chronica*, auctarium Roberti de Monte, in Pertz, *Mon. Germ. Hist. Script.*, VI, 520, Grätz, *Geschichte der Juden*, VI, 217-19. Philip Augustus had heard in his early years from playmates that the Jews sacrificed a Christian annually (and, according to some, partook of his heart), and this is represented as having been his reason for expelling the Jews from France. Richard of Pontoise was one of these victims, in 1179: Rigordus, barous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror, we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious." *Reliques*, 1795, I, 32.

* Read the indictment against Christians filed by Zunz, *Die synagogale Poesie des Mittelalters*, pp 19-58, covering the time from the eleventh century to the middle of the sixteenth. It is regrettable that Zunz has not generally cited his authorities. See also Stobbe, *Die Juden in Deutschland*, p. 183 ff., and notes, p. 280 ff., where the authorities are given.

Gesta Philippi Augusti, p. 14 f., § 6, and *Guillelmus Armoricus*, p. 179, § 17, in the edition of 1882; *Acta Sanctorum*, March (25), III, 591. France had such a martyr as late as 1670: see the case of Raphaël Lévy in Eisenmenger, *Entdecktes Judenthum*, 2^r Theil, 224; Drumont, *La France Juive*, II, 402-09.

Alfonso the Wise has recorded in the *Siete Partidas*, 1255, that he had heard that the Jews were wont to crucify on Good Friday children that they had stolen (or waxen images, when children were not to be had), *Partida VII*, Tit. XXIV, Ley ii^a, III, 670, ed. 1807, and this was one of the most effective grounds offered in justification of the expulsion of the Jews under Ferdinand and Isabella: *Amador de los Rios*, *Historia de los Judíos de España*, I, 483 f. San Dominguito de Val, a choir-boy of seven, Chaucer's clerk over again, was said to have been stolen and crucified at Saragossa in 1250: Basnage, *Histoire des Juifs*, 1726, vol. ix, 2d part, pp. 484-86; *Acta SS.*, Aug. (31), VI, 777. Several children were crucified at Valladolid in 1452, and like outrages occurred near Zamora in 1454, and at Sepulveda in 1468: Grätz, VIII, 238. Juan Passamonte, "el niño de Guardia," was kidnapped in 1489, and crucified in 1490: Llorente (Pellier), *Histoire de l'Inquisition*, ed. 1818, I, 258 f.

Switzerland affords several stories of the sort: a boy at Frisingen in 1287, Ulrich, *Sammlung jüdischer Geschichten*, p. 149; Rudolf of Bern, 1288 or 1294, Ulrich, pp. 143-49, *Acta Sanctorum*, April (17), II, 504, Stobbe, *Die Juden in Deutschland*, p. 283; a boy at Zürich, 1349, another at Diessenhofen, 1401, Ulrich, pp. 82, 248 f.

Examples are particularly numerous in Germany. 1181, Vienna, Zunz, p. 25; 1198, Nuremberg, Stobbe, p. 281; about 1200, Erfurt, Zunz, p. 26; 1220, St Henry, Weissenburg, *Acta SS.*, April, II, 505 (but 1260, Schœpflin, *Alsatia Illustrata*, II, 394 f.); 1235-6, Fulda, Grätz, *Geschichte der Juden*, VII, 109, 460; 1261, Magdeburg, Stobbe, p. 282; 1283, Mayence, Grätz, VII, 199; 1285, Munich, Grätz, VII, 200, Aretin, *Geschichte*

der Juden in Baiern, p. 18; 1286, Oberwesel, near Bacharach, Werner (boy or man), Grätz, VII, 201, 479, Stobbe, p. 282, *Acta Sanctorum*, April (19), II, 697; 1292, Colmar, Stobbe, p. 283; 1293, Krems, *ib.*; 1302, Remken, *ib.*; 1303, Conrad, at Weissensee, *ib.*; 1345, Henry, at Munich, *Acta SS.*, May (27), VI, 657; 1422, Augsburg, or 1429, Ravensburg, Ulrich, p. 88 ff.; 1454, Breslau, Grätz, VIII, 205; 1462, Andrew, in Tyrol, *Acta SS.*, July (12), III, 462; 1474 and 1476, Ratisbon, *Zeitschrift für die historische Theologie* (Train, *Geschichte der Juden in Regensburg*), 1837, Heft 3, p. 98 ff., 104 ff., and (Saalschütz), 1841, Heft 4, p. 140 ff., Grätz, VIII, 279 ff.; 1475, Simon of Trent, *Muratori, Rer. Ital. Script.*, XX, 945-49 (*Annals of Placentia*), Liliencron, *Historische V. l. der Deutschen*, II, 13, No 128, Grätz, VIII, 269 ff., *Acta SS.*, March (24), III, 494, *La Civiltà Cattolica*, 1881 and 1882; * a little before 1478, Baden, Train, as above, p. 117; 1540, Zappenfeld, near Neuburg (nothing "proved"), Aretin, p. 44 f.; 1562, Andrew, Tyrol, *Acta SS.*, July (12), III, 462, with a picture,† p. 464; 1650, Caden (and others in Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola), Eisenmenger, *Entdecktes Judenthum*, 1711, 2^r Theil, p. 223; near Sigeberg, in the diocese of Cologne, Joanettus, *Acta SS.*, March, III, 502, with no year.

Italy appears to be somewhat behind the rest of Europe. The *Fortalicium Fidei* re-

* In vol. viii, pp 225, 344, 476, 598, 730, vol. ix, 107, 219, 353, 472, 605, the confessions of the defendants are given from the original minutes of the trial; and it fully appears from these confessions that blood is requisite for a proper performance of the Paschal ceremonies, and also that the blood must be got from a boy, and from a boy while he is undergoing torment. Only it is to be remembered that the inducements to these confessions were the same as those which led the Jews of Passau to acknowledge that blood exuded from the Host when it was stabbed, and that when two bits of the wafer were thrown into an oven two doves flew out: Train, as above, p. 116, note 57.

† For other pictures of these martyrdoms, see the *Nuremberg Chronicle*, 1493, fol. cclliii, v^o, for Simon of Trent; Lacroix, *Mœurs, Usages, etc.*, 1875, p. 473, for Richard of Pontoise, p. 475, for Simon, repeated from the *N. Chron.*; that of Munich, 1285, and the children of Ratisbon, reproduced in *Cosmos*, March 30, 1885 (according to Drumont, II, 418, note). See also Michel, *Hugues de Lincoln*, p. 54, note 41.

ports a case at Pavia some time before 1456, and another at Savona of about 1452: *Basel ed.* (c. 1475), fol. 116 f. 1480, Venice, Beato Sebastiano da Porto Buffolè del Bergamasco, *Civiltà Cattolica*, X, 737. Israel, one of the culprits of Trent, revealed his knowledge of similar transactions at Padova, Mestre, Serravalle and Bormio, in the course of his own life, besides several in Germany: *Civ. Catt.*, X, 737.

Further, 1305, Prague, Eisenmenger, p. 221; 1407, Cracow, "Dlugosz, *Hist. Polonica*, l. x, p. 187;" 1494, Tyrnau, *Ungerische Chronica*, 1581, p. 375; 1505, Budweis, Stobbe, p. 292; 1509, Bösing, Hungary, Eisenmenger, p. 222; 1569, Constantinople, Fickler, *Theologia Juridica*, 1575, p. 505 (cited by Michel); 1598, Albertus, in *Polonia*, *Acta SS.*, April (circa 20), II, 835.

Train, as above, p. 98, note, adds, with authorities, Pforzheim, Ueberlingen, Swäbisch-Hall, Friuli, Halle, Eichstädt, Berlin. See also *Acta SS.*, April, III, 838 (*De pluribus innocentibus per Judæos excruciatibus*), March, III, 589, and April, II, 505; and Drumont, *La France Juive*, II, 392 f.

The charge against the Jews of murdering children for their blood is by no means as yet a thing of the past. The accusation has been not infrequently made in Russia during the present century. Although the entertaining of such an inculpation was forbidden by an imperial ukase in 1817, a criminal process on this ground, involving forty-three persons, was instituted in 1823, and was brought to a close only in 1835, when the defendants were acquitted on account of the entire failure of proof: Stobbe, p. 186. The murder of a child of six in Neuhoven, in the district of Düsseldorf, in 1834, occasioned the demolition of two Jewish houses and a synagogue: Illgen, in *Zeitschrift für die historische Theologie*, 1837, Heft 3, 40, note. In February, 1840, a Greek boy of ten disappeared in Rhodes. The Jews were believed to have killed him for his blood. Torture was freely used to extort confessions. The case was removed to Constantinople, and in July, upon the report of the supreme court, the Divan pronounced the innocence of the

defendants: Illgen, *Z. f. d. Hist. Theol.*, 1841, Heft 4, p. 172, note, Hume, *Sir Hugh of Lincoln*, p. 30.* In 1881, the Jews were in suspicion on account of a boy at Alexandria, and of a girl at Calarasi, Wallachia: *Civiltà Cattolica*, VIII, 225, 737. The *Moniteur de Rome*, June 15, 1883, affords several more of these too familiar tales. A Greek child was stolen at Smyrna, a few years before the date last mentioned, towards the time of the Passover, and its body found four days after, punctured with pins in a thousand places. The mother, like Beatrice in 1255, denounced the Jews as the culprits; the Christian population rose in a mass, rushed to the Jews' quarter, and massacred more than six hundred. An affair of the same nature took place at Balata, the Ghetto of Constantinople, in 1842, of which the consequences to the Jews are not mentioned; and again at Galata, "where the Jews escaped by bribing the

Turkish police to suppress testimony" (*Drumont*, II, 412). A young girl disappeared at Tisza-Eszlár, in Hungary, in April, 1882, and the Jews were suspected of having made away with her. The preliminary judicial inquiry was marked by the intimidation and torture of several persons examined for evidence. Fifteen who were held for trial were absolutely acquitted in August, 1883, after more than a year of imprisonment. The shops of Jews in Budapest were plundered by Christians disappointed in the verdict! (*Der Blut-Prozess von Tisza-Eszlár*, New York, 1883.)

B is translated by Herder, I, 120; by Bodmer, I, 59; in Seckendorf's *Musen Almanach für das Jahr 1808*, p. 5; by Doering, p. 163; by Von Marées, p. 48. Allingham's ballad by Knortz, *Lieder u. Romanzen Alt-Englands*, p. 118.

A

Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, I, 151, as taken down by the editor from Mrs Brown's recitation.

- 1 FOUR and twenty bonny boys
Were playing at the ba,
And by it came him sweet Sir Hugh,
And he playd oer them a'.
- 2 He kickd the ba with his right foot,
And catchd it wi his knee,
And through-and-thro the Jew's window
He gard the bonny ba flee.
- 3 He's doen him to the Jew's castell,
And walkd it round about;
And there he saw the Jew's daughter,
At the window looking out.
- 4 'Throw down the ba, ye Jew's daughter,
Throw down the ba to me!'

'Never a bit,' says the Jew's daughter,
'Till up to me come ye.'

- 5 'How will I come up? How can I come up?
How can I come to thee?
For as ye did to my auld father,
The same ye 'll do to me.'
- 6 She's gane till her father's garden,
And pu'd an apple red and green;
'Twas a' to wyle him sweet Sir Hugh,
And to entice him in.
- 7 She's led him in through ae dark door,
And sae has she thro nine;
She's laid him on a dressing-table,
And stickit him like a swine.
- 8 And first came out the thick, thick blood,
And syne came out the thin,
And syne came out the bonny heart's blood;
There was nae mair within.

* The extraordinary occurrence in Damascus in the same year, 1840, which excited the indignation, sympathy, and active interposition of nearly all the civilized world, requires but the briefest allusion. A capuchin friar was in this instance the victim immolated, and for blood to mix with the Paschal bread. The most frightful torture was used, under the direction of the Turkish pacha, assisted by the French

consul, under which three unhappy men succumbed. See Illgen's detailed account of this persecution in the periodical and article above cited, pp. 153 ff. Drumont is of the same mind as he would have been four or five hundred years ago: "les faits étaient prouvés, démontrés, indiscutables" (*La France Juive*, II, 411).

- 9 She 's rowd him in a cake o lead,
Bade him lie still and sleep;
She 's thrown him in Our Lady's draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep.
- 10 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' the bairns came hame,
When every lady gat hame her son,
The Lady Maisry gat nane.
- 11 She 's taen her mantle her about,
Her coffer by the hand,
And she 's gane out to seek her son,
And wanderd oer the land.
- 12 She 's doen her to the Jew's castell,
Where a' were fast asleep:
'Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak.'
- 13 She 's doen her to the Jew's garden,
Thought he had been gathering fruit:
- 'Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak.'
- 14 She heard Our Lady's deep draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep:
'Whareer ye be, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak.'
- 15 'Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear,
Prepare my winding sheet,
And at the back o merry Lincoln
The morn I will you meet.'
- 16 Now Lady Maisry is gane hame,
Made him a winding sheet,
And at the back o merry Lincoln
The dead corpse did her meet.
- 17 And a' the bells o merry Lincoln
Without men's hands were rung,
And a' the books o merry Lincoln
Were read without man's tongue,
And neer was such a burial
Sin Adam's days begun.

B

Percy's Reliques, I, 32, 1765; from a manuscript copy sent from Scotland.

- 1 THE rain rins doun through Mirry-land toune,
Sae dois it doune the Pa;
Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,
Whan they play at the ba.
- 2 Than out and cam the Jewis dochter,
Said, Will ye cum in and dine?
'I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,
Without my play-feres nine.'
- 3 Scho powd an apple reid and white,
To intice the yong thing in:
Scho powd an apple white and reid,
And that the sweit bairne did win.
- 4 And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,
And low down by her gair;
Scho has twin'd the yong thing and his life,
A word he nevir spak mair.
- 5 And out and cam the thick, thick bluid,
And out and cam the thin,
- And out and cam the bonny herts bluid;
Thair was nae life left in.
- 6 Scho laid him on a dressing-borde,
And drest him like a swine,
And laughing said, Gae nou and pley
With your sweit play-feres nine.
- 7 Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him lie stil and sleip;
Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,
Was fifty fadom deip.
- 8 Whan bells wer rung, and mass was sung,
And every lady went hame,
Than ilka lady had her yong sonne,
Bot Lady Helen had nane.
- 9 Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,
And sair, sair gan she weip,
And she ran into the Jewis castel,
Whan they wer all asleip.
- 10 'My bonny Sir Hew, my pretty Sir Hew,
I pray thee to me speik:
'O lady, rinn to the deip draw-well,
Gin ye your sonne wad seik.'

11 Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,
And knelt upon her kne :
'My bonny Sir Hew, an ye be here,
I pray thee speik to me.'

12 'The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
The well is wondrous deip ;

A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,
A word I dounae speik.

13 'Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,
Fetch me my windling sheet,
And at the back o Mirry-land toun,
It's thair we twa sall meet.'

C

Percy papers ; communicated to Percy by Paton, in 1768
or 69, and derived from a friend of Paton's.

1 FOUR and twenty bonny boys
War playing at the ba ;
Then up and started sweet Sir Hew,
The flower amang them a'.

2 He hit the ba a kick wi 's fit,
And kept it wi his knee,
That up into the Jew's window
He gart the bonny ba flee.

3 'Cast down the ba to me, fair maid,
Cast down the ba to me ;'
'O neer a bit o the ba ye get
Till ye cum up to me.

4 'Cum up, sweet Hew, cum up, dear Hew,
Cum up and get the ba ;'
'I canna cum, I darna cum,
Without my play-feres twa.'

5 'Cum up, sweet Hew, cum up, dear Hew,
Cum up and play wi me ;'
'I canna cum, I darna cum,
Without my play-feres three.'

6 She's gane into the Jew's garden,
Where the grass grew lang and green ;
She powd an apple red and white,
To wyle the young thing in.

7 She wyl'd him into ae chamber,
She wyl'd him into twa,
She wyl'd him to her ain chamber,
The fairest o them a'.

8 She laid him on a dressing-board,
Where she did sometimes dine ;
She put a penknife in his heart,
And dressed him like a swine.

9 Then out and cam the thick, thick blude,
Then out and cam the thin ;
Then out and cam the bonny heart's blude,
Where a' the life lay in.

10 She rowd him in a cake of lead,
Bad him lie still and sleep ;
She cast him in the Jew's draw-well,
Was fifty fadom deep.

11 She's tane her mantle about her head,
Her pike-staff in her hand,
And prayed Heaven to be her guide
Unto some uncouth land.

12 His mither she cam to the Jew's castle,
And there ran thryse about :
'O sweet Sir Hew, gif ye be here,
I pray ye to me speak.'

13 She cam into the Jew's garden,
And there ran thryse about :
'O sweet Sir Hew, gif ye be here,
I pray ye to me speak.'

14 She cam unto the Jew's draw-well,
And there ran thryse about :
'O sweet Sir Hew, gif ye be here,
I pray ye to me speak.'

15 'How can I speak, how dare I speak,
How can I speak to thee ?
The Jew's penknife sticks in my heart,
I canna speak to thee.

16 'Gang hame, gang hame, O mither dear,
And shape my winding sheet,
And at the birks of Mirryland town
There you and I shall meet.'

17 Whan bells war rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men bound for bed,
Every mither had her son,
But sweet Sir Hew was dead.

D

Herd's MS., I, 213; stanzas 7-10, II, 219.

- 1 A' THE boys of merry Linkim
War playing at the ba,
An up it stands him sweet Sir Hugh,
The flower amang them a'.
- 2 He keppit the ba than wi his foot,
And catchd it wi his knee,
And even in at the Jew's window
He gart the bonny ba flee.
- 3 'Cast out the ba to me, fair maid,
Cast out the ba to me!'
'Ah never a bit of it,' she says,
'Till ye come up to me.
- 4 'Come up, sweet Hugh, come up, dear Hugh,
Come up and get the ba!'
'I winna come up, I mayna come [up],
Without my bonny boys a'.'
- 5 'Come up, sweet Hugh, come up, dear Hugh,
Come up and speak to me!'

'I mayna come up, I winna come up,
Without my bonny boys three.'

- 6 She's taen her to the Jew's garden,
Where the grass grew lang and green,
She's pu'd an apple reid and white,
To wyle the bonny boy in.
- 7 She's wyl'd him in thro ae chamber,
She's wyl'd him in thro twa,
She's wyl'd him till her ain chamber,
The flower out owr them a'.
- 8 She's laid him on a dressin-board,
Where she did often dine;
She stack a penknife to his heart,
And dressd him like a swine.
- 9 She rowd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him lie still and sleep;
She threw him i the Jew's draw-well,
'T was fifty fathom deep.
- 10 Whan bells was rung, and mass was sung,
An a' man bound to bed,
Every lady got hame her son,
But sweet Sir Hugh was dead.

E

Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 51, as taken down from the
recitation of a lady.

- 1 YESTERDAY was brave Hallowday,
And, above all days of the year,
The schoolboys all got leave to play,
And little Sir Hugh was there.
- 2 He kicked the ball with his foot,
And kepped it with his knee,
And even in at the Jew's window
He gart the bonnie ba flee.
- 3 Out then came the Jew's daughter:
'Will ye come in and dine?'
'I winna come in, and I canna come in,
Till I get that ball of mine.
- 4 'Throw down that ball to me, maiden,
Throw down the ball to me!'
'I winna throw down your ball, Sir Hugh,
Till ye come up to me.'

- 5 She pu'd the apple frae the tree,
It was baith red and green;
She gave it unto little Sir Hugh,
With that his heart did win.
- 6 She wiled him into ae chamber,
She wiled him into twa,
She wiled him into the third chamber,
And that was warst o't a'.
- 7 She took out a little penknife,
Hung low down by her spare,
She twined this young thing o his life,
And a word he neer spak mair.
- 8 And first came out the thick, thick blood,
And syne came out the thin,
And syne came out the bonnie heart's blood,
There was nae mair within.
- 9 She laid him on a dressing-table,
She dressd him like a swine;
Says, Lie ye there, my bonnie Sir Hugh,
Wi yere apples red and green!

10 She put him in a case of lead,
Says, Lie ye there and sleep!
She threw him into the deep draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep.

11 A schoolboy walking in the garden
Did grievously hear him moan;
He ran away to the deep draw-well,
And fell down on his knee.

12 Says, Bonnie Sir Hugh, and pretty Sir
Hugh,
I pray you speak to me!
If you speak to any body in this world,
I pray you speak to me.

13 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And every body went hame,
Then every lady had her son,
But Lady Helen had nane.

14 She rolled her mantle her about,
And sore, sore did she weep;
She ran away to the Jew's castle,
When all were fast asleep.

15 She cries, Bonnie Sir Hugh, O pretty Sir
Hugh,
I pray you speak to me!
If you speak to any body in this world,
I pray you speak to me.

16 'Lady Helen, if ye want your son,
I'll tell ye where to seek;

Lady Helen, if ye want your son,
He's in the well sae deep.'

17 She ran away to the deep draw-well,
And she fell down on her knee,
Saying, Bonnie Sir Hugh, O pretty Sir Hugh,
I pray ye speak to me!
If ye speak to any body in the world,
I pray ye speak to me.

18 'Oh the lead it is wondrous heavy, mother,
The well it is wondrous deep;
The little penknife sticks in my throat,
And I downa to ye speak.

19 'But lift me out o this deep draw-well,
And bury me in yon churchyard;
.

20 'Put a Bible at my head,' he says,
'And a Testament at my feet,
And pen and ink at every side,
And I'll lie still and sleep.

21 'And go to the back of Maitland town,
Bring me my winding sheet;
For it's at the back of Maitland town
That you and I shall meet.'

22 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom that makes full sore,
A woman's mercy is very little,
But a man's mercy is more.

F

Hume's Sir Hugh of Lincoln, p. 35, obtained from recitation in Ireland.

1 'T WAS on a summer's morning
Some scholars were playing at ball,
When out came the Jew's daughter
And leand her back against the wall.

2 She said unto the fairest boy,
Come here to me, Sir Hugh;
'No! I will not,' said he,
'Without my playfellows too.'

3 She took an apple out of her pocket,
And trundled it along the plain,

And who was readiest to lift it
Was little Sir Hugh again.

4 She took him by the milk-white han,
An led him through many a hall,
Until they came to one stone chamber,
Where no man might hear his call.

5 She set him in a goolden chair,
And jaggd him with a pin,
And called for a goolden cup
To houl his heart's blood in.

6 She tuk him by the yellow hair,
An also by the feet,
An she threw him in the deep draw-well;
It was fifty fadom deep.

7 Day bein over, the night came on,
And the scholars all went home;
Then every mother had her son,
But little Sir Hugh's had none.

8 She put her mantle about her head,
Tuk a little rod in her han,
An she says, Sir Hugh, if I fin you here,
I will bate you for stayin so long.

9 First she went to the Jew's door,
But they were fast asleep;
An then she went to the deep draw-well,
That was fifty fadom deep.

10 She says, Sir Hugh, if you be here,
As I suppose you be,
If ever the dead or quick arose,
Arise and spake to me.

11 'Yes, mother dear, I am here,
I know I have staid very long;
But a little penknife was stuck in my heart,
Till the stream ran down full strong.

12 'And mother dear, when you go home,
Tell my playfellows all
That I lost my life by leaving them,
When playing that game of ball.

13 'And ere another day is gone,
My winding-sheet prepare,
And bury me in the green churchyard,
Where the flowers are bloomin fair.

14 'Lay my Bible at my head,
My Testament at my feet;
The earth and worms shall be my bed,
Till Christ and I shall meet.'

G

a. Written down by Mrs Dulany, January 14, 1885, from the recitation of her mother, Mrs Nourse, aged above ninety, as learned when a child, in Philadelphia. b. From the same source, furnished several years earlier by Miss Perine, of Baltimore.

1 It rains, it rains in old Scotland,
And down the rain does fa,
And all the boys in our town
Are out a playing at ba.

2 'You toss your balls too high, my boys,
You toss your balls too low;
You 'll toss them into the Jew's garden,
Wherein you darst not go.'

3 Then out came one of the Jew's daughters,
All dressed in red and green:
'Come in, come in, my pretty little boy,
And get your ball again.'

4 'I winna come in, and I canna come in,
Without my playmates all,
And without the will of my mother dear,
Which would cause my heart's blood to fall.'

5 She shewed him an apple as green as grass,
She shewed him a gay gold ring,
She shewed him a cherry as red as blood,
Which enticed the little boy in.

6 She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him into the hall,
And laid him on a dresser-board,
And that was the worst of all.

7 She laid the Bible at his head,
The Prayer-Book at his feet,
And with a penknife small
She stuck him like a sheep.

8 Six pretty maids took him by the head,
And six took him by the feet,
And threw him into a deep draw-well,
That was eighteen fathoms deep.

* * * * *

9 'The lead is wondrous heavy, mother,
The well is wondrous deep,
A keen pen-knife sticks in my heart,
And nae word more can I speak.'

H

Communicated by Miss Perine, of Baltimore, Maryland,
as sung by her mother about 1825.

- 1 It rains, it rains in fair Scotland,
It rains both great and small
.
- 2 He tossed the ball so high, so low,
He tossed the ball so low,
He tossed it over the Jew's garden-wall,
Where no one dared to go.
- 3 Out came one of the Jew's daughters,
All dressed in apple-green;
Said she, My dear little boy, come in,
And pick up your ball again.

- 4 'I dare not come, I will not come,
I dare not come at all;
For if I should, I know you would
Cause my blood to fall.'
- 5 She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him thro the kitchen;
And there he saw his own dear maid
A roasting of a chicken.
- 6 She put him in a little chair,
And pinned him with a pin,
And then she called for a wash-basin,
To spill his life blood in.
- 7 'O put the Bible at my head,
And the Testament at my feet,
And when my mother calls for me,
You may tell her I'm gone to sleep.'

I

Sir E. Brydges, *Restituta*, I, 381, "obtained some years
since" (1814) from the recitation of an aged lady.

- 1 It rains, it rains in merry Scotland,
It rains both great and small,
And all the children in merry Scotland
Are playing at the ball.
- 2 They toss the ball so high, so high,
They toss the ball so low,
They toss the ball in the Jew's garden,
Where the Jews are sitting a row.
- 3 Then up came one of the Jew's daughters,
Cloathed all in green:

'Come hither, come hither, my pretty Sir Hugh,
And fetch thy ball again.'

- 4 'I durst not come, I durst not go,
Without my play-fellows all;
For if my mother should chance to know,
She'd cause my blood to fall.'
- * * * * *
- 5 She laid him upon the dresser-board,
And stuck him like a sheep;
She laid the Bible at his head,
The Testament at his feet,
The Catechise-Book in his own heart's blood,
With a penknife stuck so deep.
- * * * * *

J

a. Notes and Queries, First Series, XII, 496, B. H. C.,
from the manuscript of an old lacemaker in Northampton-
shire. b. N. and Q., First Series, VIII, 614, B. H. C.,
from memory, stanzas 1-6.

- 1 It rains, it rains in merry Scotland,
Both little, great and small,
And all the schoolfellows in merry Scotland
Must needs go play at ball.

- 2 They tossd the ball so high, so high,
With that it came down so low;
They tossd it over the old Jew's gates,
And broke the old Jew's window.
- 3 The old Jew's daughter she came out,
Was clothed all in green:
'Come hither, come hither, you young Sir
Hugh,
And fetch your ball again.'

4 'I dare not come, nor I will not come,
Without my schoolfellows come all;
For I shall be beaten when I go home
For losing of my ball.'

5 She 'ticed him with an apple so red,
And likewise with a fig;
She threw him over the dresser-board,
And sticked him like a pig.

6 The first came out the thickest of blood,
The second came out so thin,
The third came out the child's heart-blood,
Where all his life lay in.

7 'O spare my life! O spare my life!
O spare my life!' said he;
'If ever I live to be a young man,
I'll do as good chare for thee.'

8 'I'll do as good chare for thy true love
As ever I did for the king;
I will scour a basin as bright as silver
To let your heart-blood run in.'

9 When eleven o'clock was past and gone,
And all the school-fellows came home,
Every mother had her own child
But young Sir Hugh's mother had none.

10 She went up Lincoln and down Lincoln,
And all about Lincoln street,
With her small wand in her right hand,
Thinking of her child to meet.

11 She went till she came to the old Jew's gate,
She knocked with the ring;
Who should be so ready as the old Jew herself
To rise and let her in!

12 'What news, fair maid? what news, fair maid?
What news have you brought to me?

.

13 'Have you seen any of my child today,
Or any of the rest of my kin?'
'No, I've seen none of your child today,
Nor none of the rest of your kin.'

K

Notes and Queries, First Series, IX, 320; taken down by
S. P. Q. from the recitation of a nurse-maid in Shropshire
about 1810. Salopian Shreds and Patches, July 21, 1875,
in Miss Burne's Shropshire Folk-Lore, p. 539.

1 It hails, it rains, in Merry-Cock land,
It hails, it rains, both great and small,
And all the little children in Merry-Cock land
They have need to play at ball.

2 They tossd the ball so high,
They tossd the ball so low,
Amongst all the Jews' cattle,
And amongst the Jews below.

3 Out came one of the Jew's daughters,
Dressed all in green:
'Come, my sweet Saluter,
And fetch the ball again.'

4 'I durst not come, I must not come,
Unless all my little playfellows come along;
For if my mother sees me at the gate,
She'll cause my blood to fall.

5 'She showd me an apple as green as grass,
She showd me a gay gold ring;
She showd me a cherry as red as blood,
And so she entic'd me in.

6 'She took me in the parlor,
She took me in the kitchen,
And there I saw my own dear nurse,
A picking of a chicken.

7 'She laid me down to sleep,
With a Bible at my head and a Testament
at my feet;
And if my playfellows come to quere for me,
Tell them I am asleep.'

L

a. Communicated in a letter from the Rev. E. Venables, Precentor of Lincoln, as sung to him by a nurse-maid nearly sixty years ago, January 24, 1885. A Buckinghamshire version. b. A Walk through Lincoln Minster, by the Rev. E. Venables, p. 41, 1884.

- 1 It rains, it hails in merry Lincoln,
It rains both great and small,
And all the boys and girls today
Do play at pat the ball.
 - 2 They patted the ball so high, so high,
They patted the ball so low,
They patted it into the Jew's garden,
Where all the Jews do go.
 - 3 Then out it spake the Jew's daughter,
As she leant over the wall;
'Come hither, come hither, my pretty play-fellow,
And I'll give you your ball.'
-

M

F. H. Groome, In Gipsy Tents, 1880, p. 145: "first heard at Shepherd's Bush, in 1872, from little Amy North."

- 1 DOWN in merry, merry Scotland
It rained both hard and small;
Two little boys went out one day,
All for to play with a ball.
 - 2 They tossed it up so very, very high,
They tossed it down so low;
They tossed it into the Jew's garden,
Where the flowers all do blow.
 - 3 Out came one of the Jew's daughters,
Dress'd in green all:
-

N

Newell's Games and Songs of American Children, p. 75, as sung by a little girl in New York: derived, through her mother, from a grandmother born in Ireland.

- 1 It was on a May, on a midsummer's day,
When it rained, it did rain small;
And little Harry Hughes and his playfellows
all
Went out to play the ball.

- 4 She tempted him [in] with apple so red,
But that wouldnt tempt him in;
She tempted him in with sugar so sweet,
And so she got him in.
 - 5 Then she put forth her lilly-white hand,
And led him through the hall:
'This way, this way, my pretty play-fellow,
And you shall have your ball.'
 - 6 She led him on through one chamber,
And so she did through nine,
Until she came to her own chamber,
Where she was wont to dine,
And she laid him on a dressing-board,
And sticket him like a swine.
 - 7 Then out it came the thick, thick blood,
And out it came the thin,
And out it came the bonnie heart's blood,
There was no more within.
-
- 'If you come here, my fair pretty lad,
You shall have your ball.'
- 4 She showed him an apple as green as grass;
The next thing was a fig;
The next thing a cherry as red as blood,
And that would 'tice him in.
 - 5 She set him on a golden chair,
And gave him sugar sweet;
Laid him on some golden chest of drawers,
Stabbed him like a sheep.
 - 6 'Seven foot Bible
At my head and my feet;
If my mother pass by me,
Pray tell her I'm asleep.'
-
- 2 He knocked it up, and he knocked it down,
He knocked it oer and oer;
The very first kick little Harry gave the ball,
He broke the duke's windows all.
 - 3 She came down, the youngest duke's daughter,
She was dressed in green:
'Come back, come back, my pretty little boy,
And play the ball again.'

- 4 'I wont come back, and I daren't come back,
Without my playfellows all ;
And if my mother she should come in,
She 'd make it the bloody ball.'
- 5 She took an apple out of her pocket,
And rolled it along the plain ;
Little Harry Hughes picked up the apple,
And sorely rued the day.
- 6 She takes him by the lily-white hand,
And leads him from hall to hall,
Until she came to a little dark room,
That no one could hear him call.
- 7 She sat herself on a golden chair,
Him on another close by,
And there's where she pulled out her little
penknife,
That was both sharp and fine.
- 8 Little Harry Hughes had to pray for his soul,
For his days were at an end ;
She stuck her penknife in little Harry's heart,
And first the blood came very thick, and
then came very thin.
- 9 She rolled him in a quire of tin,
That was in so many a fold ;
She rolled him from that to a little draw-well,
That was fifty fathoms deep.
- 10 'Lie there, lie there, little Harry,' she cried,
'And God forbid you to swim,
- If you be a disgrace to me,
Or to any of my friends.'
- 11 The day passed by, and the night came on,
And every scholar was home,
And every mother had her own child,
But poor Harry's mother had none.
- 12 She walked up and down the street,
With a little sally rod in her hand,
And God directed her to the little draw-well,
That was fifty fathoms deep.
- 13 'If you be there, little Harry,' she said,
'And God forbid you to be,
Speak one word to your own dear mother,
That is looking all over for thee.'
- 14 'This I am, dear mother,' he cried,
'And lying in great pain,
With a little penknife lying close to my heart,
And the duke's daughter she has me slain.
- 15 'Give my blessing to my schoolfellows all,
And tell them to be at the church,
And make my grave both large and deep,
And my coffin of hazel and green birch.
- 16 'Put my Bible at my head,
My busker (?) at my feet,
My little prayer-book at my right side,
And sound will be my sleep.'

O

G. A. Sala, Illustrated London News, October 21, 1882,
LXXXI, 415, repeated in Living London, 1883, p. 465:
heard from a nurse in childhood.

- 1 It rains, it rains, in merry Scotland,
It rains both great and small,
And all the children in merry Scotland
Must needs play at ball.
- 2 They toss the ball so high,
And they toss the ball so low ;
They toss it into the Jew's garden,
Where the Jews sate all of a row.

- 3
A-dress'd all in green :
'Come in, come in, my pretty lad,
And you shall have your ball again.'

- 4 'They set me in a chair of state,
And gave me sugar sweet ;
They laid me on a dresser-board,
And stuck me like a sheep.
- 5 'Oh lay a Bible at my head,
And a Prayer-Book at my feet !
In the well that they did throw me in,
Full five-and-fifty feet deep.'

P

Halliwell, Ballads and Poems respecting Hugh of Lincoln, p. 37, Halliwell's Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales, p. 192, ed. 1849: communicated by Miss Agnes Strickland, from oral tradition at Godalming, Surrey.

- 1 He tossed the ball so high, so high,
He tossed the ball so low,

He tossed the ball in the Jew's garden,
And the Jews were all below.

- 2 Oh then out came the Jew's daughter,
She was dressed all in green :
'Come hither, come hither, my sweet pretty
fellow,
And fetch your ball again.'

Q

Motherwell's Note-Book, p. 54, as sung by Widow Michael, an old woman in Barhead.

- 1 A' the bairns o' Lincolnshire
Were learning at the school,

And every Saturday at een
They learnt their lessons weel.

- 2 The Jew's dochter sat in her bower-door,
Sewing at her seam ;
She spied a' the bonnie bairns,
As they cam out and hame.

R

Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xvii, VII.

It was in the middle o' the midsimmer tyme,
When the scule weans playd at the ba, ba,

Out and cam the Jew's dochter,
And on little Sir Hew did ca, ca,
And on little Sir Hew did ca.

- B. *Initial quh is changed to wh: z, for 3, to y.*
C. "'The Jew's Daughter,' which you say was transmitted to Mr Dodsley by a friend of yours, never reached me, and Mr Dodsley says he knows nothing of it. I wish you would prevail on your friend to try to recollect or recover it, and send me another copy by you." *Percy to Paton, Jan. 12, 1769. The copy in the Percy papers is in Paton's hand.*

G. a. 2⁴. darest.

- b. 1². doth fall. 1³. When all.
1⁴. Were out a playing ball.
2¹. We toss the balls so.
2². We toss the balls so. 2³. We 've tossed it.
2⁴. Where no one dares to.
3¹. out and came the Jew's daughter.
3². Said, Come.
4¹. will not come in, I cannot.
4². playfellows. 4³. Nor for And.
4⁴. Which will. *After 4:*

- 1⁴. *First written:* The fairest o' them a'.
7⁴. *First written:* The flower amang them a'.
D. 10⁴. bells were, *in the second copy.*
E. 9². a swan.
F. *Hume says, p. 5, that he first heard the ballad in early boyhood; "it was afterwards readily identified with Sir Hugh of Lincoln, though the rustic minstrel from whom I received it made no allusion to locality." One cannot tell whether this copy is the ballad heard in early boyhood.*
14¹. "This and the next verse are transposed." *Hume.*

I must not come, I dare not come,
I cannot come at all,
For if my mother should call for me,
I cannot hear her call.

5⁴. To entice this.

After 5 (compare Miss Perine's own version, H 6):

She put him in a little chair,
She pinned him with a pin,

And then she called for a wash-basin,
To spill his heart's blood in.

6^s. dressing. 7². And the. 8 *comes before* 6.

8^s. they threw: deep dark well.

8⁴. Was fifty fathoms. 9 *wanting*.

J. a. 6⁴. Whereer.

b. 1². It rains both great.

2². And yet it. 3^s. thou young.

4¹. I dare not come, I dare not come.

4². Unless my.

4^s. And I shall be flogged when I get.

5^s. She laid him on the.

6¹. The thickest of blood did first come out.

6^s. The third that came was his dear heart's blood.

6⁴. Where all his. 7-13 *wanting*.

K. *There are slight changes in the second copy.*

4². all *wanting*. 5^{1,2}. *The first as wanting.*

L. a. "After nearly sixty years my memory is not altogether trustworthy, and I am not altogether sure how far I have mixed up my childish recollections with later forms of the ballad which I have read."

The singer tagged on to this fragment version c of The Maid freed from the Gallows, given at II, 352.

b. 1^s. For all. 3¹. it *wanting*. 4¹. him in.

4⁴. And wiled the young thing in.

5. *wanting*. 6¹. him in through one dark door.

6². she has. 6^{s,4} *wanting*.

6^s. She's laid him. *After 7:*

She's rolled him in a cake of lead,
Bade him lie still and sleep,
And thrown him in St Mary's well,
'T was fifty fathoms deep.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And all the boys came home,
Then every mother had her own son,
But Lady Maisy had none.

N. "The writer was not a little surprised to hear from a group of colored children, in the streets of New York city (though in a more incoherent form), the following ballad. He traced the song to a little girl living in one of the cabins near Central Park, from whom he obtained this version. . . . The mother of the family had herself been born in New York, of Irish parentage, but had learned from her own mother, and handed down to her children, such legends of the past as the ballad we cite." *Communicated to me by Mr. Newell some considerable time before publication.*

O. 3. "One of the Jew's daughters, 'a-dressed all in green,' issues from the garden and says, Come in, etc."



C43
1882
v. 3:1



